

ALBUM OF AMUSEMENT,
A BUDGET
OF
WIT AND WISDOM,
POETRY,
INTERESTING INCIDENTS AND TALES.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED
BY
NATHANIEL FRANZ.

It is a good thing to laugh at any rate, and if a straw can tickle a
man it is an instrument of happiness. DRYDEN.

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P R E F A C E .

ANIMATED by the good reception accorded to the first volume of the ALBUM, the Compiler ventures to send forth a second volume, trusting to its being received as well as, or better than, its predecessor.

As a means of engaging agreeably the leisure moments that occur to all, even those in the busiest pursuits of life, the Compiler offers this volume, in the conviction that a perusal of its contents will not fail to convert those possibly irksome moments, into moments of pleasure.

Should the public evince a due appreciation of this second issue of the ALBUM, it is intended to be followed up (under improved typography) by a volume annually, so as to form an entertaining library of rational readings.

The Compiler in closing these few introductory lines, throws himself on the readers' good-natured indulgence for any noticeable defects.

N. F R A N S Z.

CALCUTTA:
October, 1865 }

and the overlooked utility which might have been given to the book, as a reminder of past and even as a suggester of further studies, are so important that we cannot refrain from pointing out the omission, in order that, hereafter, in any similar labor, the Compiler may not miss a certain road to the gratitude and good word of any critics who may light upon his *exea pteroënta*, for their gratitude and good word are equivalent to reputation, and reputation is another name for money, although money is not necessarily by any means another name for reputation.

What our contemporary says of this "Album" with perfect applicability is what Brownson has said (with not half so much truth) of James's Novels; and moreover what is unmixed praise of a compilation desultory in its nature, could be said only half in sarcasm of a novel—"that you can take the work up and leave it down at any page, and at any moment."

Quite so. And for this we suppose it was intended.—Hurkay.

ALBUM OF AMUSEMENT.

THE COUSINS.

CHAPTER I.

At an old house in the country, where I am acquainted, lives an ancient lady—one of the good old grandmothers, with spectacles, and silvery hair, who delight in knitting stockings, spinning at a little foot-wheel, and telling long stories to the brood of grandchildren that cluster around them. She is a genial talkative old lady, with a pleasant smile, and a wrinkled face, full of good humor and good feeling. Guileless and simple as a child, she fully believes the wondrous legends she relates—and to me, this is their greatest charm. There are no children in the house—they have all grown up and married, and gone away. But I supply their place, and often sit and listen to her stories, as the night comes on, till a shudder steals over me, and I seem to feel the presence of invisible spirits in the room. The old lady smiles triumphantly when I light my bed-room candle, and mutters something about leaving the door open between the rooms for the sake of warmth. The implied dislike of solitude is a compliment to her powers of story-telling. Let me relate one of those tales—substituting my language in the place of hers, but still keeping the thread of the story distinct. I will call it, as she did—“The Two Cousins.” And reader—

“I vouch not for the truth, d’y’e see,
But tell the tale as ’twas told to me!”

Almost a hundred years ago, and long before the forests of New Hampshire were cleared by the white man’s axe, two families came over from England and settled in the southern part of the State. The brothers, James and Weston Carter, had married two fair English girls, and reared their domestic hearth here, in the heart of the wilderness, in preference to remaining in their own country.

Time went on. Sharp axes and willing hands soon cleared a space around the two little cabins, and the young wives, Alice and Mary, went singing around their rude homes, putting the last touches to the simple rooms, before laying down upon their beds of sickness and pain.

On a dark and stormy night, when the wind howled among the forest trees, and bent their branches to the very ground, and the rain fell down in a steady, furious stream, a child was born in each of those small cabins. To Alice and James was given a son with deep dark eyes and coal-black hair; to Mary and Weston, a daughter, with eyes as blue and bright as the sky upon a pleasant summer's day—and soft curls of a sunny hue. They named them, respectively,—Ralph and Marguerite.

There was great rejoicing in those honest hearts, and as the two fathers sat that night over their pipes, James looked up with a friendly glance, and exclaimed—

“Look here, brother. These children, born on the same day, and each so beautiful, yet so different—why should they not grow up together and marry when they are old enough? What say you? Let us betroth them in their cradles, and bring them up for each other. So when we grow old and die, they will not be left to the mercy of strangers; but your Marguerite will have a kind protector in my boy, and Ralph will find a friend and companion in the girl. What say you?”

New Weston Carter was a dreamy thoughtful man. The romance of the thing pleased him aside from its practicability. He looked up with a pleased smile, and answered:

“With all my heart, James—there is my hand upon it!”

The two brother shook hands and considered the future destiny of the children settled. But how little they knew, oh, how little they knew.

The boy and girl grew up together. Ralph, even in his infancy, was a moody and sullen child; and Marguerite, with her sun-bright hair, and dazzling blue eyes, was like a spirit of evil sent to torment him. A strange and unconquerable aversion existed between the two. Sometimes, nay often, they played together in peace; but now and then the dark blood would break out and the parents be called upon to interfere. James Carter only laughed at these childish squabbles, but Weston shook his head sadly.

“It will never do, James he would say. Never. You might as well bring fire and water together, as those two. Best leave them alone, I fancy.”

Even he, with all his prophetic fears, could never see the end. And little did the gentle mothers guess it, as day after day they tried to teach their children to be more loving towards each other.

The wilderness had been made to “blossom like the rose,” while the children were wearing out their years in anger and indifference, and quite a village had grown up around the place where the humble log cabins stood. The cabins themselves had given a place to handsome painted houses; and James and Weston Carter were reckoned among the richest farmers in the place. So that

when the fair Marguerite had arrived at the age of sixteen, she found herself not only a beauty and a belle, but the acknowledged heiress of all those vast possessions.

Perhaps the knowledge of all this made the young girl proud. It is certain that she smiled scornfully at the rustic suitors that already tried to win her favor, and looked with increasing dislike upon her cousin Ralph, who had grown to be a tall, slender youth, with a dark, though handsome face, and black eyes, that shot a baleful fire from beneath their overhanging brows. He watched her constantly, and yet he loved her no better than when he was a child. But he looked upon her as, in some sort, his property, and frowned like a baffled fiend when he saw her take the arm of a young stranger, who sat one Sunday in her father's pew, and walked towards home.

He had many opportunities to frown before the summer wore away. Mordant Howard, the young stranger, was ever by her side. He had been sent by his father from the city of Boston to practice the art of husbandry, in order to benefit his failing health, but he seemed to prefer taking lessons in love from the beautiful Marguerite, and wandered over hill and valley with her, in search of flowers, when he should have been holding the plough, or dropping seeds in the furrow.

The neighbours smiled good-naturedly, as they watched the lovers, and Mary, the mother of Marguerite, often confessed to her husband that she should greatly prefer the graceful city youth as a son-in-law to the moody Ralph—but her husband only sighed and shook his head. And Ralph himself grew more sullen and violent-tempered every day—while Marguerite laughed at him mockingly when others stood in fear, and then turned to shed such a smile upon Mordant from her bright blue eyes, as made her baffled cousin ready to eat his own heart with rage.

So matters stood, when Marguerite set out from home one pleasant afternoon for the neighboring village. It was not many miles away, and she did not fear the woods that lay between. Was she not going to purchase a new blue dress—that favorite color of his, and which he had often said he knew would suit her fair complexion, and sun-bright tresses so well? And had he not promised to meet her on the edge of the forest when she returned, and walk through the quiet groves with her by sunset? Marguerite kissed her mother fondly, and tripped away from the cottage with a light heart and a cheerful song upon her lips. Mary Weston looked after her daughter with all a mother's pride, till the bend of the road hid her from her sight and the song she sang only came in fitful echoes to her ear. Then she drew back from the door, and wiped a suspicious moisture from her eyes.

"It is ill, watching a person out of sight," she said to herself as she went about her household duties; and smiled at the old-fashioned superstition, little dreaming how soon she should prove its truth.

That night Marguerite came stinging towards her home with the blue dress tied up in a bundle, together with some white muslin for aprons, and a silken handkerchief, also blue as her eyes, which she was about to hem neatly and present to her young lover. She had nearly reached the place where Mordant was to wait for her, when the song died from her lip, and the sparkle from her eyes, as she looked up and saw her cousin Ralph standing before her.

"I must speak with you," he said gloomily.

"Come to my father's house then," said the fearless girl;—"this is not the place."

"And yet you can meet young Howard here," he said, with a fiendish smile.

"I only meet those I love," was the scornful reply. "And so I do not choose to stay with you, Cousin Ralph. Let me pass."

"Not so fast, my lady," he answered grimly. "Before you go, answer me one question, do you love this Howard?"

She looked him in the face and smiled broadly.

"God knows I do."

"I am sorry," he answered mockingly. "I should very much prefer to have my wife love me—but it can't be helped."

"Cousin Ralph—I never will marry you!"

"It is too late in the day for you to say that, my fair cousin," was his sneering reply. "Our fathers settled that business for us long ago. You will be my wife, Marguerite. But don't flatter yourself I take you because I love you. No—it is to sting that hound, Howard—to make him tremble and turn pale when I kiss you before him. I have no more love for you, fair cousin, than the wolf has for the lamb he kills—but you are very beautiful and I can see it—your form is so perfect, and I admire it—above all, he loves you, and to torment him, as well as to gratify myself, I must possess you. Come, name the day."

She eyed him with a contemptuous smile.

"You forget the age we live in, my dear cousin. This is not the time when you can win a woman whether she will or no. You have been born one or two hundred years too late, I am afraid."

"Never fear but that I shall find a way to bring you to my wishes. But it is strange, is it not?"—he added sarcastically—to woo a wife in this way, and marry her through pure revenge."

The girl drew herself up proudly.

"Cousin Ralph, will you be kind enough to step out of my way? It is growing late and my mother expects me home."

"Which means, I suppose," said the boy, "that the fair-faced Howard is waiting there with her."

The girl blushed, and his black eyes flashed fire.

"Ah, I see that I have guessed rightly. Let a few moments more pass by, and you will not be in such haste to meet him."

"What do you mean, Ralph."

"I see no reason why I should wait to call you my wife before you are mine," he said, with an evil smile. "What is marriage between you and me. No, I will not wait. You must be mine now, Marguerite, and then you will be glad enough to leave him and to cling to me."

His meaning was too plainly stamped upon his dark face, and in the glance of his eyes, as he drew nearer to her. Her whole face was suffused with crimson, as she drew back, and exclaimed—

"Ralph—what do you mean?"

"Let me make it plainer," he said, with a brutal laugh.

"You dare not."

"I like that. What is there that I dare not do?"

"Ralph—think of my father."

"What do I care for him? I fear neither man nor devil, Marguerite."

"Then in God I put my trust."

"God is not here with us," was the bold reply.

"You had much better consent at once to be mine."

He came nearer. She drew herself up to her full height, and motioned him away, with the dignity of an insulted queen.

"I warn you not to touch me," she said calmly.

"You look handsomer than ever now my dearest cousin," he said mockingly.

He threw his arms around her. With all her might she struck him in the face and threw him from her.

"Take that coward?"

"Struck—and by a woman."

"Aye—struck like a dog," she answered mockingly. "Do you wish to try it again."

He uttered a fearful oath, and sprang upon her. There was a short, sharp struggle—a faint cry for help, as quickly stifled as uttered—then a bright blade gleamed in the air and descended again and again. Marguerite fell

heavily upon the grass-grown path; and dark pool of blood welled out from her side. But her bright blue eyes opened for a moment ere she died. "We shall meet," she murmured, and then her head fell back, and all was over.

The murderer gazed aghast at his victim for a moment, and then fled away into the dark forest.

CHAPTER II.

That night, as Mordant Howard leaned against a tree, at the edge of the forest, waiting for his Marguerite, she came slowly towards him, with the little bundle in her hand. He waited till she was just opposite him—(noting the while how graceful was her figure, and how fairy-like her step) and then spoke to her.

"Well pretty one, you are late. You should have been here half an hour ago."

She did not look up with the happy smile he had seen so often, nor did she speak. But she turned her face towards him, and he saw that it was very pale.

For a moment he stood silent, struck dumb with astonishment. She glided on before him—he followed.

"Marguerite—Marguerite—what does this mean? Are you angry with me?"

She did not answer. Nor did she turn towards him again, but hurried on silently towards her father's house. At first he thought he would not follow. But such a caprice was so strange a thing in her, that he longed for an explanation. So, after some slight pauses and deliberations, he hurried on behind her.

The sun had been down almost an hour, but a faint twilight still remained to show him every flitter of her dress, and every motion of her form. As they hurried on so silently, he felt a strange awe at his heart when he noticed that the leaves did not rustle beneath her feet. But then, with the fond fancy of a lover, he remembered how fragile and delicate was her form, and how light her step.

"It is no wonder," he said to himself, and hurried on.

A mimic lawn led up from the road to the cottage of Western Carter. Marguerite flitted up this like a spirit; but when her eager lover had almost touched her he stumbled and fell. He sprang up quickly, and looked around. No Marguerite was there. But in the cottage-door stood Mrs. Carter, laughing good-naturedly at his mishap.

"Laugh as you will," he said, as he came up to her; "but where has Marguerite fled to?"

"She went to the next village some hours ago. But I thought you were to meet her on her way home?"

"And so I did. But she would not speak, and hurried away from me. I was close beside her just now, and should have reached her if it had not been for that unlucky tumble."

"Why, Mordaunt, you must be dreaming," said Mrs. Carter, looking at him.

"Here—just now."

"Here? Why, Mordaunt, I have been standing at the door ever since you turned the bend in the road, and I am very sure she was not with you then."

A sickening fear stole over the young man. He staggered into the house and sat down in a chair weak and faint.

"Mrs. Carter, something is amiss with Marguerite," he gasped: "It was her spirit that I saw!"

The mother gave him one startled glance.

"Oh! Mordaunt, say nothing of this to her poor father, till we know the worst. Come, I will go with you in search of her. Perhaps we shall meet her soon, and hear her laugh at our folly."

He could not tell her they should never see her smile again; but in his heart he felt it. The young moon was just rising as they went up the road, arm in arm.

"Not eloping with my wife, are you, Mordaunt?" said a cheerful voice, and, looking round, they saw Weston Carter driving his oxen home. With that terrible fear upon her, Mary could not meet his eye. She shrank back as her companion answered, with forced gaiety:

"No—we will soon be back. We wouldn't think of leaving you behind, you know, if we eloped."

"It would be a new-fangled way, I fancy, to take the husband along," said the farmer, with a hearty laugh, as he left them.

They hurried on in silence. The moon shone out more clearly as they entered the forest; and before they had gone two rods, Mordaunt uttered a loud cry, and threw himself before his companion.

"What is it?—oh! what is it?" she cried.

"Nothing—nothing!" he answered, trying to keep her back. Go back—and I will look for her alone. Oh! for God's sake, go back! Don't look there!"

But his pallid face and streaming eyes told the terrible story too well. Without a word the mother sprang past him—gave one anguished look, and then, with a loud cry, fell senseless upon the body of her murdered child.

A little boy, driving his cows home through the fatal wood, was the first to carry the tidings to the village. With his assistance, Mordaunt bore the body of the poor mother home, and laid it down within the cottage. She never breathed nor spoke again. And the stricken father and husband leaned upon his brother's shoulder, and wept like a little child as he gazed upon her quiet face.

It was late at night when the body of Marguerite was brought home. Her friends and playmates crowded the house, and many who had called her proud and haughty, wept and sobbed to see her lying there. But among her most intimate friends and acquaintances the words began to be uttered :

"Who has done this? Who is the murderer? Let him be found, and suffer for his crimes.

Suspicion pointed at once to Ralph Carter. No one else had ever been known to harbor an evil feeling toward Marguerite. No sooner was his name whispered by one in that house of death than every voice echoed it. James Carter stood aghast as they crowded around him and demanded his boy.

"Is he not here?" he asked fearfully.

"No."

The strong man trembled and turned pale.

"I have not seen him since morning," he said, feebly. "But, neighbours and friends, it cannot be that he has done this. Have pity——" His eyes fell upon the dead girl's face, and he could say no more.

In five minutes more a mob surrounded the house of James Carter, and one of the number knocked for admittance.

"What is it you wish?" said the timid Alice, glancing out at the crowd, and shrinking back from the sight.

"Give us your son, Ralph—the murderer of his cousin, Marguerite" was the stern reply.

The poor mother uttered a faint shriek.

"My boy, a murderer!—oh, it cannot be!"

"Give him up!" cried the crowd.

Just then the dark face of Ralph appeared at the window, beside his mother. The multitude raised a cry of rage, at which he turned pale. But his natural hardihood soon came to his aid, and he said, quietly:

"Mother—this is some mistake. I will go with them, and soon be back with you."

She threw her arms around his neck, and looked deep into his eyes with a

sickening fear.

"Ralph—Ralph you did not do it?"

"Mother— if you fail me so soon—if you doubt me already—what will others do?" he said, gloomily.

"Forgive me my dear, dear boy. I do not doubt you. My son could never be a murderer."

He kissed her with remorseful tenderness, and, leaping lightly from the window, stood among the throng. His brave bearing seemed to subdue them all; and it was more as a friend and companion than as a prisoner that he walked away with them.

At the door of Weston Carter's cottage Mordaunt Howard met them. His face was pale and haggard, and his brown eyes lit up like fire when they fell on Ralph's changing countenance. In his heart he felt convinced that his hand had done the deed, and he thirsted for revenge.

"There is an experiment I wish to try," he said, in a low voice, as he led them into the room where the dead bodies of the mother and daughter were lying. "I have heard it said that if the hand of the murderer should be placed upon the body of the victim, the closed wounds will open again, and blood will flow."

All present looked at each other and at the body of the murdered girl with fearful interest.

"Such an experiment can do no harm," said Mordaunt, in the same low, measured voice. "Ralph Carter, for no other purpose would I allow you to contaminate her with your touch—but now—give me your hand."

Ralph offered it, and then drew it back hastily. He was deadly pale, and kept his eyes turned steadfastly away from the two beds, and the broken hearted old man that sat beside them.

"Give me your hand!" said Mordaunt Howard, sternly. He grasped it firmly, and approaching the bedside, laid it upon the dagger thrust in Marguerite's breast,

A silence like death was in the room. The red blood began to ooze, drop by drop, from the wound, and those who stood nearest the corpse averred that a mocking smile passed over its face as Ralph shrank back with a cry of horror.

"Confess at once," said the stern voice of Howard.

The wretched boy fell on his knees before him.

"I murdered her!" he faltered.

"My son! my son! Oh, my God, can it be that I have given life to a murderer?" cried James Carter, as he bowed his head in shame and agony, too deep for words.

Ralph cast a wistful glance upon him and went on.

"I murdered her. She struck me, and I was too mad to think what I did. We never loved each other, but God knows I never meant to do this. Do with me as you see fit. The sooner I die the better, for I am a wretched man. But for God's sake, break the news lightly to my poor mother."

Many sobbed as he finished speaking, but the stern face of Howard grew still sterner.

"He has confessed the crime," he said to a constable who stood near by; "Take him away to prison, for we would be alone with our dead."

One by one the crowd passed from the room. The constable went last, with Ralph beside him. As they crossed the threshold, his father rose, and tottered feebly after him. The door was closed, and the two watchers were alone with those they had loved so tenderly.

Then, and not till then, did the stern composure of the young man give way. He bent down and kissed the pale lips of his betrothed wife.

"Oh, Marguerite—my love—my darling!" he murmured, and sank down beside her, and wept bitterly.

The winds and rains of autumn were beating over the grave of Marguerite and her mother, when the people of the village gathered upon the little common to see Ralph Carter die. He had been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. On this wild and stormy day, he was to look his last on earth, and go to meet his victim on the judgment seat of God.

Foremost among the crowd stood Mordaunt Howard, dressed in deep mourning. But the relatives of the condemned man were weeping at home, and waiting for the sentence to be executed, that they might claim the poor dishonored body, and see it buried before they left that part of the country for ever. Ralph looked wistfully over the trees towards his home, as he mounted the scaffold.

"Tell my poor uncle, that I ask his pardon, and give the love of a dying man to my poor father and mother."

His voice trembled as he said these last words. The sheriff placed the noose around his neck. He raised his eyes to heaven, but started back with a look of horror. Close beside him stood Marguerite, with a mocking smile upon her face. "We have met again," she whispered. He groaned heavily, and the next moment a lifeless body dangled in the air. Mordaunt Howard turned away with a smile upon his lips. His Marguerite was avenged!

Fifty years have passed away, and those troubled hearts are all at rest save one. Mordaunt Howard still lives—a melancholy and lonely man, of seventy. Ere long, the light will fade also from his eyes, and he will join his Marguerite in Heaven! *New York Ledger.*

WOMAN'S LOVE.

The inscription upon the grave-stone was a three words—"Pray for me;" but it said much. The tenant of that grave was a Catholic; no Protestant would have bid the passer pray for him; death had already taken the soul to its long account, and neither tears nor prayers could now arrest the sentence of the Supreme Judge. Prayers are for the living; we may give but tears to the memory of the dead. And the tenant of the tomb had been unhappy—guilty. He felt that he had need of the prayers his faith taught him to believe in; his own had possessed no power to save him, and he cried aloud from the dark home of corruption—"Pray for me! pray for me!"

Who are thou that liest beneath? The following narrative from his own lips, given to me by a friend, will make answer:

"My mother worshipped me; she watched me grow from childhood to manhood, exulted in my triumphs, wept at my disappointments, and she died blessing not cursing me although I had driven her to want. It was my first step in the paths of sin, that conduct to my mother; I was selfish I squandered on myself all and more than she had to give, and I deprived her last years of those comforts which soothe the terrible pangs of death. I could give a black catalogue of crimes: what I looked on and found fair that must possess, for *self* was more to me than the repose and happiness of others. There was a young and lovely maiden! she was innocent until my serpent eyes gazed upon her and won her, to her ruin. She loved me as the young heart loves for the first time; she believed me; she saw no evil in me; I was her—all her life. She was the solace of her parents' home, their only child, the only one left to cheer them; for the son, her bearer of their ancient name, was away seeking glory in a distant land. I might have wedded her; she was poor yet noble; but I was selfish: mine must be a wealthy bride and still I dared to feel that, and love Blanche, and I swore she should be mine. How cunningly I worked her fall! The tempter was at hand with his counsels, and, alas! why did they ever fail? She fled with me—she wept, but I said, 'We will return, and your parents will bless me as their son; and her tears were chased by smiles as she leant confidently upon my breast; but we never returned. At first Blanche was heart-broken when she discovered how deeply I had wronged her, and she would weep for hours at the thought of the parents she had deserted; but gradually I instilled my poisons deeper into her soul, and the fair pure Blanche learnt to forget all recollection of virtue and to answer my vicious reasoning with giddy laughter. I left her—left her to starve.

A mother begged me to watch over her son just entering into life, to guard him from evil, to keep him innocent of vice. I led him to the gambling table, I initiated him into the midnight orgies of a life such as mine, and we laughed together at the weak, confiding mother who had placed her trust so well

I had a friend; I abused his friendship and laughed in his face. He had a wife, and she pleased me; I made her cold to him, forgetful of her duties; I made her *mine*! She was happy till I knew her; she was loved and honored. But I—I crept into her home like the poisoned viper, and my very breath was death! And he the wronged one knew his shame at last, and washed it out with blood—the blood was his own; I slew him. But where was she, the frail cause of all; they pointed the finger of scorn at her, and she fled for support to me. I could not burden myself with her tears and her remorse; I offered her gold and bade her leave me in peace; she flung the gold from her, and called me her betrayer—her destroyer; she clung to me; there was madness in her glance, and I throw her from me. They found a woman's corpse next day in the river; the suicidee was Adele.

"I married. My wife was rich and young; she had been betrothed to the young man whom I had ruined, but they discarded him, for he was on the brink of beggary, and they married her to me. He loved her, and he treated me like a madman and called me a villain; he threatened to take vengeance upon me; ah! the vengeance was mine! We met upon the bridge at midnight; he had just left the gambling table, when I crept near him, and whispered.—I am here! He was heated with wine and play; he called me devil, Satan, coward! and said he knew too much of my past life, he could do me too much harm for me to let him live on. The devil tempted me; I wrestled with him, and he fell into the tide. I heard him struggle with the waters; I heard him call for help; he could not swim, and I knew he must sink before assistance reached him. I went my way and left him there to die; but he was in my brain—before my eyes—and still I looked calm. A woman accosted me on my own door-step and by the glare of the lamp I saw it was lost Blanche. She recognised me with a shout of laughter; it was no longer the Blanche whom I had cherished for a while: it was a creature without shame or fear; I burst from her mad embrace with disgust, but I gave her what she asked for—money, and she ran on down the street, singing boisterous songs, to join a group as lost as herself.

"There was a fire which never smouldered in my heart and brain. I dreaded phantoms; I heard the shrieks of the doomed in their place of torment; my soul suffered with the damned, and yet I lived. My wife was pious and charitable; the only dream of peace I ever knew was by her side; but I could not tell her the agonies of my conscience; I could not unveil my sin before her eyes, for she was too pure, too good. I loved her too well to blush before her. We were childless; ah; how the sight of an infant made my heart thrill; how I shrunk as from before an angel, a childhood's innocent gaze; how I yearned to leave the pleasures of paternity, and yet I was thankful they were denied me. Could I have looked upon my child and not remembered that I had doomed it to misery! The sins of the fathers shall

be visited upon the children ; in God's mercy, then, I was childless. They say, ' Charity covereth a multitude of sins. I gave alms with a bounteous hand, but still my sins would be seen, would be heard, for conscience never slumbereth. Confession might have eased me ; but mark you, sin clung to me with a giant grasp ; I was too proud to seek the confessional, too proud to unburthen myself to mortal man. The miserable youth, my victim, was not known as mine ; the world looked upon him as self sacrificed, in consequence of his passion for play. Why then, should I proclaim myself a murderer ?—why let the good odours universal charity had scattered on my path be lost in abhorrence of the blood-stained Cain ?

It was not fated I should live on unpunished. *He came—he*, the brother of the lost Blanche—he had found his pure lily broken from the stem and its white blossom sullied ; he had found his mother in her silent grave whither a broken heart had borne her ; and the white head of his father bent to the earth in sorrow and honest shame. He had sought the lost one, and found her oven in the crowded city, among its thousands. She had called me her betrayer, and he came to demand his sister's innocence and his dishonoured name at my hands. We met, I fell : but not to die, no, the murderer, the Cain deserved no honourable end ; and my wound was not mortal. They bore me home to her, my wife. Ah ! I could look upon her without a pang ; I had never made her miserable. Fever, delirium, seized me ; and it brought them !—Blanche Adele, George, Edward ; the mother weeping for her daughter ; the aged father calling aloud for the wife and child I had taken from him ; the mother demanding from me her son, her only one ; and I pointed to the earth in my anguish, and cried—" Go seek them there !" I saw them all ; I saw Blanche mock me. I felt Adele wind her cold damp arms around me ; and she pointed her finger, on which the worm slimily clung at Edward my last victim —' Poor boy, he sleeps with me in the cold water. Her voice was like the hoarse, gurgling sound of wear—her voice, which once had charmed me with its syren sweetness ! Methought George, the friend I had deceived, pushed her from me and his stony grasp burnt me like living fire ; and a stain of blood was on me where his hand had been. I leaped from my bed, for hell seemed open before me. I raved in the frenzies of despair ; and shrieking—" Pray for me ! pray for me ! I passed into a trance like that of death. When I returned to consciousness my gentle wife was by my side, on her knees, praying ; the tears fell fast upon the crucifix between her hands, and as they fell the storm within me was calmed, and I lay at peace. She left me for a moment, and then the horrors of the past returned ; the phantoms came back again. History ! I hear her step :—but I have told you all. A few days and I feel that I shall depart hence—but whither ?—O God !"

A female in widow's mourning drew near the grave. She was no longer in her prime, her hair was grey ; her face furrowed ; and the deep lines below her

eyes showed she had learned to weep. She knelt beside the grave and prayed earnestly and piously. Ah ! she must have loved him dearly who lay beneath, for not one bead did she miss in her black rosary : and when her service of duty and affection was ended, she bent her head and kissed the cold grave-stone—a tear fell upon the spot where her lips had been. For thirty long years her knees had bent at the same spot, her lips pressed the same stone, her hand spread the same offering of amaranthine flowers, and she wearied not ; for *woman's love* is beyond fatigue and time—far far beyond the comprehension of Man !

THE AFFECTIONATE SEAL.

About forty years ago, a young seal was taken in Clew Bay in Ireland, and domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea-shore. It grew apace, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family ; its habits were innocent and gentle, it played with the children, came at its master's call, and, as the man described him to me, was " fond as a dog, and playful as a kitten."

Daily the seal went out to fish, and after providing for his own wants, frequently brought in a salmon or turbot to his master. His delight in summer was to bask in the sun, and in winter to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, creep into the large oven, which at that time formed the regular appendage of an Irish kitchen.

For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when unfortunately a disease, called in that country *the crippawn*—a kind of paralytic affection of the limbs which generally ends fatally—attacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house ; some died, others became infected, and the customary cure produced by changing them to drier pasture failed. A wise woman was consulted, and the hag assured the credulous owner that the mortality among his cows was occasioned by his retaining an unclean beast about its habitation—the harmless and amusing seal. It must be made away with directly, or the crippawn would continue, and her charms be unequal to avert the malady.

The superstitious wretch consented at the hag's proposal, the seal was put on board a boat, carried out beyond Claro Island, and there committed to the deep to manage for himself as he best could. The boat returned, the family retired to rest, and next morning a servant awakened her master to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven. The poor animal overnight came back to his loved home, crept through the open window, and took possession of his favourite resting place.

Next morning another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now be finally removed ; a Galway fishing boat was leaving Westport on her return

home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him overboard until he had gone leagues beyond Inn's Boffin. It was done—a day and night passed; the second evening closed, the servant was raking the fire for the night, something scratched gently at the door—it was of course the house dog; she opened it and in came the seal! Wearied with his long and unusual voyage, he testified by a peculiar cry, expressive of pleasure, his delight to find himself at home, then stretching himself before the glowing embers of the hearth, he fell into a deep sleep.

The master of the house was immediately apprised of this unexpected and unwelcome visit. In the exigency, the beldame was awakened and consulted. She averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight and a third time carried out to sea. To this proposition the person who owned the house consented, and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight. Next morning, writhing in agony, the mutilated seal was embarked, taken outside Clare Island, and for the last time committed to the waves.

A week passed over, and things became worse instead of better; the cattle died fast, and the beldame gave him the pleasureable tidings that her arts were useless, and that the destructive visitation upon his cattle exceeded her skill and cure.

On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise at times was faintly heard at the door. When morning broke, the door was opened—the seal was there lying dead upon the threshold?

The skeloton of the once plump animal—for, poor beast, it perished from hunger, being incapacitated from blindness to procure its customary food—was buried in a sand-hill, and from that moment misfortunes followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed. The hag who had denounced the inoffensive seal was, within a twelvemonth, hanged for murder.

Everything about this devoted house melted away—sheep rotted, cattle died, “and blighted was the corn.” Of several children none reached maturity, and the savage proprietor survived everything he loved or cared for. He died *blin* and miserable.

Of the cottage building there is not one stone standing upon another.

CAB FARES ON SUNDAY.—On Thursday week James Ramage, a cab-driver, was convicted in the Burgh Court, of charging 6d. extra for driving a gentleman from the Caledonian Railway Station to the Star Hotel, Prince's Street, on Sunday the 28th ult., on the ground that extra fares were exigible on Sunday. The Magistrates finding no such provision in the Regulations as to Hackney Coaches, issued by them, fined Ramage 10s.

NICK NAMES.

Names and surnames are things to which some persons attach an importance greater than they may seem to deserve ; yet the names we bestow on men and things merit their degree of consideration.

I can easily conceive a nervous hypochondrical patient thrown into fainting fits on being told that Dr. Death, actually the name of a medical man in London, within fifty years, and probably related to a respectable Kentish family, but who spell it with a diphthong, that Dr. Death was coming upstairs, and the freeholders of a county would probably *put on* forbidding looks, were they told that Tom Long and Big Ben solicited their votes and interests as parliamentary candidates at the ensuing election.

Yet the doctor might be no friend to his name-sake ; Tom Long no longer a carrier ; and Big Ben, in spite of inveterate prejudice, *might* be a respectable member of society.

Many years ago, I remember a street in the vicinity of London, but now, by the incessant labours of masons, carpenters, and ground-landlords, buried in and forming a part of our enormous metropolis. Two of the houses in it were occupied by surgeons, *Mr. Bigg* and *Mr. Little* ; the name of each was Alexander. As any passenger approached, A. Bigg, surgeon, first caught his eye, and a few paces further, A. Little, surgeon : this accidental assemblage was thought ludicrous, and produced a laugh, but it also produced wisdom ; for the professional men soon removed the plates from their doors, as they found that the circumstance, though trifling, injured their practice ; and for this reason—him whom we are long in the habit of laughing at, *from whatever cause*, we shall soon cease to respect.

Nick-names have exercised the talents of commentators and critics ; from these singular efforts of humour, malice, envy, or revenge, the most powerful monarchs, legislators, heroes, conquerors, and statesmen, have not escaped.

Justice and common sense should seem to impel us to bestow undiminished praise on Sergius, a Roman pontiff, and the fourth of that name at the commencement of the eleventh century : he was eminent for learning, considering the period at which he lived, of correct manners, zealous in the cause of religion, and remarkable for charitable benevolence to the poor. But the Pope's countenance exhibited an unfortunate combination of features, which could not escape the mockery of those who were fed by his bounty ; while eating his bread, these worthy characters could not resist the preponderating impulse of humour. They observed that "*old hog's snout*," to which the lower part of the pontiff's face bore a striking resemblance, "*was a good sort of fellow*."

It is impossible to doubt that the soldiers of Julius Cæsar were warmly attached to their commander ; yet when the victor entered Rome in triumphant procession, they were heard to say as they marched along, and in the dictator's

hearing, "Romans, take care of your wives and daughters; *Bild-pate* is come again."

The Emperor Frederic the First, from the colour of his beard, was distinguished by the word *Bar-barossa*.

On many of our English kings these additions have been bestowed. on Alfred, the well-earned and appropriate epithet of *great*. Edgar was the *peaceable*; his successor, the *Martyr*: and Edmund, from his matchless courage, his muscular form, or constantly wearing armour in his unceasing battle with Canute, was called *Ironsides*.

Harold the First was *Harefoot*; our third Edward, the *Confessor*; William the First before conquest had effaced illegitimacy, was styled the *Bastard*; and his unfortunate son, who fell by Tyrrell's arrow in the New Forest, *Rufus*, from his red hair; of his brothers, Henry bore an epithet for his learning, and Robert,, from the shortness of his small-clothes.

On Henry the Second, and a considerable number of noble personages, the singular appellation of *Plantagenet* was bestowed; this literally means a *broom-stick*, and is said to have derived its origin from one of their ancestors, an Earl of Anjou, who doing penance for his crimes by a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, was scourged with a rod of broom twigs at the holy sepulchre.

Why Richard the First was called *Coeur de Lion* is obvious to every general reader; to John his brother the name of *Lackland* was given by his own father, in his will, in which, bequeathing him neither lands nor hereditaments, he meant him to remain dependent on the bounty of his eldest son.

The military glory of Edward the First, King of England, Lord of Ireland, &c. could not shelter him from the coarse nick-name of *Long-shanks*; Henry the fourth, that *canker Bolingbroke*, was so called from an obscure village in Lincolnshire, the place of his birth; for the same reason his truant son, but afterwards that illustrious warrior our fifth Henry, the pride of England and the scourge of France, was surnamed *Monmouth*.

The life and reign of Richard the Third, however plausibly defended by Buck, and ingeniously handled by the pleasant Horace Walpole, seem to afford abundant materials for abusive epithet and declamatory invective; but his enemies could not be content, unless the arrow of hostility was poisoned by the bitterness of gross personality: they called him *crook-back*, a malformation in which the tyrant could not be instrumental, but for which he was probably indebted to his mother's fondness for a slender waist, to a rash impatient *accoucheur*, or to an hereditary *scrophula*.

CHARITY OF THE RAT.—A Sussex clergyman testifies as follows:—"Walking out in some meadows one evening, he observed a great number of rats migrating from one place to another. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed closed to him. His astonishment, however, was great, when he saw amongst the number an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in its mouth, while another had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted its blind companion. A kindred circumstance was witnessed in 1757 by Mr. Purdew, a surgeon's mate on board the *Lancaster*. Lying awake one evening in his berth, he saw a rat enter, look cautiously round, and retire. He soon returned leading a second rat by the ear, and which appeared to be blind. A third rat joined them shortly afterwards, and assisted the original conductor in picking up fragments of biscuit and placing them before their infirm parent, as the blind old patriarch was supposed to be."

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

AN APOLOGUE.

THE *Head* and the *Heart* had once a serious quarrel: the former having declared itself a free agent, entirely independent of the latter; while the latter with equal firmness, maintained its own importance, declaring that, without its aid, the Head could never obtain the approbation of the discerning, or maintain any permanence of favour.

The Head violently repelled the assertion.—"It is through your errors," said this important organ, "that all my efforts are thwarted, and that all my genius is nullified. You, forsooth, must create for yourself an entirely new code of sentiments, under the influence of which every designing knave can make you his dupe. Look at the profligate of society—the thoughtless man, the drunkard, the debauchee,—what are they all but the slaves of your tyranny; whereas men of cool judgment and reflection, as are my subjects, partake of none of these characters."

"Cool judgment!" quoth the Heart in a snoring tone—"How often does cool judgment stand between us and our duties? At the moment when charity has expended the soul; when all the dull and drowsy tenderness of feeling become animate in the reflected beauty of heaven's own lustre—when the dew of pity sparkles in the eye, and the source of it relaxes the closed hand—how often, does this cool judgment, like a sudden blight, fasten itself on the opening blossoms of humanity, wasting and withering all which was pregnant with beauty and the promise of perfection."

"On the other hand," retorted the Head, "but for my interference, your misjudging and headstrong prodigality must make you, at the same time, the perpetual victim and butt of your fellow creature. A pitiful tale, told with a faltering voice, and accompanied by a judicious association of sighs and tears, will plunder you of your purse before the petitioner's voice has ceased to vibrate on your ear; whereas, if you are to call in my aid to inquire into the

truth or falsehood of the story, into the character of the suppliant, and as to the most effectual mode of relief, the artifices of the unprincipled would be less successful and the benefits of your charity would cover a much more extensive surface than that to which they have been hitherto confined."

"And, in many instances, while you were engaged in inquiring and calculating," the Heart replied, "how many victims might perish! Cold judgment would not suffer you to go instantly about the work of charity, if a chance of pecuniary advantage were, in the mean time, to be lost; one business engagement would lead to another; the tone of the suppliant would gradually decay from your ears, and his image fade from your memory; and when an hour of leisure might leave you at liberty to be charitable, despair or aggravated misery will have obliterated the mourner's griefs for ever."

"You are always supposing extreme cases," answered the Head—"but if I were disposed to yield a little to you in cases of charity; by what right do you pretend to interfere with those works of art and taste which exclusively result from my genius?"

"Expunge from the works of genius every thing of feeling and nature, and how greatly will you diminish the number of their admirers! Reduce poetry to a mere art, divested of those pathetic breathings of the soul, those natural touches, those appeals to the heart which carry the reader with them, as it were, by an invisible enchantment, and you make it a mere jingle of rhymes—a jargon of hollow sounds. So in the chief ramification of art: the perfection of art is to conceal itself, to imitate nature so closely as to be identified with her. she constitutes the test by which all the fine arts must be tried, and who will dispute the relationship between nature and myself? The skilful musician may please the ear by his invariable correctness; every note may be accurate as to tone and time; yet after all, should the music be unmarked by those graces of taste, those melting cadences of harmony which descend from the ear to the heart, soothing and subduing every discordant feeling to its own melodious influence, the effect may be remembered, but not *felt*. Discarding the aid of the heart, the discourser of music would not impart the "food of love," nor, like Orpheus, "move all nature by his powers."

The Head replied, that even were he disposed to admit the interference of the heart in poetry, painting, and music, he could see no reason for her meddling in every thing.

"Believe me, my tenacious acquaintance," quoth the Heart—"that all these performances, in which you have not consulted me, will cut but a sorry figure before the world.—I have already explained that every off-spring of the brain must be addressed, me liately or immediately, to the feelings of mankind, and the heart is the seat and centre of all feeling. Love, friendship, gratitude—all those links which unite parent and child, brother and sister, friend to friend, and man to man, find their origin in me. You are the source of hypocrisy

fraud, and infidelity; while from me issue sincerity, candour, and piety. You indeed, are the organ of communication—the mouth-piece”——

Here the Head broke out into a violent passion, and accused the Heart of a desire to degrade him by such an insulting asseveration. Words ran high; but at length it was resolved between them that, on a day appointed, they should severally produce a specimen of their powers, independent of each other, and that these should be laid before competent judges, whose decision should be final.

On the day fixed, the two essays were exhibited and publicly read. The production of the Head was an elaborate, pedantic, and artificial association of hard words, during the reading of which nine-tenths of the audience went fast asleep; and the reader himself was seized by such a powerful disposition to yawn, that he was ever and anon compelled to pause, until he had partially given way to it. On the other hand, the piece submitted by the Heart was an unconnected and motley assemblage of “briny tears,” and “eloquent sight,” and “melting sympathies,” and “kindred sensibilities,” and so forth; but as they wanted a little assistance from the brain to dress them up in a effective form, they went for nothing; except with one or two liquid beings, who, at the bare mention of such pathetic words, wept and sobbed very audibly and delightfully.

The Heart, immediately upon this, claimed the victory, and demanded judgment; but the arbitrators, after long consultation came to this decision—“That the two organs were intimately connected with, and indispensably necessary to, each other; that in their separate capacities, their energies divided, and their operations distinct, their influence, in all the extended empire of human art and science, could be but weak and ineffective; but that in active and friendly concert, they constituted that intellectual lever whose powers could produce the mightiest efforts and provide for the most unlooked-for contingencies.”

Immediately after this decision, the two parties shook hands and ratified a league of mutual friendship which has lasted ever since; so that, by the general consent of the wise and judicious, whenever the Head has projected any new undertaking, the Heart has been consulted; and, *vice versa*, when the Heart has been seized with a desire to effect any achievement the Head has been summoned to council; and, in those cases, where weakness in the latter or corruption in the former has tended to a breach of the compact, the consequences have uniformly been lamentable—frequently fatal.

A susceptible bachelor says that a pretty woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to bundle herself under a green veil or any similar abomination than the sun has to put on green spectacles.

VERDANT GREEN MADE A MASON.

Mr Blades' voice then said, " Swordbearer and Deputy Past Pantile, pass in the neophyte who seeks to be a Cemented Brick : " and Mr. Verdant Green was thereupon guided into the room.

Around him stood Mr. Bouncer, Mr. Blades, Mr. Flexible Shanks, and Mr. Foote ; each held a drawn and gleaming sword ; each wore aprons, scarves, or mantles ; each was decorated with mystic masonic jewellery ; each was silent and preternaturally serious. The room was large and was furnished with the greatest splendour, but its contents seemed strange and mysterious to our hero's eyes.

' Advance the neophyte ! Oodiny dulipi sing ! ' said Mr. Blades, who walked to the other end of the room, stopped upon a dais, ascended his throne, and laid aside the sword for a sceptre. Mr. Foote and Mr. Flexible Shanks then took Verdant Green by either shoulder, and escorted him up the room with drawn swords turned towards him, while Mr. Bouncer followed, and playfully prodded him in the rear.

In the front of Mr. Blades' throne there was a species of altar, of which the chief ornaments were a large sword, a skull, and cross bones, illuminated by a great wax light placed in a tall silver candlestick. Silver globes and pillars stood upon the dais on either side of the throne ; and luxuriously velveted chairs and rows of seats were ranged around. Before the altar-like erection a small funeral black and white carpet was spread upon the black and white lozenged floor ; and on this carpet were arranged the following articles :— a money chest, a ballot-box (very like Miss Bouncer's Camera), two pairs of swords, three little mallets, and a skull and cross-bones — the display of which emblems of mortality confirmed Mr. Verdant Green in his previously formed opinion, that the lodge room was a veritable chamber of horrors, and he would willingly have preferred a visit to that ' lodge in some vast wilderness,' for which the poet sighed, and to have foregone all those promised benefits that were to be derived from Freemasonry.

But wishing could not save him. He had no sooner arrived in front of the skull and cross bones than the procession halted, and Mr. Blades rising from his throne, said, ' Let the Sword bearer and Deputy Past Pantile, together with the Provincial Grand Mortar-board do their duty ! Ramohun roy azalca tong Produce the poker ! Past Grand Hodman remain on guard ! '

Mr. Foote and Mr. Flexible Shanks removed their hands and swords from Mr. Verdant Green, and walked solemnly down the room, leaving little Mr. Bouncer standing beside our hero, and holding the drawn sword above his head. Mr. Foote and Mr. Flexible Shanks returned, escorting between them the poker. It was cold ! that was a relief. But how long was it to remain so ?

' Past Grand Hodman ! ' said Mr. Blades, ' instruct the neophyte in the pri-

mary proceedings of the Cemented Bricks.'

At Mr. Bouncer's bidding, Mr. Verdant Green then sat down upon the lozonged floor, and held his knees with his hands. Mr. Flexible Shanks then brought to him the poker, and said, 'Tetrao urogallus orygometra crex!' The poker was then, by assistance of Mr. Foote, placed under the knees and over the arms of Mr. Verdant Green, who thus sat like a trussed fowl, and equally helpless.

'Recite to the neophyte the oath of the Cemented Bricks!' said Mr. Blades.

'Rhamphastidine toco scolopendra tinuaculus cracticornis bos!' exclaimed Mr. Flexible Shanks.

'Do you swear to obey through fire and water, and bricks and mortar, the words of this oath?' asked Mr. Blades from his throne.

'You must say I do!' whispered Mr. Bouncer to Mr. Verdant Green, who accordingly muttered the response.

'Let the oath be registered and witnessed by Sword-bearer and Deputy Past Pantile, Provincial Grand Mortar-board, and Past Grand Hodman!' said Mr. Blades; and the three gentlemen thus designed stood on either side of and behind Mr. Verdant Green, and, with theatrical gestures, clashed their swords over his head.

'Keemo kimo lingtum nipeat! let him rise,' said Mr. Blades; and the poker was thereupon drawn from its position, and Mr. Verdant Green, being untrussed, but somewhat stiff and cramped, was assisted upon his legs.

He hoped that his troubles were now at an end; but this pleasing delusion was speedily dispelled, by Mr. Blades saying—'The next part of the ceremonial is the delivery of the red-hot poker. Let the poker be heated!'

Mr. Verdant Green went chill with dread as he watched the terrible instrument borne from the room by Mr. Foote and Mr. Flexible Shanks, while Mr. Bouncer resumed his guard over him with the drawn sword. All was quiet save a smothered sound from the other side of the door, which, under other circumstances, Verdant would have taken for suppressed laughter, but the solemnity of the proceedings repelled the idea.

At length the poker was brought in red-hot and smoking, whereupon Mr. Blades left his throne and walked to the other end of the room, and there took his seat upon a second throne, before which was a second altar, garnished—as Mr. Verdant Green soon perceived to his horror and amazement—with a human head (or the representation of one) projecting from a black cloth that concealed the neck, and doubtless, the marks of decapitation. Its ghastly features were clearly displayed by the aid of a wax light placed in a tall silver candlestick by its side.

Mr. Blades received the poker from Mr. Foote, and commanded the neophyte

to advance. Mr. Verdant Green did so, and took up a trembling position to the left of his throne, while Mr. Foote and Mr. Flexible Shanks proceeded to the organ, which was to the right of the entrance door. Mr. Blades then delivered the poker to Mr. Verdant Green, who at first imagined that he was required to seize it by its red-hot end, but was greatly relieved in his mind when he found that he had merely to take it by the handle, and repeat (as well as he could) a form of gibberish that Mr. Blades dictated. Having done this he was desired to transfer the poker to the Past Grand Hodman — Mr. Bouncer.

He had just come to the joyful conclusion that the much-dreaded poker portion of the business was now at an end, when Mr. Blades ruthlessly cast a dark cloud over his gleam of happiness, by saying — “The next part of the ceremony will be the branding with the red hot poker. Let the organist call in the aid of music to drown the shrieks of the victim!” and thereupon, Mr. Foote struck up (with the full swell of the organ) a heart-rending air that sounded like ‘the cries of the wounded,’ from the *Battle of Prague*.

Now, it happened, that little Mr. Bouncer — like his sister — was subject to uncontrollable fits of laughter at improper seasons. For the last half-hour he had suffered severely from the torture of suppressed mirth, and now, as he saw Mr. Verdant Green’s climax of fright at the anticipated branding, human nature could no longer bear up against an explosion of merriment, and Mr. Bouncer burst into shouts of laughter, and, with convulsive sobs, flung himself upon the nearest seat. His example was contagious; Mr. Blades, Mr. Foote, and Mr. Flexible Shanks, one after another, joined in the roar, and relieved their pent up feelings with a rush of uproarious laughter.

‘Sold again, Giglamps! shouted little Mr. Bouncer. ‘I didn’t think we could carry out the joke so far. I wonder if this will be hoax the last for Mr. Verdant Green.’ — ‘*Verdant Green Married and Done For*; by Cuthbert Bole, B. A.

A PERSIAN STORY.

As one of the sultans lay encamped on the plains of Azala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant’s house and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling and usurped his place. The peasant complained the next morning to the sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give him another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly, within two or three days the officer entered again the peasant’s house, and turned the owner out of doors, who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man’s house, where he arrived at midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the sultan, after having

ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the emperor's command. He then bid every body light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The sultan approaching it, looked about the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in his house. The peasant brought out a good deal of coarse fare, of which the emperor ate very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humor, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain? Why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer? And why after this he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner: "Upon hearing the greatness of the offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming! I gave orders therefore for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray, by partiality or compassion, from doing justice on the criminal. Upon the lighting of the flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and, to my unspeakable joy, found it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell upon my knees and gave thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the food you have set before me you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I have been in upon this occasion, since the first complaints you brought me has hindered me from eating anything from that time until this very moment."

PRINT IT IN LETTERS OF GOLD.—A father bade his son drive a nail in a certain post whenever he committed a certain fault, and agreed that a nail should be drawn out whenever he corrected an error. In the course of time the post was completely filled with nails. The youth became alarmed at the extent of his indiscretions, and set about reforming himself. One by one the nails were drawn out; the delighted father commended him for his noble, self-denying heroism, in freeing himself from his faults. "They are all drawn out," said the parent. The boy looked sad, and with a heavy heart he replied, "True father; but the scars are still there." Parents who would have their children grow sound and healthy characters must sow the seed at the fireside. Charitable associations can reform the man, and perhaps make a useful member of society; but, alas, the scars are there! The reformed drunkard, gambler, or thief, is only the wreck of the man he once was.

INSTINCTIVE AFFECTION.

Whence is it that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? Or is it because, they think themselves obliged, by the dictates of humanity, to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that being who, in a super-eminent degree, protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If those who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if their ears are soothed with their half-forming and aiming at articulate sounds; if they are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man; what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those, into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! how amiable is such a weakness in human nature! or rather, how great a weakness is it to give humanity so reproachful a name. The bare consideration of paternal affection should create a more grateful tenderness in children toward their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

MEEKNESS AND HUMILITY.

We must learn, and be convinced, that there is something sublime and heroic in true meekness and humility, for they arise from a great, not a grovelling idea of things; for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advantages about a man's self, so meekness is founded on the extended contemplation of the place we bear in the universe, and a just observation how little, how empty, how wavering, are our deepest resolves and counsels. And as, to a well-taught mind, when you have said a haughty and proud man, you have spoke a narrow conception, little spirit, and despicable carriage! so when you have said that a man is meek and humble, you have acquainted us that such a person has arrived at the hardest task in the world, in a universal observation round him, to be quick to see his own faults, and other men's virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man sooner than himself

You have also given us to understand, that to treat him kindly, sincerely, and respectfully is but a mere justice to him that is ready to do us the same offices. This temper of soul keeps us always awake to a just sense of things, teaches us that we are as well akin to worms as to angels; and as nothing is above these, so is nothing below those. It keeps our understanding tight about us, so that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the sight of Heaven, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident or fortune.

PEACE.—Peace is better than joy. Joy is an uneasy guest, and always on the tiptoe to depart. It tires and wears us out, and yet keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so—it comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor gives us one's anxious forecasting thought. Therefore let us pray for peace. It is the gift of God—promised to all His children; and if we have it in our hearts we shall not pine for joy, though its bright wings *never* touch us while we tarry in the world.

MEN OF GENIUS AND BUSINESS—"Swift," in his "Thoughts" on various subjects, remarks.—Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which it never failed to cut even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas, if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.

A NEW WAY OF MEASURING TIME.—At the Belfast Police Court on Friday week, when a case of theft was being tried a witness came forward for the defence, and deposed that the prisoner was not out of her house at the time the robbery was committed, and that she was exactly an hour and a quarter, at home afterwards. Mr. Tracy—Have you got a timepiece at home? Witness—No, I have not. Mr. Tracy—And how can you be so exact? Witness—Why, the kettle was set on, and it had to boil; and then the pan was set on and it had to fry; and then the cups had to be washed—exactly an hour and a quarter (Laughter)

There lately resided in Ayrshire a man who proposed, like Bailey, to write an etymological dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word *pathology* to mean, he answered with readiness and confidence, Why, the art of road-making, to be sure."

A PAIR OF HEROES.

A German and a Portuguese, when Vienna was besieged by the Turks, having had frequent contests of rivalry, were preparing for a single duel, when on a sudden the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this, both German and Portuguese consented to sacrifice their private resentments to the public, and to see who could signalize himself most upon the common foe. Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The German was at length engaged amidst a whole army of Turks, until his left arm, that held the shield, was unfortunately lopped off, and he himself so stunned with a blow he had received, that he fell down as dead. The Portuguese, seeing the condition of his rival, very generously flew to his succor, dispersed the multitude that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the meanwhile the German recovered from his trance, and rose up to the assistance of the Portuguese, who a little after had his right arm, which held his sword, cut off by the blow of a sabre. He would have lost his life at the same time by a spear which was aimed at his back, had not the German slain the person who was aiming at him. These two competitors for fame having received such mutual obligations, now fought in conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the sword, and the other a shield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The Portuguese covered the German, while the German dealt destruction upon the enemy. At length, finding themselves faint with loss of blood, and resolving to perish nobly, they advanced to the most shattered part of the wall, and threw themselves down, with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the besiegers.

REASON OF CONJUGAL TROUBLES.

After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this. Every man in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like a holiday suit, which is to last no longer than until he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclination and understanding to her humor and opinion. He neither loves nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks in contradiction to her. He is controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own; that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with sullenness and discontent, spleen and vapor.

I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him converse with her, before marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her, "Madam, you see what a sort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse." I remember Tom was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done. Upon which she asked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? "No, madam," says Tom, "I mention this now because you are at your own disposal; were you at mine, I should be too generous to do it." In short, Tom succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband than she discovered in the lover.

Let the young men, aye and the young women too, follow the example thus set them by my friend, and my word for it, they will find courtship more sensible, and matrimony more agreeable, than do the majority of billing and cooing lovers, who are all sweetness before marriage, and all sourness after it.

MARRIED IN FUN—A recent letter from Philadelphia says:—"Considerable" interest is excited among the friends and relatives of a certain Miss Jaquett, both in this city and Chester county. The lady in question has made application for a divorce. The circumstances of the case are peculiar. Miss Jaquett about a year ago was at a party with a certain Mr. Betchell, where the one challenged the other to get married by way of a joke. The banter was accepted. The gentleman and lady jumped into a vehicle, posted off to a neighbouring clergyman, where the knot was tied. But the lady having shown her spirit declared she would carry the joke no further. Both parties soon found that they had gone too far. Mr. Betchell was a gentleman of property at Ohio. He could no longer make title to his real estate. The young lady, who reigned as a village belle, soon found she had been trifling with a serious matter. It was a matter of youthful indiscretion, for which the law had provided no remedy. *New York Evening Post.*

On the recent anniversary of the festival of the Immaculate Conception the Pope added to the calendar of saints the name of the Beato di Rossi, a member of the secular clergy of Rome, by whom, since his death, according to the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites appointed to examine into such matters, several well established miracles have been wrought.

If cheese comes after meat, what comes after cheese? A mouse.

Why is the letter G like matrimony? Because it is the end of courting.

LOVE AND HATRED.

[To arrive at the correct acception of the above title, the Reader is requested to peruse the following letter first *seriatim* except the last line; the first and every alternate line afterwards.]

DEAR MADAM,

THE great affection I have hitherto expressed for you is false, and I now feel that my indifference towards you increases every day, and the more I see you, the more you appear ridiculous in my eyes and an object of contempt. I feel inclined, and in all respects disposed and determined to hate you. Believe me, I never in the least intended to offer you my hand. Our last conversation has, I assure you, left a tedious and wretched insipidity, which has by no means possessed me with the most exalted opinion of your character, your inconstant temper would always make me miserable, and if ever we were united, I should experience nothing but the fearful hatred of my parents, added to the everlasting pain not pleasure in being with you. I have indeed a faithful heart to bestow but however I do not wish you to imagine that it is at your service, for it is impossible I could give it to one more inconstant and capricious than yourself, and to one who is less capable to do honor to my choice and to my family. Yes, madam, I beg and desire you will be persuaded, and I think sincerely that you will do me the greatest pleasure to avoid me. I shall readily excuse your taking the trouble to return an answer to this, for your letters are always full of execrable nonsense which constrains me to bid you adieu! good sense and exceedingly interesting.

Your's truly,

BLOWING OUT A CANDLE.—There is one small fact in domestic economy which is not generally known, but which is useful as saving time, trouble, and temper. If a candle be blown out holding it above you, the wick will not smoulder down, and may therefore be easily lighted again, but if blown upon downwards the contrary is the case,

THE MALE FLIRT

Is not necessarily an exquisite; he is often careless of his dress, paying much more attention to the interior, than the exterior furnishing of his head and holdeth that the proper study of mankind is—woman. He often converseth with fluency and good sense on all other topics of interest, and may even be found in the garb of priesthood. The male flirt is an adept at the king's English; looketh kingly out of his eyes; seateth himself on an ottoman at the feet of fair ladies, and readeth poetry with well practised tell-tale intonations, and soliciteth a lock of her hair, ring, or a glove, as a keepsake; if granted, to be privately exhibited as a trophy to his gentleman friends. After the male flirt hath made what he considereth "an impression," he purposely absenteth himself for a while, to fan the ardour of the supposed victim's flame; then as suddenly and unexpectedly reappeareth, more devoted, more languishing than ever, only to repeat the same farce at the end of a prolonged visitation. The male flirt keepeth a dozen affairs of this kind on hand at once; and pleaseth himself, while shaving of a morning, in reflecting upon the divers moods and dilemmas of his supposed victims, who are often but giving him a long cord with which to hang himself.

The male flirt, being himself a humbug, is naturally suspicious, and bristleth up immensely at the most glimmering ghost of foul play from the other side, growing facetious thereupon, and mentioneth, as one of his infirmities, a constant tendency to *joke* upon all subjects. Lastly, the male flirt, with all his fancied penetration and victories, ingloriously caught at last, thanks to a retributive justice, in the toils of the weakest, where he flounders like a mad leviathan, to the amusement of interested spectators!

FANNY FERN.

WHAT IS A LADY?

I will tell you negatively. She never overdresses. She attires herself with regard to the weather and the occasion, and at no hour of the day, whatever may be her occupation, is untidy. She is civil and obliging to all persons in public, whom chance throws in her way, without distinction of garb or class, and is reasonable and humane with her servants. She never, under shelter of her sex, is conversationally overbearing towards the other, to whom the rules of courtesy forbid a reply in kind. She never omits, by a smile or word, gracefully to acknowledge slight favours they render her. She never solicits gifts from them, by going into ecstasies in their presence about "loves of rings," or braceletts, which she saw at Show and Co's. She never encourages matrimonial offers which she has no idea of accepting (N B. male flirts excepted!) She makes a distinction in her reception of gentlemen, between those who at heart respect our sex, and those who only make a pretence of doing so. She never betrays, from a mean vanity, the honourable love which

she cannot reciprocate. She never talks or laughs loudly in public, or has the bad taste and bad manners to disturb her neighbours in this way at concert, or opera. She is reverential at church, or, at least, respects the feelings of those around her, who desire to be so. She knows when to be silent—when to speak—and how; in a word, she has *tact*—I repeat it, *Tact*, my hearers, without which the most beautiful woman is but a tasteless fruit, a songless bird, a scentless flower, or, in other words, a blundering numbskull! FANNY FERN.

THE RING AND THE ROPE.

A maiden lady, not remarkable for either beauty, youth, or good temper, came for advice to a Mr. Arnold, as to how she could get rid of a troublesome suitor.

"Oh, marry—marry him," he advised.

"No, I would see him hanged first."

"No, madam, marry him, as I said to you, and I'll assure you it will be but a short time before he hangs himself."

DISADVANTAGE OF NEARSIGHTEDNESS.—A young clerical gentleman relates this anecdote of one of his Dutch brethren:—The old fellow was about commencing one of his spiritual exercises, when, to the disadvantage of his being a little nearsighted, was added the poor light of a country church. After clearing his throat, he gave out the hymn, prefacing it with the apology—

"Do light tish bad, mine eyes ish dim,
I cannot see to read dish hymn."

The clerk, supposing it was the first stanza of the hymn, struck up the tune of common metre. The old fellow, taken somewhat aback by this turn of affairs, corrected the mistake by saying—

"I didn't mean to sing dish hymn,
I only meant mine eyes ish dim."

The clerk, still thinking it a continuation of the couplet, finished in the preceding strain. The old man, at this, waxed wrath, and exclaimed, at the top of his voice—

"I tink ter tyvel's in you all,
Dat vash no hymn to sing at all."

THE ART OF SHOPPING.—"What's the price of this article?" inquired a deaf old lady. "Seven shillings," said the draper. "Seventeen shillings!" she exclaimed; "I'll give you thirteen." "Seven shillings," replied the honest tradesman, "is the price of the article." "Oh! seven shillings," the lady retorted; "I'll give you five."

NOT TO BE FRIGHTENED.—A foppish fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "uphill work." "Good," said his friend. "I would rather go uphill than downhill any time."

A GRAMMATICAL PUPIL.—A schoolmaster, after giving one of his pupils a sound drubbing for speaking bad grammar, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and, at the same time, promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him ungrammatically. The youngster, being quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow pupil :—" A common substantive of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other end of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense."

A STORY TELLER.

One very rainy day, when the poor Empress Eugenie, (who is to be pitied because her ennui is perpetual, as is that of every created being who is incapable of occupying him or herself, and is always craving amusement,)—one day the Empress Eugenie, being passing dull, bethought her of sending for M. J. S to divert her and her ladies. Now, a less "diverting" personage cannot well be conceived than this heavy novel writer, whose sole agreeability lies in his pen. Putting on her sweetest smile, the Empress graciously asked M. J. S to sit down and "to tell her a story." The much honored man looked rather more confused than charmed. However, the request was repeated and the Empress, assuming the part of the Sultan in the Arabian Tales, again begged for "one of those stories the clever narrator told so well!" I verily believe that Schcherazade, who told stories to save her life, did not feel in a more disagreeable position than did poor M. J. S. for not only was he to "tell a story," but a "ghost story," *per dessus le marche*. What he told these fair dames I know not, but he ended by telling them something, I presume, for they were satisfied enough thereof to repeat the infliction; and next day, both M. J. S. and M. O. F. were "bidden to the Empress's presence, and requested then and there to manufacture a "*charade en action*," which, with the greatest possible trouble, they ended by doing.

It was Napoleon who said—"Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man—provided his education has been suitable—with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observations of men I have almost invariably found a long nose and head together."

HOPE FOR THE WIDOWS.—A friend tells us that some dozen or fifteen years ago, when he had the “melancholy duty” to stand behind the counter in a country shop, dealing out the “best selected stock,” he was once brought very suddenly to a state of unutterable wonderment. A youthful and pretty woman robed in deep black, approached him, and asked to look at his “Gleam of Comfort.” “At what, madame?” said he, puzzled, confounded, and confused at what appeared to him a singular request. “Gleam of Comfort,” young man; haven’t you it, or don’t you know what it is?” said the lady. “Yes, madame, most likely we have it. What is it like—is it dry goods or groceries?” “Dry goods or groceries!” echoed the lady, looking at our friend in a way that made him feel decidedly uncomfortable. “Sir, it is a mourning calico of the second grade, for widows of three weeks. It is well known, sir, with us in the city; I am astonished at your ignorance.” The frightened young man could only stammer out, “they hadn’t any of that particular kind.”

TALENTS AND GENIUS.—He who in the same given time can produce more than another has vigor; he who can produce more and better has talents he who can produce what no one else can has genius.

ON A YOUNG LADY’S DRESS.

“Fair Chloe’s dress (which Venus self might wear)
 From various realms is culled with happy care;
 To grace the well-shaped foot, in Turkey’s soil,
 Through life’s short span, laborious silk-worms toil;
 The whale, in Zembla’s frozen regions found,
 Distends those swelling hoops’ capacious round.
 The Belgian nymphs, a nice industrious race,
 Weave the fine texture of the curious lace.
 Peruvian mines the rich brocade bestow,
 And Guinea’s treasures in her buckle glow.
 Afric, the tribute of its ivory pays,
 On polished sticks the spreading fan to raise.
 The Phrygian swans their downy plumage shed,
 And from the scorching sun defend her head.
 The bear’s warm fur the Russian deserts yield,
 From falling snow her whiter breast to shield.
 The bless’d Arabia sends, from balmy air,
 Essence less fragrant than the breathing fair.
 India’s rich coasts the sparkling gems supply,
 Less sparkling than the lustre of her eye!
 How oft the merchant glows beneath the line,
 That Chloe all accomplished thus may shine?”

FAIR MEASURE FOR THE FAIR.—We hear that, owing to the *breath* of the fashion, concert rooms do not hold so many people as formerly, and that a certain manager begins to talk of charging women by the foot. Not a bad idea, provided he makes them pay the expense, and not their husbands.

Why is love like a glass of champagne? Because it is very exciting, and soon loses its briskness.

OPINIONS OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN.—The man who is proud of his money has rarely anything better to be proud of.

Trees with double flowers are, too often, the emblem of Friendship—there is plenty of blossom, but no fruit.

There are many men who delight in playing the fool, but who get angry the moment they are told so.

In medicine, a Brougham goes much further than knowledge.

Society has a right to be particular—it is so often deceived !

Common sense has become such a rare commodity, that the world has entered into a tacit compact to live without it.

Wealth itself is not so much despised—it is only the man who is the possessor of it.

Every woman is born with a master mind—that is to say, with a mind to be master, if she can.

No man *living* should say an ill word against the Doctors.

Compliments are the coin that we pay a man to his face—sarcasms are what we pay him out with behind his back.

Toad eating is always in season.

In France there is nothing young—excepting your *objects d' antique*.

CABBAGE AND DITTO —“ Oh ! I loves you like anything,” said a young man to his sweetheart, warmly pressing her hand. “ Ditto,” said she, gently returning the pressure. The ardent lover not happening to be overlearned was sorely puzzled to understand the meaning of ditto, but was ashamed to expose his ignorance by asking the girl. He went home; and the next day being at work in the cabbage yard with his father, he spoke out. “ Daddy, what is the meaning of ditto ? ” “ Why,” said the old man, “ this here is one cabbage-head ain’t it ? ” “ Yes, dady.” “ Well, that are’s ditto.” “ Drat that are good-for nothin’ gal,” ejaculated the indignant son, “ she called me cabbage-head. I’ll never go to see her again.”

THE FLAG OF ALL NATIONS.—The Americans of Victoria asked permission to rear a liberty pole, to which they would put the star-spangled flag. The request was instantly declined. “ Well,” said the crowd, “ let’s raise a pole and stick the flag of all nations upon it.” And so they did what they said they would do, and a petticoat waved from the liberty pole.

CURE FOR SCANDAL.—An excellent woman, when a piece of scandal was related to her, was in the habit of saying, “ I do not know whether M—did so but I will tell him that you informed me, and enquire.” This straightforward procedure soon relieved her of all tales of her neighbours.

POWER OF HABIT—Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions: whatever we do often, we become more and more apt to do. A snuff-taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day, and ends with a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such-like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced; but, as I before observed, at the very time that the tendency to do the thing is every day increasing, the pleasure resulting from it is, by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ, diminished; and the desire is irresistible though the gratification is nothing. There is rather an entertaining example of this in Fielding's "Life of Jonathan Wild," in that scene where he is represented as playing at cards with the Count, a professed gambler. "Such," says Mr. Fielding, "was the power of habit over the minds of these illustrious persons, that Mr. Wild could not keep his hands out of the Count's pocket, though he knew they were empty; nor could the Count abstain from palming a card, though he was well aware Mr. Wild had no money to pay him.

A SCIENTIFIC DEFENCE OF THE BEARD.—"Medicus," in a letter to the *Liverpool Mercury* says:—"Why is it that more persons die in England of chest complaints than in other countries where beards are worn—it is said the number is double—and why is it that English men lose their teeth sooner than the people of those countries? Simply and solely because they destroy the protection from cold and from heat, from dust and from damp, which God has given them. When did Englishmen first shave? In the profligate, effeminate days of Charles the Second. It is calculated that the beard of a man who lives to the age of seventy years will be 6½ feet, but by continual shaving this is increased to 27 feet, the difference between the two abstracting so much vigour from the constitution, and the cutting open of so many thousand fresh surfaces every morning also itself tending to debilitate. The restoration of the beard and moustache is of so much importance in a sanitary point of view, that the operations of the Social Science Congress should embrace it; for, depend upon it, it is producing a general degeneracy in the constitutions of Englishmen. The republication of Mr. Dickens' very able paper on this subject would be calculated to do much good. It may be said that a man should not have long hair—certainly not; but nature has provided for this. The beard is only hollow a certain length; after this it becomes solid, and may be trimmed without having a weakening effect. It may be said, why have not women beards? I reply, because they have not to brave the battle and the breeze but are told to be keepers at home, and from home, not even at church, to uncover their heads, and also to allow their hair to grow long."—*Ladies' Journal*.

EVERY one is, at least in one thing, against his will, original—in his manner of sneezing.

It's the last ostrich feather that breaks the husband's back.

PADDY'S PIG.—As a Shadow to all these sunny Southern Lights, I must here mention that I did meet with a few extraordinarily mean men in Sydney. There was one, a merchant-prince, who made it a boast that he had never given away a shilling in his life. So far as I know, he only departed from his extreme selfishness on one occasion, and the circumstances are worth relating. One morning a poor Irishman stepped into his counting-house, and, looking the very picture of misery, said, "Oh! may it please yer honour, I've lost a pig—the only pig I had—and mistress——, the governess, has given me a pound, and sent me to you for another. She says you have enough gold to build a sty wid, and will be sure to give me a little. At first, old hard-fist refused; upon which, Paddy throw himself on a stool, and raised such a piteous wail that the merchant, thinking he was mad about the death of his pig, gave him the pound to get quit of him. Next day the proprietor of the defunct porker was passing the warehous, and seeing his benefactor at the door pulled his hat to him; "Well, did you get drunk with that pound, or buy another pig?" asked the rich man gruffly. "Bought a pig, yer honour—a darling little thing, wid a sweet twist in his tail, like a lady's curl." "Well, it's to be hoped you'll take better care of him than you did of the other. What did he die of?" "Die of? Did ye say die of now? Why got out wid ye, *he was so fat I killed him!*"—*Life in Australia.*

HUMAN HELPLESSNESS.—Animals go rightly, according to the ends of their creation, when they are left to themselves; they follow their instinct and are safe. But it is otherwise with man: the ways of life are a labyrinth for him. His infancy does not stand more in need of a mother's care, than his moral and intellectual faculties require to be nursed and fostered; and where these are left to starve for want of nutriment, how infinitely more deplorable is his condition than that of the beasts who perish.

CLERGYMEN OF ALL COLOURS—We do not like blue clergymen; yellow clergymen; pink clergymen. We look upon them as rather monstrous. Nevertheless, such many-coloured pastors have abounded at the late elections; the reverend gentlemen "giving out" candidates from the hustings, as they would give out the morning lessons from the pulpit. If these worthy men feel such unconquerable interest in their party friends, why do they not, in the privacy of their homes, offer up a small prayer for them? Why should they come and stick figurative ribbons in their beavers as though men were to be "shovelled" into Parliament by benefit of clergy? A correspondent in the *Times* gives the names of no fewer than thirteen parsons; and all of them dropping manna from the hustings; all of them talking honey with, of course, not so much as a single locust, in favour of the tadpole senators they propose for mature frogs. The *Times* writer calls this visitation of election parsons "a wide spread evil." We rather incline to think it the very worst sort of black fever.

THE MEDITATIONS OF A MAID.

WHAT a relief it is to shut myself up in my little bed-room, and to shut out all eyes and ears! All day long I feel constrained, and wish for night, with its freedom from observation, the delicious abandonment it affords to one's own thoughts and feelings. I did not always feel so—only since I have known Edward. Gradually, silently, surely, has he been stealing away my heart—yes, *stealing* it; I have not given it him. He has not asked for my love; and yet I am afraid I love him. I supposed I ought to be ashamed of this. I hardly know whether I am or not. If any one were to tax me with loving unsought, I am not so very sure that my heart is not truer and wiser in its instincts than the world. I am sure my love is not selfish; for I do not love because I am loved. I am sure my love is not ignoble; it rests on a worthy object. My judgment seconds my heart: I love him because he is manly, and yet child-like. Could any character be more captivating to a womanly nature? Manhood's strength of mind and heart, with childhood's innocence and guilelessness—high principle with unwarped instinct. How delightful to live daily in the midst of such an influence. Ah, my poor fluttering heart, be still, be patient.

I have seen Edward to-day. What opposite feelings he calls forth! Now my maidenly pride rebels at the power he exerts over me; now I yield myself passively to its mighty influence. I feel that my love for him is an ingredient giving a colour to everything; as an essence pervading all things; as a stamp indelible for life; as a force set in a perpetual motion; above all as an influence powerful, penetrating, and insidious. All within me is tumult, unrest—it is not good for me to live in such a chaos—I will see him no more. *Once* more, however, I must see him; he made me promise, with my sisters, to join a little pic-nic party to-morrow. I thought by some little incident to-day, that he did—no no, I will not utter the vain delusion.

This eventful day has ended at last. I have had a long walk with Edward. He made me walk with him, and offered one pretext after another for keeping me away from the rest of the party. I soon saw that he had something special to communicate, and his manner betrayed the nature of his communication. His agitation calmed me—his anxiety and earnestness made me feel quiet, almost indifferent. My pride was gratified to see him feeling what I had so long felt; and I could not help triumphing inwardly, that he who had so long held me in his power was now even more completely in mine. These feelings were but momentary; I was but too happy in the consciousness of being loved to indulge gratified pride. He told me that “he had long loved me in secret, and had yet hardly dared to hope that I would return his love, but would I make him happy by promising to be his wife?”

Oh, Edward, you little know how long I, too, had loved you! Could I make any other answer than the one I did? Yes, my heart surrendered itself at once to your demand. I know you will not think me too easily won; for you will judge me by a simple and a natural standard, and not by a complex and artificial one. You will love me better for following the dictates of nature. Fools alone would play with fire, dangerous machinery, mighty elements; and they are worse than fools who trifle with the love of a human heart!

And now I can love my best beloved without fearfulness—a heavy burden is removed—our love is an acknowledged circumstance.

My little bed room! you have often witnessed the outpouring of my heart in various moods, and now this is the last time you will listen to my words. To-morrow I am to be married. After a few months of preparation now come the event. I cannot say I feel ready, even now; for when should I be fit to be the life companion of such a man as my husband? Husband!—let me say the word over again—*husband*! How strange—how sweet it sounds!

I cannot but feel joyful in the thought of the morrow that will irrevocably unite me to the man I love, and yet it is a very chastened joy. I leave old associations, friends who have been always true, a life of comparative independence, and I enter an entirely untrodden path; I take another's name, position and character; I shall be merged socially in him. Yet marriage is a higher state than maidenhood: it is one of further development, of richer experience, of wider range of feeling. I look upon my future fearlessly; for perfect love "casteth out fear," and love will exert a strengthening, not an enervating influence. I do not look for a state of perfect felicity, for the common currency of happiness must be mixed with alloy to fit it for daily use. My prospects are unusually bright; but one can only feel a very sober joy in looking forward to one's wedding day. Recollections and anticipations crowd around me, but I must put them all aside, and say "farewell" to my little room.—*Family Herald*.

Commercial man.—Another outbreak, eh? These riots will be a terrible hindrance to all kinds of business. *Fashionable Swell*.—Aw dessay! Delighted to hear it! Aw always had the greatest aversion to all kinds of business.

THE INVINCIBLES.—A woman will never acknowledge to a defeat. You may conquer her, you may bring her on her knees—you may waive over her head the very flag of victory—but still she will not acknowledge she is beaten,—in the same way that there are Frenchmen who will not admit to the present day that they lost the Battle of Waterloo.

What is the moral difference between cake and wine? The one is sometimes tipsy, the other is always drunk.

WHAT is that which no man wants, but which if any has he would not part with for untold wealth? A bald head.

QUALIFICATION OF JUNIOR OFFICERS. To write a distinct hand, especially upon a stamp; inasmuch as certain estimable moneyscriveners, Hebrew and Christian, have found great difficulty in bringing to the memory and acknowledgment of the writer his hurried autograph. It has happened that even twelve men have been required to assist him.

To have a good colloquial knowledge of slang, in order that in any accidental encounter with the natives, the officer and gentleman may not have the worst of it.

To have the eye of a cat for horse flesh.

To be able to draw at sight upon "the governor."

To know the use of an eye-glass and pocket-mirror, and to be able to lay down the leading features of the ballet and the opera.

To know as much of vegetable history as to be perfectly aware that under no circumstances is it advisable to spell cucumber with a K.

Also a knowledge of St. George's Fields fortification, in order to keep on the outside of the works.

To consider no amount of drill a bore.

To harmonise logarithms with billiards, and to open the door of science (if possible) with a golden latch key.

To sketch on horse-back on the bridle thumb-nail the more prominent features of Rotten Row.

To be a judge of ground, and its proper occupation for a handicap.

To be thoroughly acquainted with the topography of Fop's Alley: and especially as relates to duels upon the principles of hair triggerometry.

DO NOT DESPISE SMALL THINGS.—The possibility of a great change being introduced by very slight beginnings may be illustrated by the tale of the vizier, who, having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. "Cease your grief," said the sage, "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live black beetle, together with a little *ghee* (or buffalo's butter) three clews, one of the finest silk, another of stout packthread, and another of whipcord; finally a stout coil of rope." When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband's commands, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the *ghee*, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and to place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of the butter which he conceived to be in store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk-thread, who drew up the pack-thread by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the pack thread, and by means of the cord, a stout rope capable of sustaining his own weight,—and so at last escaped from the place of his duress.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A NEW DICTIONARY.—*Ablution* : A duty somewhat too strictly inculcated in the Mahometan ritual, and sometimes too laxly observed in Christian practice. *Absurdity* : Anything advanced by an opponent. *Alms* : To this word there is no singular, in order to teach us that a single act of charity scarcely deserves the name. *Ambiguity* : A quality essentially necessary in diplomatic writings, acts of parliament, and law proceedings. *Argument* : With fools, passion or vociferation ; with ministers, a majority ; with kings, the sword ; with fanatics, denunciations ; with men of sense, a sound reason. *Barrister* : A legal servant of all work. *Blushing* : A suffusion least seen in those who have most occasion for it. *Ceremony* : All that is considered necessary by many in religion and friendship. *Change* : The only thing that is constant. *Competency* : A financial horizon which recedes as we advance. *Compliment* : A thing often paid by people who pay nothing else. *Conscience* : Something to swear by. *Cunning* : The simplicity by which knaves generally outwit themselves. *Custom* : A reason for irrational things, and an excuse for inexcusable ones. *Despondency* : Ingratitude to heaven. *Dress* : External gentility, frequently used to disguise internal vulgarity. *Economy* : A pauper without a parish. *Effeminacy* : Wearing moral petticoats. *Egotism* : Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye. *Epitaph* : Giving a good character to parties on their going into a new place. *Extempore* : A premeditated impromptu. *Face* : The silent echo of the heart. *Forgiveness* : The noblest revenge. *Friend* :—real See Phoenix and Unicorn. *Furniture* : Inanimate society. *Hint* : A jog of the mental elbow. *Holidays* : The Elysium of our boyhood. *Horse* : An article in the sale of which you may cheat your own father. *Humility* : The best evidence of real religion. *Jokes* : The Cayenne of conversation.

TAKE THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET.—The sweet and bitter ordinarily accompany each other in this life ; at least the sweet must be carefully extracted from the bitter. Such is the peculiar province of that little, though busy insect, the bee. But must it go deprived of its honey, because, forsooth, it is secured at the expense of long pursuit, toil and endurance ? No more is it becoming to man, who is determined upon the means of subsistence and life, to shrink from the ordinary dangers and sufferings incident to their attainment.

HOW TO SELECT A WIFE.—When a young woman, while in the act of sweeping, approaches you with kind words and gracious looks, and politely requests you to move, for she wants to sweep where you are sitting, depend upon it she is the girl you want, so far, certainly, as temper is concerned ; for never is a woman so petulant, so domineering, as when she has a broom in her hand, except it is when she has a mop.

At a tea-meeting, held last week, the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon said, in regard to Gothic Designs for churches, he could never make himself heard in them and could easily see that the devil invented it.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON HASN'T CALLED YET.—In one of his visits to England, Sir John Stevenson had taken private apartments for himself and servant—an adulterated native of the verdant isle. Being much engaged on some musical compositions preparing for the press, and finding his time much taken up by morning visitors, he took the precaution one day of denying himself, and thus delivered orders to that effect:—"Now, Patrick, remember I'm going to be particularly occupied for the next two hours, and I won't be at home, mind, if the Bishop of London calls." "Very well, your honour; I'll take care," replied the obedient attendant, as he closed the door. Sir John now sat himself down to the pianoforte, and was soon immersed in the interest of his occupation, when, in about ten minutes, he had reason to congratulate himself upon having provided against intrusion, for a loud knock at the street door proclaimed the usual routine of idlers. What, then, was his surprise and mortification when he saw his room door flung open, and Pat, with his usual smile of welcome, ushering in three gentlemen! After the simple fellow had placed chairs for the visitors, a quick glance from his master's eye told him that he had somehow committed himself, but the organ of *potato-ism* was too promptly developed to allow him to comprehend exactly how, yet, shrewdly suspecting that Sir John's evident vexation was connected with his admission of the present visitors, and with a view to deprecate his displeasure, and prove to his master that he had not infringed the particular order he had received from him, with much significance of look, and force of emphasis, he said—"Plaze Sir John, the Bishop of London hasn't calle! yet." *Tea Table Talk.*

THE WAY TO GET KNOWLEDGE.—Often ask than decide questions; this is the way to better your knowledge. Your ears teach you, not your tongue; so long as you are ignorant you need not be ashamed to be instructed.

A CELEBRATED physician was called upon one day by a person suffering from the rheumatism, who insisted upon his doing something for him. The physician wrote a prescription, and, as the patient went out of the room, said to him, "I wish you would let me know if that does you any good, for I have not slept quietly this month for rheumatism."

WHY is a conundrum like a monkey? Because it is far-fetched and full of nonsense and fun.

A GREAT many persons undertake to build fortunes as Pat tried to build his chimney. They begin at the top and build down.

THERE are now 43 fountains in Liverpool, and the result of various countings is 1,000 persons on the average drank daily at each.

IT was a prime joke of Canning's, who, when told by an eminent doctor that poverty was a virtue, remarked that he had never known what making a virtue of necessity meant till then.

EASY PREACHING—At the last meeting of the Edinburgh Free Church Presbytery, Dr. Guthrie said :—" In the matter of better preaching, which Dr. Begg thinks is wanted, I also agree with him. Preaching is not at all an easy thing. They only find it easy who make easy work of it. (Laughter) I know Robert Hall was not of that opinion ; for, when some one asked him how many discourses a clergyman could get up in a week, he replied,—“ If he is a deep thinker, and a great condenser, he will get up one ; and if he is a common man, he will get up two ; and if he is an idiot, he will get up six.” (Laughter) Now, I agree with Robert Hall ; and as we will admit of improvement I agree with Dr. Begg, that, if our ministers, in certain instances, would streak themselves more to the work, they would attach the people more to them and would get a better and firmer hold of them.” *Wesleyan Times*.

GENTLE WORDS.—The potent influence of gentle words is most strikingly exemplified in the effect they have upon the mind and conduct of man when they fall from the lips of a fond mother. So indelibly are the words of a mother when uttered with the fervour and pathos which she instinctively exhibits, impressed upon the heart of her child, that they can never be erased. Years may elapse. That child may become the man steeped in vice and crime, lost to every sense of honour ; and yet, in his sober, reflecting moments, the warning voice of that dear mother, though she may for years have slept beneath the soil, will still be heard, wooing him back by its gentle accents to the path of rectitude—reviving in his heart the remembrance of his sinless years, when truth, innocence and virtue—that beautiful sisterhood—nestled together in his bosom. He may have wandered long upon the earth, and been brought, by chance, to the place of his nativity—that dear spot, hallowed by a thousand memories—friendless and wretched. Instinctively he directs his steps to the mansion of the dead, and seeks the moss-grown grave, where repose the remains of what was once his mother ; and with a heart overburdened with grief, exclaims—“ Dear mother ! I remember how you used to take me, when a boy, in your arms, and, imprinting a kiss upon my brow, tell me to be good and virtuous. In an evil hour I yielded to the tempter—stifled the voice of conscience—banished thy form and precepts from my mind—and sank immeasurable depths in the ocean of intemperance. I had given up all as lost, but a star of hope dawned upon me. Its mellow light penetrates the gloom that has shrouded me for yours, and bids me retrace my steps. I will obey. For thy sake my dear mother, I will be a man again. I will break the fetters that bind me to this degradation, and, guided by the light of thy example, I will regain my independence. I am saved !” Such is the power of gentle words.

A CRITIC is always more feared than loved.

WHEN you're beaten, fairly beaten, say it's treachery.

TABITHA TROT'S SOLILOQUY OVER HER TEA. —Such airs as married women put on! advertising their happiness to the public; one would think nobody else was of any account. I am sure I never could find out why I was not married. I have seen scores of worse looking women with babies in their arms. Yes, such a fuss as married women make! See them on a journey—in the railway carriages, taking off their travelling bonnets, and laying their heads in such a provokingly confiding way on their husbands' shoulders, and pretending to go to sleep. A husband is well enough, I suppose, but I have managed to live for—I mean thirty years without one. Then they say that married women preserve their good looks much longer than single ones; now, that is a joke—as if any woman who lived such a hurry skurrying life—but there's no use in arguing the point; everybody knows how plump, and fresh looking, and sweet-tempered old maids are; not that I am an old maid—and speaking of that, I'd like to inquire where's the propriety of calling every unmarried woman an old maid. I am sure I am not old. If I were seventy now, they might talk; and I am not "set" in my ways either. To be sure, always when I return from walking I wrap up my parasol carefully in a sheet of tissue paper; and I carry my fingers as straight as I can, without getting the cramp, lest bending them should wear my gloves out; and I put my shoes side by side, near an open window at night, on a chair to air; and always examine the sheets before getting into bed, to see if the seam is exactly in the middle; but, then, I am not an old maid, and nobody has any right to call me so. I'd like, at any rate, to see the man I'd marry. Some women take up with anything; and some fairly ask the men to marry em, or what I consider as good. There's Miss Cox, now; she left a good millinery business and took up making gentlemen's stocks for nothing else under the sun but to get married. She invented a new way to fasten stocks, just for an excuse to show her gentlemen customers how to put them round their necks; that's the way she became Mrs. Spring. Then there was Miss Lives, who advertised right out and out for a husband, and got him, too! I hope he may never remind her of it some day when his dinner don't suit him; that's all I have to say. And Mrs. Core too, she that was a Flounder, she fixed her eye on our rosy young sexton; and pretended she lost her breast pin in church of a Sunday, and got him to take the key of a weekday, and help her to go look for it, and a long search they made of it too. Do you think I, Tabitha Trot would ever resort to such tricks; Never! I had rather live an old maid till I dried up like a piece of parchment, and blow away for want of somebody to hold me. Good gracious! if there isn't Deacon Sharp, the widower! I really think it would be but common politeness to run down and inquire after the dear children. FANNY FERN.

NAPOLEONIC IDEA. — The minister who dabbles in the stocks ought to be put in the pillory.

TO MAKE A PRETTY SPECTACLE.—Hand to some pretty girl, who has an expressive countenance and who knows enough to appreciate a good joke, a newspaper or book containing one. In order to make the effect as perfect as possible, the witty paragraph should be of moderate length, requiring a couple of minutes or such a matter for its perusal, and should excite no suspicions of its risible character till it explodes in fun at the close. Direct the attention of your female subject to the mirthful article, and steal glances at her as she reads it. The transition from the quiet gravity of her face, as she goes over the more prosy part of the composition, to the sudden flash of mirth as she reaches the point, makes one of the prettiest spectacles in nature—much prettier than the fat woman, the big snake, the two headed calf, the living skeleton, or the Kentucky giant. If you should be lucky enough to serve two pretty girls in the same way at the same time, then you will have a pair of Spectacles. *Dayton Gazette.*

YANKEE JUVENILE PHILOSOPHY.—Children ask some curious questions. We have a little boy in "Our House" who came home from Sabbath-School one day, and meeting his mother, the following dialogue took place:—"Mamma!" "Well my dear?" "Mamma, the teacher says people are made of dust." "Yes, my dear, so the Bible says." "Well, then, I" spose coloured people are made of coal dust, "aint they?"

AN EMPTY HONOUR.—A rather consequential and free and easy sort of rural parishioner in this diocese, meeting his rector one morning after his elevation to the dignity of honorary canon, said, "Ah, sir, I suppose you have got a stall in Durham Cathedral; I shall now have to look out for a pair of beautiful carriage horses for you;" to which assumption the good rector very satirically responded—"Nay! nay! not yet, friend; for the stall that I have got is without a manger or corn." *Newcastle Journal.*

THE ANATOMY OF A COQUETTE.—A coquette is a female general who builds her fame on her advances. A coquette may be compared to tinder, which lays itself out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting up a match. Men are perverse creatures; they fly that which pursues them, and pursue that which flies them. Forwardness, therefore, on the part of a female, makes them draw back, and backwardness draws them forward. There will always be this difference between a coquette and a woman of sense and modesty,—that while one courts every man, every man will court the other. When the coquette settles into an old maid, it is not unusual to see her as staid and informal as she was previously versatile.

"Thus weathercocks, which for awhile
Have turned about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a joint, and fix at last."

WOMAN AS SHE SHOULD BE.

I HAVE long wished to introduce to my readers a lady, who practises a certain art, so much like downright witchcraft that it is well for her she is neither old nor ugly, or she would certainly be in danger of the ordeal. Hitherto I have been deterred by the fear I may be accused of attempting to impose upon the public, by a revival of some of those stale superstitions, which the good sense of my countrymen ought to reject with contempt when applied to their own native land. There are some countries particularly appropriated to feats of magic, and supernatural agency, and events said to take place in these fortunate regions are received with great respect by persons who would reject them with sovereign contempt were the scene laid anywhere else. A story of second sight, or witchcraft, is nothing, unless the scene is laid in the Highland of Scotland, or some one of the western isles; and as to poisons, assassinations, adulteries, monkish villany, and sheeted spectres, one might tell such tales from morning till night, without alarming a single nursery, or disturbing a winter fire-side, unless they were Italianized, and the scene laid in the Apennines, in an old ruined castle.

Discouraged by these untoward circumstances, that lie in the way of all romantic adventure and check the inventive powers of domestic genius, I have delayed until now the introduction of a character, particularly worthy of being studied by the rest of her sex; nor should I have gained sufficient courage to do it now, did I not flatter myself with being able to explain every thing, without resorting to the interposition of any extraordinary agency.

When I first became acquainted with this singular person, she was a young girl of about seventeen or eighteen, just entering upon the experiment of realising those dreams of the gay and beckoning world, which occupy the waking hours of anticipating youth. I remember it was at an assembly she just attracted my attention, though I could not till long afterwards tell exactly why, for her face, though sufficiently interesting, was not such a one as catches the roving eyes of a ball-room connoisseur, and her figure was no way particularly distinguished. Still there was that in her appearance which caused me to pay particular attention to her movements during the whole evening, in the course of which she led me into at least half a dozen mistakes by her mysterious art.

I inquired of my friend Anthony Evergreen the name of the beautiful girl, with a wreath of roses about her hair, who danced with such exquisite grace and skill. Anthony was at that time, as at present, a complete connoisseur in these matters, and particularly valued himself on his knowledge of dancing, having taken private lessons of the celebrated Vectris, during two whole winters.

"You mean," said he, "the tall lady in spangles and feathers, I presume?" "I presume I mean no such thing; I mean the middle-sized lady, dancing opposite to her, who has neither spangles or feathers, that I can see." "My good friend," replied Anthony—"you never was more mistaken in your life if you say that lady is a fine dancer. Why she hasn't performed a single step in the whole cotillion—take notice, and see if I am not right."

As no man likes to have his taste questioned, even in the most insignificant affairs, I felt myself called upon to support mine, and for this purpose watched the lady for some time, in order to detect Anthony in an error. Insensibly, however, I was so completely beguiled by the easy grace, the gentle, chastened activity, with which she sailed through the mazes of the dance without study or effort, that I quite forgot the original motive for this scrutiny, and to this day cannot tell whether she executed any steps or not. I recollect, however, however poor ladies in the set, who paid such special attention to their feet, that they seemed to forget dancing did not entirely consist in feats of extraordinary agility that would do honour to a harlequin at the theatre, or a clown at the Circus.

"Well," said Evergreen, when the dance was finished, "am I right, or am I wrong?" "O, perfectly right, if you mean that dancing consists in such enormities as that lady yonder committed in the last cotillion. However, not to dispute the point I confess, if you please, she takes no steps—they are something a great deal better. I hope now you won't deny that she is the best dressed woman in the room, after I have shown such exemplary moderation in giving up this point." "Pooh!"—said Anthony, rather unceremoniously, as if he thought I was bantering—"Pooh—why she has nothing on her but a white muslin frock, and that paltry wreath of rose buds. I confess her foot is pretty, but then look what a shoe!—It wants glitter, sir—it wants glitter." What was very provoking, I found on a closer inspection Anthony was right; and yet, such was the mysterious power exercised by this singular young lady, that even this conviction did not destroy the illusion. I continued during the rest of the evening to admire her, as the best dressed woman in the room, although she wore nothing but a muslin frock and wreath of rose buds, and had not a single ornament on her shoes.

I met her frequently afterwards in public parties, and at social fire-sides, where an acquaintance commenced that was only interrupted by my retirement into the country. On such occasions, though surrounded by women dressed in all the splendour of this age of wasteful prodigality, she always seemed to outdo them all, and I had often the pleasure of hearing my judgment confirmed by persons who had refined their taste by the habitual contemplation of classical models. The same mystery pervaded her behaviour and conversation, though the one never challenged observation, and the other neither sparkled, nor astonished. In the whole course of our acquaintance, at that time and since,

I cannot remember that she uttered any regular witticism or special wise saying. All I know is, that without taking any pains to show off in studied declamation, her chat was playful, sometimes attic, and always characterized by a species of feminine good sense that gave it a sort of dignity which awakened respect, without exciting any feeling of inferiority. Her conversation did not abound in fine saying, but pleased from its general character, and if anything more in the recollection than the actual enjoyment. In recalling these things, I have often been struck with little hits of character, and nice touches of wit or discrimination, that escaped my notice at the time they were uttered. She never, I observed, tasked her own mind to appear striking, or drew daughts upon others that might be inconvenient to pay, in those hours of evening relaxation, when men seek society to indulge in that easy interchange of thought which asks no effort, and courts neither admiration nor applause. On these occasions she always appeared to advantage, especially when a *blue stocking* happened to be present. Though I have seen her deserted for the society of one of these declamatory ladies, I never failed to observe the recreants who had unwarily been attracted by some emphatic harangue return, after listening and yawning a little while, to the shrine of unpretending modest propriety.

Something more than a year after our acquaintance, I commenced my seclusion in the country, and we did not meet for some years. On my return to the city I learned she was married to a young fellow of small fortune, who had been attached to her for a considerable time. Assuming the privilege of an old friend, and an old man, I called to see her, and was received with such unaffected hospitality both by herself and husband, that I renewed my intimacy and am now quite domesticated in the house, where a goodly arm-chair is always reserved for my special use.

Though my friend had now past the hay-day of youth, I still found the same mysterious witchcraft hovering around her, and pervading every part of the establishment over which she presided. The first time I entered the house I was alarmed with an air of gentility, and expense, which, knowing the confined income of the husband, I could not help thinking reflected on the prudence of the wife. Every part seemed to be finished with a degree of liberality, not to say profusion, that apparently viewed with the splendour of our most profuse and wealthy citizens. As usual too, the lady appeared dressed quite as much beyond the sphere of her income, as were the decorations of her house; and although I never found her without something about the parlour indicating she had been employed, still she looked and acted and spoke so like a perfect lady, that I could not stretch my faith to a belief of her having been actually busy in such fine ~~dress~~ as she seemed to wear.

The first time I dined there, the like appearance completely imposed on me and I went away in the evening accusing my little friend of wastefulness in the dinner, as well as extravagance in the table equipage. In short, not to impose too much on the credulity of my readers, by further details respecting this uncommon species of magical delusion, I was completely the dupe of this domestic Armida, and believed her husband on the high road to speedy ruin. This error continued to make me uneasy for a considerable time, until luckily I thought of resorting to my old custom of analysing, a habit I recommend to my readers, as furnishing an almost certain antidote to every species of deception.

The first discovery I was enabled to arrive at by this method was that the furniture of the enchanted house was in reality neither expensive or splendid, but on the contrary very plain; and that it owed its sole charm to a certain uniform simplicity in the style and arrangement, which gave it that air of attic elegance which had deceived me so completely. There was no glare about the rooms; no tinsel or gaudy colours; none of that common and vulgar contrast we see so often, between the extreme of finery in one part, and the extreme of meanness in the other. It was a family circle where every object possessed a kindred likeness, and evidently partook of the same general physiognomy. The servants neither wore livery nor gold lace; but then it was a pleasure to receive a glass of water from them, for they were always clean, and never out at the elbows.

Proceeding in the development of this web of magic, I went so far as to count the dishes at one of these imaginary sumptuous dinners, and also to examine with a critical eye the table equipage piece by piece. To my utter astonishment, there were but three dishes of meat, but then they were well cooked and neatly served. What I had mistaken for finery in the table equipage turned out to be nothing more than a table-cloth as white as snow, with spoons and knives and forks, as bright as silver. Here, as in all the other household arrangements, the same sense of propriety, the same congruity of one part with another, the same nice adaptation of means and objects, joined in the easy deportment and graceful suavity of the mistress, constituted all the mystery of that deception under which I had laboured.

The great key, however, to the whole enchantment, I found at last, was in the presiding genius of this admirable wife. It was she that threw this air of elegance on all around, and metamorphosed even the old-fashioned arm-chair into a superb Grecian sofa. Versed from her childhood in all the indescribable secrets of good breeding: familiar with all its essential attributes and taught by long experience the lesson which only experience can teach, she remained mistress of herself on all occasions, and being always at her ease, made every one easy around her. She knew that the splendours of vulgarity

far from disguising, only rendered it more glaring, as the ornaments of ugliness increase its deformity, and that nothing so completely destroyed the involuntary respect we pay to equiage and show as the knowledge that they are exhibited by those who either enjoy them at the expense of the essential comforts of life, or of some industrious mechanic, who will never be paid. In one word, she knew that a well-bred woman, gifted with a nice sense of propriety, will make a house appear more genteel than all the fine decorations in the world.

NAPOLEON AND THE WOODMAN—As Napoleon was riding out, attended by several officers (I was one of the party,) we rode past a forest where some woodmen were cutting timber. Observing one of them singing, the emperor, with a smile, turned to us, and said:—

“Observe that man, who, though toiling hard for his daily bread, seems to be quite happy.

The woodman, observing so many persons looking at him, made a respectful bow, and approached us to inquire if we had lost our way.

‘No,’ said the Emperor; ‘but tell me, my honest man, what makes you so cheerful? What may you earn a day?’

‘Three francs, your honour.’

‘Three francs!’ said the Emperor; ‘does that support you and your family? Tell me how you manage to do so?’

‘With pleasure, your honour, if you will step a little this way. With three francs I not only keep my wife and family, but I also put money out at interest and pay off my old debts.’

‘Explain yourself?’

‘Willingly, your honour. I keep my wife and children—I place money out at interest by educating the latter at school, and pay off my old debts by maintaining my aged father and mother. So you see your honour, I may well be happy.’

‘Excellent man,’ said Napoleon ‘there is a Napoleon for you,’ tossing him the money. ‘Keep what you have now told me a secret. I am your Emperor, and for pain of my displeasure, I enjoin you to tell no one till you have seen my face at least a hundred times.’

‘Sire it shall be so.’

Napoleon turned his horse’s head and rejoined us.

The same evening, as he appeared very thoughtful, Genl. Rasp asked him if anything unpleasant had occurred that day.

'No,' said the Emperor, 'but I met a man this morning, who, with three francs per day, told me he kept his family, placed money out at interest, and paid off his old debts. Gentlemen,' continued the Emperor, 'you will please me much if any of you can tell me the meaning of what he said.'

All of us were anxious to please our monarch, and, knowing that he had spoken to a woodman in the forenoon, we rode off on the following morning and, having found the woodman, asked him if he knew to whom he had spoken on the previous day.

The man said, 'Yes: I had the honour of talking with the Emperor.'

'What did you say to him?'

'Excuse me, gentlemen, but I must not tell you.'

'One of the party said, 'I will give you fifty Napoleons to tell me.'

The man said, 'No, I dare not.'

'You shall have one hundred if you will oblige us,' rejoined our companion.

The woodman, after pausing a minute or two, said.

'Place the money in my hands and I will tell you.'

We placed it in his hands, and, after he had carefully examined every piece he told us all that had transpired.

We rode off, and on our arrival at the place, asked to be admitted to the Emperor, when we expounded his riddle.

Napoleon, pale with anger, said; 'Bring the woodman before me dead or alive!'

He was soon found and ushered into the presence of his angry monarch.

'Sirrah, how have you dared to break your promise with me?'

'Sire,' said the woodman, with great composure, 'I have not disobeyed your commands.'

'How, slave!', said Napoleon, 'dare you tell me a lie!'

'Sire,' said the woodman, 'you told me I should tell no one until I had seen your face one hundred times. Then putting his hands deliberately into his pockets, he laid the pieces of money, one by one, before the Emperor, with the heads upwards. 'There sir,' continued he, 'have I not seen your face one hundred times?'

Napoleon burst into a loud fit of laughter, gave him a slap in the face, called him a clever fellow, and made him a captain of artillery, where he proved himself deserving of his good fortune.

" THE RIGHT OF VISITATION.

" *As constructed by a Lady, of Bloomsbury Square, who knows nothing whatever about politics.*

" No lady, or gentleman, should think of paying a visit early in the morning as the chances are the ladies are not up, or scarcely recovered from the fatigues of the previous evening, or too unnerved to be visible. N. B. —None but tradesmen call the first thing in the morning.

" If a lady leaves her card upon you then you have right to leave a card upon her, but not before.

" If the young ladies whom you are visiting should have their bonnets on your good sense should tell you not to stop two or three hours, as you should conclude that, being dressed, they are naturally anxious to go out.

" If you are accidentally shown into a wrong room good manners should teach you not to take any notice of any articles of wearing apparel that may be scattered about the place for the industrious purpose of being mended.

" If there is a smell of roast mutton steaming through the house at two or three o'clock, you should believe the representation that is made to you by the mamma that it is a hot luncheon, and not jump to the conclusion that the family are dining at the vulgar hour.

" If you call and find the young lady of the house busily engaged in talking earnestly to a handsome gentleman in the conservatory, or whispering lowly in a recess, or looking confidentially out of a window together, you should take the hint, and rightly consider that you are *de trop* by retiring as speedily as possible.

" If you have the right of visiting you should tutor yourself to believe what the servant tells you, and not put suspicious constructions upon his answer, by secretly believing that the family is in when he flatly tells you that they are all 'out.'

" If you are always denied admission your *pamour proue*, however flattering it may be, should not blind you to the fact, that it is highly probable that you may not be an especial favourite with the fair inmates of that establishment, and you should refrain, in delicacy to them, as well as out of respect to yourself from calling there again. You are not justified in carrying the right of visitation to the extent of a persecution.

" If there are children in the room politeness should prompt you (be you bachelor or not) to take some little notice of them.

" If you will call some five or ten minutes before the dinner hour, you have no right to take it as an affront, because you are not invited to remain and partake of it.

BISHOP-MAKING.

A DIALOGUE.

THE PREMIER.—LORD SHAFTESBURY.

The Premier.—Pass the wine, Anthony. Well, I wonder whether you will have to make any more Bishops for me.

Lord Shaftesbury.—Should be sorry, as a Christian, to say that I trust so but there are several dioceses.

The Premier.—Which you would be glad, as an Evangelical, to see vacant.

Lord Shaftesbury.—No, not vacant, but occupied by serious characters.

The Premier.—I take your word for the new man being all right, only look to the horse's pedigree; you must answer for the running.

Lord Shaftesbury.—(*deprecatingly*).—My dear Lord, we are talking of the Heads of the Church; you speak as if they came out of stables.

The Premier.—They come out of stalls, anyhow. So I am not so far wrong after all.

Lord Shaftesbury.—I can only wait and hope that one of these days you may take a graver view of the subject.

The Premier.—If I did, I might get appointing my own men. Now you have it all your own way. Let's see, Villiers, Baring, Langley, Bickerstoth, Pelham—that's a pretty good haul for your net, St. Anthony.

Lord Shaftesbury.—All worthy men, and it's a great privilege to be able to help them into places where the good work may be done.

The Premier.—As I said, I suppose it's all right. But if I cared about the matter, you know, I would as soon think of arranging the Bishops in your fashion as if I were driving a donkey to market, I'd put all his load into one pannier.

Lord Shaftesbury.—What an illustration!

The Premier.—I swear it's highly Claphamite, and, what's more, it's to the purpose. One of these days—not in my time, perhaps, but in your's you'll have a Free Kirk in England, if you go on as you are now doing.

Lord Shaftesbury.—We are I humbly trust, in the plain path of appointed duty, and if it pleases Providence that offence shall come, it is out of our hands.

The Premier.—Brother.

Lord Shaftesbury.—Eh?

The Premier.—I say brother: you will excuse a familiar phrase in a poor Irishman?

Lord Shaftesbury.—Well, it is not exactly the sort of reply one expects to a religious observation, made in all humility.

The Premier.—Neither humility nor religion in the matter, excuse me. You are an excellent fellow, and nobody more sincere. I'm an outsider, and care for none of these things like what's his name—Gallipot—

Lord Shaftesbury (*groans*).—Gallio.

The Premier.—Him's the nigger. Well, but I can see a little that can't or won't see. You'll have a Free Kirk. That is to say the other side in the Church will not stand being handed over to your sectarian Bishops. You'll have an emeute.

Lord Shaftesbury.—I can only repeat what I have said.

The Premier.—Don't—you are told to avoid vain repetition. I wish in earnest, that before the next mitre tumbles off you'd consider whether one of the other side ought not to have it. I am certain that my old plan of giving the bishoprics sand which fashion—alternate slice of Clapham and Pusey—was the real secret of preserving the peace of the Church.

Lord Shaftesbury.—Insincere in the highest degree.

The Premier.—Insincere as far as regards doctrines, and all that, which is of minor importance, and which no two people can agree upon! but very sincere as regards friendship for the establishment, and its permanence, a matter which you sectarians seem to consider very little indeed.

Lord Shaftesbury.—I fully comprehend you, my dear Lord, but we are not to do evil that good may come.

The Premier.—Who wants you to do evil? All I suggest—mind, I don't care a farthing about it, the row won't come in my time, but—I suggest that it is worthwhile to remember that there is a large party in the Church as zealous as yourselves, and with a great deal more learning (to say nothing to you, a non-worldly man, of immense wealth and influence), and that it seems a blunder to turn these people into enemies of the Established Church, as your tactics are doing.

Lord Shaftesbury.—Without departing from my original ground, that there is a right and a wrong, I assure you that you are in error in detail. About zeal I say nothing, but as for learning—

The Premier.—Come, out of your new batch is there one who knows Cyprian from Origen?

Lord Shaftesbury.—Well—yes—I dare say Dr. Bickersteth does, because there was a commentator in his family: but that is of small consequence. Who was Cyprian and who was Origen, that in the nineteenth century a Bishop ought to be acquainted with them?—*Press*.

ORIGIN OF A FEATHER IN THE CAP.—Among the ancient warriors it was customary to honor such of their followers as distinguished themselves in battle, by presenting them with a feather to wear in their caps, which, when not in armour, was the covering of their heads, and no one was permitted that privilege who had not at the least killed his man. From this custom arose the saying, when a person has effected a meritorious action, that it will be a feather in his cap.

"I LIVE NOT ALONE FOR MYSELF.—I live not alone for myself," said a beautiful flower one fair morn'g, as it lifted to the sun its crest sparkling with dewdrops; I live not alone for myself. Mortals come and gaze on me and breathe my fragrance and go away better than they came, for I minister to their perceptions of the beautiful. I give to the bee his honey, and to the insect his food; I help to clothe the earth in beauty."

"I live not alone for myself," said a wide-spreading tree. "I give a happy home to a hundred living beings; I grant support to the living tendrils of the vine; I absorb the noxious vapours in the air; I spread a welcome shadow for man and beast; and I too help to make earth beautiful."

"I live not alone for myself," said a laughing mountain streamlet. "I know that my tribute to the ocean is small, but still I am hastening to carry it there. And I try to do all the good I can on my way. The tree and the flower love my banks, for I give them life and nourishment; and even the grass, which feels my influence, has a greener hue. The minnows find life and happiness in my waters, though I glide onward, only a silver thread; men and animals seek my brink to assuage their thirst, and enjoy the shadow of the trees which I nourish. I live not alone for myself."

"I live not alone for myself," said a bright-hued bird as he soared upward into the air. My songs are a blessing to man. I have seen the poor man sad and despondent as he went home from his daily work, for he knew not how to obtain food for his little ones. Then I tuned one of my sweetest lays for his ear, and he looked upward, saying, "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet my heavenly Father feedeth them. Am I not better than they?" and the look of gloom changed to one of cheerfulness and hope. I live not wholly for myself."

"I live not alone for myself," should be the language of every thinking reflecting mind. It is the language of duty, guiding to the only paths of happiness on earth, and preparing the soul for unalloyed bliss throughout "the measureless enduring of eternity."

WHAT is the difference between a sailor and a soldier?—One tars his ropes and the other pitches his tent.

LIFE may be merry as well as useful. Every person that owns a mouth, had always a good opening for a laugh.

IN the anatomy of the hand we find that the musculo by which we shut it is much stronger than the one by which we open it, and this holds true as to giving and receiving.

A LADY was desirous of purchasing a watch. The jeweller showed her among others a very beautiful one, remarking, at the same time, that it went thirty-six hours, "In one day?" the purchaser asked.

KEEP WATCH UPON THE TONGUE.—People are often subjected to extreme mortification by indulging in disparaging remarks of strangers, and learning subsequently that the persons themselves or some of their intimate friends were within hearing of the remarks. Such unpleasant occurrences rarely have so pleasant a termination as the following singular rencontre between Dr. Dwight and Mr. Dennie:—

As Dr. Dwight was travelling through New Jersey he chanced to stop at a stage hotel, one of our populous towns, for the night. At a late hour of the same arrived also at the inn Mr. Dennie, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord that his beds were all paired with lodgers except one occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight. "Show me to his apartment, exclaimed Dennie; "although I am a stranger to the rev. doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for my lodgings." The landlord accordingly waited on Dennie to the Doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself. The Doctor, although in his night-gown, cap and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of Somnus, politely requested the strange intruder to be seated. The Doctor was struck with the literary physiognomy of his companion, unbent his austere brow, and commenced a literary conversation. The names of several literary and distinguished characters for some time gave zest and interest to their conversation, until Dwight chanced to mention the name of Dennie.

'Dennie, the editor of the *portfolio*, (said the Doctor in a rhapsody) is the Addison of the United States—the father of American Belles Lettres. But sir, (continued he,) it is astonishing that a man of such a genius, fancy, and feeling, should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl and to bacchanalian revels!'

'Sir,' said Dennie 'you are mistaken: I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years, and I never knew or saw him intoxicated.'

'Sir,' says the Doctor, 'you err. I have my information from a particular friend; I am confident that I am right, and that you are wrong.'

Dennie now ingeniously changed the conversation to the clergy, remarking that Drs. Abercrombie and Mason were amongst our most distinguished divines; nevertheless he considered Dr. Dwight, Professor of Yale College, the most learned theologian, the first logician, and the greatest poet that America has ever produced. 'But, sir,' continued Dennie, 'there are traits in his character undeserving so great and wise a man, of the most detestable description—he is the greatest bigot and dogmatist of the age!'

'Sir,' said the Doctor, 'you are grossly mistaken. I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and I know to the contrary.'

'Sir,' says Dennie; you are mistaken; I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, whom I am confident would not tell me an untruth.'

'No more slander,' I says the Doctor, 'I am Dr. Dwight, of whom you speak!'

'And I too,' exclaimed Dennie, 'am Mr. Dennie, of whom you speak.'

The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told; suffice it to say they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance.—*Connecticut Common School Journal*.

A CROWN will not cure the head-ache, nor golden slipper the gout.

TRUTH has nothing to fear from error; constant friction does not improve its polish, even as it removes the rust from steel.

THE RIGHT WAY.—Plato being told that some enemies had spoken ill of him said, "It matters not; I will endeavour so to live that no one shall believe them."

Joy—Joy is one of the greatest panaceas of life. No joy is more healthful or better calculated to prolong life, than that which is to be found in domestic happiness in the company of good and cheerful men, and in contemplating with delight the beauties of Nature.

THE busiest coopers in these times are those that hoop the ladies.

A STUDENT in want of money sold his books and wrote home, "Father, rejoice, for I now derive my support from literature."

A LADY of a certain age says the reason an old maid is generally so devoted to her cat is that, not having a husband, she naturally takes to the next most treacherous animal.

A WELL-KNOWN London printer, being called on to reply to a toast, said, "Gentlemen, I thank you most heartily. I can't make a speech; but I can print one as long as you like."

A LAWYER, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day, to which he replied, "In company with two friends."—"Friends!" exclaimed the lawyer; "two thieves, I suppose you mean."—"They may be so," replied the witness "for they are both lawyers."

A SAD CASE OF DESTITUTION:—"See here, Captain," said a sharp boy, who was seeking employment from an old seafaring man, "first father died, and my mother married again;—and then my mother died, and my father married again; and somehow or other, some way I don't seem to have no parent at all, nor no home, nor no nothing."

Too MUCH pleasure and too much sun are bad both for women and flowers.

EXPERIENCE is a flannel waistcoat that we do not think of putting on until after we have caught cold.

THE MANUFACTURE of Words.—No permission has been so much abused in our days as that of Horace for the manufacture of words. He allows men to mould one now and then, with a modest discretion and caution; but he is addressing poets, not vendors of patent leather or dealers in marine stores. Would he not have stood aghast at the term “antigrepyles”? Would it not puzzle a Scaliger or Bentley? It is time, we protest to put a stop to these vile coinages when every breechesmaker or blacking manufacturer invents a compound word of six syllables as express of his wares. Ladies do not wear petticoats new-a-days, but crinolinas. What is their new name for garters? Men do not ride on horseback as aferetime—they take equestrian exercises. Women are not married like their grandmothers—they are led to the hymeneal altar. A bookseller, forsooth, a bibliopole; and a servant is converted into a manciple. Barbers do not sell toothpowder and shaving soap as their fathers did, but odonto and dentifrice, and rypophagon; hairwash has passed away—it is capillary fluid. Can any one tell us what is the meaning of “diagnosis” as applicable to disease? If it has a signification at all, we will guarantee to find half-a-dozen Saxon monosyllables expressive of the same idea. Medical gentlemen, too, talk of phlebotomy; we know that it has some connection with bloodletting, and, for our own part, we always associate the term with a night we once spent between the sheets, all alive O’ in an Irish hotel. Who would believe that “epistaxis” means simply bleeding at the nose; Fancy one schoolboy doubling his fist, and telling another to “look out for epistaxes? What is meant by that fashionable word “aesthetics”! We take up the first book within reach, and open it at random. It is *William Wordsworth; a Biography*, by Edwin Paxton Hood. Well, what do we read? “By æsthetic biography, he says, “is simply intended a life in its ideal attitudes.” Simply intended. Did ever mortal man listen to such verbiage run mad? What again are we to understand by the words “objective” and “subjective,” which every goose with his sham metaphysic has now a-days on his lips?—*Fraser’s Magazine*.

PENNY BANK FACT.—At a penny Bank established in the worst part of a large town in Yorkshire, a beggar boy presented himself one night, put in a penny and obtained a Deposit Book. He regularly deposited coppers on each Banknight after that, until the sum amounted to three shillings. He then applied to withdraw it. One of the Managers, interested in the lad said—“I hope you are not taking it out to spend foolishly this Whitsuntide?” “No,” said the boy, “I am not sir, but mother has not been able to go to church this long time, we are so poor, and father drinks so; but I have saved this money that mother may have a bonnet and gown to go to church in. I have seen a clothesman who will sell me them for three shillings, and mother shall have them and go to church as she wants, and then I will save again.” This lad was rescued from his beggar’s life, and having served his probation satisfactorily in the shoeblack Brigade, he is now employed as an errand boy in a warehouse where only his benevolent masters know his history.

THE ART OF NOT QUARRELLING.—Sensible husband.—“How is it it we never quarrel, Mrs. Xantippe? Well, I will tell you. You see, for a quarrel, and especially a good quarrel, it is necessary to have two parties. One person can't make a quarrel. Now, if I am in a quarrelsome humour, and break out my wife remains cool and collected, and doesn't say a word. If my wife is peevish, and displays more temper than is becoming to one of her beautiful sex, I, her husband, remain as unmoved as the monument, or else cheat myself into the belief that I am listening for the moment to one of Gris's heavenly songs. Thus, while one party is volcanically fuming, the other is as calm as a cold potato. In all our quarrels, there is in this way always a controlling power. Seriously, we never quarrel, because there is a philosophic compact between us never to quarrel together. We only quarrel one at a time, and it is astonishing, if you leave a quarrel alone, how very soon it dies out. That's our secret, Madam, and I should advise you, and all Xantippes, to follow it.

• In a Chancery suit one of the counsel, describing the boundaries of his client's land, said, in showing the plan of it, “We lie on this side, my lord. The opposite counsel then said, “And we lie on that side.” The Chancellor, with a goodhumoured grin, observed, “If you lie on both sides, whom will ye have me believe?”

A story is told of a person asking another whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend of theirs money. “What, lend him money! You might give him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it.”

“Witness, you have said, while walking with an umbrella over your head you fell into this reservoir, and were badly injured. Did you break any bones sir, at that time?” “I did sir” “What bones?” “Whalebones, sir”

What high sport would a number of young girls conversing remind you of?—Deans-talking.

A GENTLEMAN once conversing in the society of a company of ladies, and criticizing rather severely the want of personal beauty in other ladies of their acquaintance, remarked “They are the ugliest women I know; and then, with extraordinary politeness, added, “present company always excepted.”

“Is a man and his wife both one?” asked the wife of a certain gentleman in a state of stupefaction, as she was holding his aching head in both hands. “Yes, I suppose so, was the reply. “Well, then,” said she, “I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself” This back-handed rebuke from a long suffering and affectionate wife effectually cured him of his drinking propensity.

A FRANK CONFESSION.—It has often been insinuated that malt liquor owes much of its strength to the Indian weed; and the signboard of a Felling beer house honestly confesses the impeachment, being worded thus:—License to sell porter, ale, and tobacco, to be drunk on the premises!”

"DESCENDING FROM A VIRTUOUS MAN."—It is one of the most beautiful objects the eyes of man can behold, to see a man of worth and his son live in an entire unreserved correspondence. The mutual kindness and affection between them give an inexpressible satisfaction to all who know them. It is a sublime pleasure, which increases by the participation. It is as sacred as friendship, as pleasurable as love, and as joyful as religion. This state of mind does not only dissipate sorrow, which would be extreme without it, but enlarges pleasure, which would otherwise be contemptible. The most indifferent thing has its force and beauty when spoken by a kind father, and an insignificant trifle has its weight when offered by a dutiful child. We know not how to express it, but we think we may call it a "transplanted self-love." All the enjoyments and sufferings which a man meets with are regarded only as they concern him in the relation he has to another. A man's very honour receives a new value to him when he thinks that, when he is on his grave, it will be had in remembrance that such an action was done by such a one's father.

A STORY OF ST. MARTIN.—The custom of children in displaying lights in some parts of France on the nights of the 10th and 11th of November, on the occasion of the *fête* (St. Martin) is thus explained by the *Autorité* of Dunkirk—"St. Martin, like a good and worthy bishop as he was, came to preach at Dunkirk when it was only a poor fisherman's hamlet on the Downs. After having delivered a very long sermon the pious Saint felt the want of some repose, and he went to sleep, like Jacob, with his head reclining on a stone. His ass—for St. Martin was the possessor of one of those useful animals—felt an appetite for a few thistles, and wandered away in search of them, for at that period, as at present, thistles abounded on certain points of the downs. St. Martin, on awaking, called his ass, which did not obey the call as usual, and he was obliged to have recourse to the complaisance of the fishermen, who went with lanterns and horns in search of the straggling animal. It was found, and St. Martin in gratitude rewarded and blessed them. It is in remembrance of this event that on the nights of the 10th and 11th of November lights and lanterns are carried about the streets.

REPUTATION.—The future blights more reputations than ever it ripens.

TRUE NOBILITY.—There is no nobility like that of a good heart, for it never stoops to artifice, nor is wanting in good office where they are reasonable.

AN editor calls the young ladies in his city beautiful waves on the sea of existence. We suppose they spend all their time in dancing.

A MAN that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up the weeds for her.

MISERIES OF A DOCTOR'S LIFE.—The following are some of the sweets of a doctor's life.—If he visits a few of his customers when they are well, it is to get a dinner. If he don't do so, it is because he cares more about the fleece than the flock. If he goes to church regularly, it is because he has nothing else to do; if he don't go, it is because he has no respect for the Sabbath of religion. If he speaks to a poor person, he keeps bad company—if he passes them by, he is better than other folks. If he has a good carriage, he is extravagant—if he uses a poor one, on the score of economy, he is deficient in necessary pride. If he makes parties, it is to soft-soap the people to get their money—if he don't make them he is afraid of a cent. If his horse is fat it is because he has nothing to do—if he is lean, it is because he isn't taken care of. If he drives fast, it is to make people think somebody is very sick—if he drives slow, he has no interest in the welfare of his patients. If he dresses neat, he is proud—if he does not, he is wanting in self-respect. If he works on the land he is fit for nothing but a farmer; if he don't work it because he is too lazy to be anything. If he talks much, "we don't want a doctor to tell everything he knows"—if he don't talk we like to see a doctor social." If he says anything about politics, he had better let it alone—if he don't say anything about it, "we like to see a man show his colours." If he visits his patients every day, it is to run up a bill—if he don't, it is unjustifiable negligence. If he says anything about religion, he is a hypocrite—if he don't, he is an infidel. If he uses any of the popular remedies of the day, it is to cater to the whims and prejudices of the people to fill pockets—if he don't use them, it is from professional selfishness. If he is in the habit of having counsel often, it is because he knows nothing—if he objects to have it on the ground that he understands his own business, he is afraid of exposing his ignorance to his superiors. If he gets pay for one half his service, he has the reputation of being a great manager. Who wouldn't be an M. D. ?—*Montreal Monthly Journal of Medicine and Surgery.*

CURIOUS DIRECTIONS FOR A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.—Let your earrings be attention, encircled by the pearls of refinement. Let the diamonds of your necklace be truth, and the chain of Christianity. Let your bracelet be charity, ornamented with the pearls of gentleness. Let your bosom-pin be modesty, set with compassion. Let your finger-rings be affection, set with the diamonds of industry. Let your girdle be simplicity, with a tassel of good humour. Let your garb be virtue—your drapery politeness. Let your shoes be wisdom, secured with buckles of perseverance.

HOW TO RUIN YOUR HEALTH.—1st. Stop in bed late; 2nd. Eat hot suppers 3rd. Turn day into night, night into day; 4th. Take no exercise; 5th. Always ride when you can walk; 6th. Never mind about wet feet; 7th. Have half a dozen doctors; 8th. Drink all the medicine they send you; 9th. Try every new quack; 10th. If that doesn't kill you, quack yourself.

NEWLY MARRIED.—Just after breakfast—new husband equipped for down town toasting his back before the parlour fire—new wife distributing bits of good things from the breakfast table to the pet canary—colloquy ensues—*Wife*: Love, the mice are terribly troublesome. They get into the cake box and my drawers and your trunk, awfully; so won't you get me a mouse-trap. —*Husband*: Of course I will, love. —*Wife*: That's a good dear: I knew you would. But, just to think, that nasty tincture of iron the doctor prescribed for my loss of appetite, spoils my teeth, and mother says I must take it through-a quill; now, won't you? *Husband*: Yes, dear. (Nervously pulling coat tail forward over each hip)—*Wife*: I want some pins, too, so bad, and it's such horrible walking I can't go out; so please, now get me some pins: not the big sort; medium kind.—*Husband*: Yes, love. Anything else?—*Wife*: La, me! I nearly forgot the corkscrew we borrowed of Mrs. T———. Well, the cook has broken it, and there's nothing to be done but get another. I'm mighty sorry, but it's too late to help it. Don't be in such a hurry, Ain't you going to kiss me? There! don't forget, now, the pins, corkscrew, quill and a mouse trap! Husband rushes out—bang goes the hall door, and an acquaintance in the street commiseratingly watches him disappear round a corner, repeating, "Pins, corkscrew, quills, mouse-trap."—*American Paper*.

If you would know how a bull would look when his tail is twisted, just ask a stuck-up gent for "that little bill he owes you," when he is talking to a lady.

An Irishman, hearing of another who was 100 years old, said contemptuously, "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why if my grandfather was alive, he would now be 150 years old."

"MOTHER, have I got any children?" asked an urchin of eight summers.

"Why, no; what put that in your head?" "Because I read in the Bible to-day at school about children's children."

"I AND John Bright put up at the same tavern last night," said a rough looking fellow. "It must have been a house of accommodation for man and beast," replied a bystander.

"So you have new bottoms to your parlour chairs I hear, Jane; how much did they cost?" "Indeed, I don't know." "Well, that's strange; for you must have paid for them, or they would not have sent them home reseated."

So with us all—the tender little babe, petted and doated on—see it in old age rooted up and flung away. O the waste of love in infancy, and the utter want of it in second childhood! I pity these old geraniums, remembering their fostered youth; and sad is the contrast between man as a despised weed and the cherished darling he was in childhood.

ADVANTAGES OF LAUGHTER.—Dr. Radcliffe was remarkable for his expediency in all extraordinary cases. He was once sent for into the country to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsy; and perceiving that no application, external or internal, would be of any service, he desired the lady of the house to order the cook to make a large hasty-pudding; and when it was done to let his own servants bring it up. While the cook was getting the pudding ready he took his men aside and instructed them what to do. In a short time up came the pudding piping hot in the greatest imaginable order, and was set upon the table in full view of the patient. "Come, John and Dick," said the doctor, "you love hasty-pudding; eat this as quick as possible, for I believe you both came out this morning without your breakfast." Both then commenced operations with their spoons; but John's dipping twice for Dick's once, Dick took occasion to quarrel with him, and dabbed a spoonful of the hot hasty-pudding slap bang in his face. This John immediately resented by returning the compliment in nearly a double dose, which almost blinded Dick, and so exasperated him that he took the pudding by handfuls and pelted his fellow servant, who battled him again in the same manner; and so copiously were they bestudded that they each appeared moving hasty-puddings. The patient, who had been an eyewitness to the rencontre between Radcliffe's men, could not refrain from the most hearty burst of laughter; so much, in fine, was his fancy tickled that the quinsy burst and discharged its contents. Radcliffe completed the cure, and both the servants were amply rewarded after the joke had had its effect.—*Physic and Physicians.*

THE OLD TALE AND THE NEW.

THE NEW.

The youthful lord, the young Lord Clare
Had wealth and lands to boast;
Horses he had, and servants, too,
Of each a goodly host.

The youthful lord, the young Lord Clare,
Pass'd by the Derwent water,
He saw a fair hair'd blue-eyed maid—
Helen the miller's daughter.

This youthful lord, the young Lord Clare,
He woo'd this fair young maid.

And, oh! he vow'd he'd marry her,
Although of lowly grade.

But soon he treated her with scorn,
He sought another bride;

Helen, the fair, she wept and mourn'd,
She pined away and died.

Sir Carlo Gray, a knight was he,
A noble knight twould seem,
For he sought a soldier's glory
Neath the banner of his queen.

He fell in love, (as most men do,)
He loved a high-born dame;

He told her he would marry her—
'That she should share his name.

His love grew cold, (as love will do,)
He changed his noble mind;

He told the high-born dame she might
A better husband find:

She did not die; oh no, not she!
She play'd another part,

And name Sir Carlo near with gold
Her gentle wounded heart.

BEAUTY VOID OF EXCELLENCE.—The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance. The bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no song. The cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit.

THE LYING SERVANT.

There lived in Swabia a certain lord, pious, just, and wise, to whose lot it fell to have a serving man, a great rogue, and, above all, addicted to the vice of lying. The name of the lord is not in the story, therefore the reader need not trouble himself about it.

The knave was given to boast of his wondrous travels. He had visited countries which are nowhere to be found in the map, and seen things which mortal eyes never beheld. He would lie through the twenty-four hours of the clock,—for he dreamt falsehoods in his sleep, to the truth of which he swore when he was awake. His lord was as cunning as well as a virtuous man, and used to see the lies in the valet's mouth, so that he was often caught,—hung as it were in his own untruths, as in a trap. Nevertheless, he persisted still the more in his lies; and when any one said—“How can that be?” he would answer, with fierce oaths and protestations, that so it was. He swore, *stone and bone*, and might the devil have his soul, and so forth! Yet was the knave useful in the household—quick and handy; therefore he was not disliked of his lord although verily a great liar.

It chanced one pleasant day in spring, after the rains had fallen heavily and swollen much the floods, that the lord and the knave rode out together and on their way passed through a shady and silent forest. Suddenly appeared an old and well grown fox—“Look!” exclaimed the master of the knave “look, what a huge beast! never before have I seen a reynard so large!” “Doth this beast surprise thee by its hugeness?” replied straight the serving-groom casting his eye slightly on the animal, as he fled for fear away into the cover of the brakes; “by *stone and bone*, I have been in a kingdom where the foxes are big as are the bulls in this!” Whereupon, hearing so vast a lie, the lord answered calmly—but with mockery in his heart,—“In that kingdom there must be excellent lining for the cloaks, if furriers can there be found well to dress skins so large!”

And so they rode on—the lord in silence but soon he began to sigh heavily. Still he seemed to wax more and more sad in spirit; and his sighs grew deeper and more quick. Then inquired the knave of the lord what sudden affliction or cause of sorrow had happened. “Alas!” replied the wily master, “I trust in Heaven's goodness, that neither of us two hath to-day, by any frowardness of fortune, chanced to say the thing which is not—for assuredly, he that hath so done must this day perish.” The knave, on hearing these doleful words, and perceiving real sorrow to be depicted on the paleness of his master's countenance, instantly felt as if his ears grew more wide, that not a word or syllable of so strange a discovery might escape his troubled sense. And so, with eager exclamations, he demanded of the lord to ease his suspense, and to explain why so cruel a doom was now about to fall upon companionable liars.

"Hear, then, dear knave," answered the lord, to the earnestness of his servant, "since thou must needs know, hearken; and God grant that no trouble come to thee from what I shall say. To-day we ride far; and in our course is a vast and heavy-rolling flood of which the ford is narrow, and the pool is deep; to it hath Heaven given the power of sweeping down into its dark holes all dealers in falsehood, who may rashly venture to put themselves within its truth-loving current! But to him who hath told no lie, there is no fear of this river.—Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

Then the knave thought,—long indeed must the journey be for some who are now here: and, as he spurred, he sighed heavier and deeper than his master had done before him; who now went gaily on; nor ceased he to cry—"Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

Then came they to a brook. Its waters were small, and its channel such as a boy might leap across. Yet, nevertheless, the knave began to tremble, and falteringly asked—Is this now the river where harmless liars must perish?" "This! ah! no," replied the lord: "This is but a brook;—no liar need tremble here." Yet was the knave not wholly assured and, stammering, he said—"My gracious lord! thy servant now bethinks him that he today hath made a fox too huge: that of which he spake was verily not so large as is an ox; but, stone and bone, as big as is a good-sized roe!"

The lord replied, with wonder in his tone.—"What of this fox concerneth me? if large or small, I care not. Spur we our horses knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

Long indeed, still thought the serving-groom; and in sadness he crossed the brook. Then came they to a stream, running quickly through a green meadow the stones showing themselves in many places above its frothy water. The varlet started, and cried aloud—"Another river! surely of rivers there is to-day no end: was it of this thou talkedst heretofore?" "No," replied the lord; "not of this." And more he said not: yet marked he with inward gladness his servant's fear. "Because, in good truth," rejoined the knave, "it is on my conscience to give thee note, that the fox of which I spake was not bigger than a calf!" "Large or small, let me not be troubled with thy fox: the beast concerneth me not at all!"

As they quitted the wood, they perceived a river in the way, which gave sign of having been swollen by the rains; and on it was a boat. "This, then, is the doom of liars," said the knave; and he looked earnestly towards the passage-craft. "Be informed, my good lord, that reynard was not larger than a fat waddler sheep!" The lord seemed angry, and answered—"This is not yet the grave of falsehood: why torment me with this cursed fox! Rather spur we our horses, for we have far to go." *Stone and bone,* said the knave to himself, "the end of my journey approacheth!"

Now the day declined, and the shadows of the travellers lengthened on the ground;—but darker than the twilight was the sadness on the face of the knave. And as the wind rustled the trees, he ever and anon turned pale, and inquired of his master if the noise were of a torrent or stream of water. Still, as the evening fell, his eyes strove to discover the course of a winding river. But nothing of the sort could he discern; so that his spirits began to revive, and he was fain to join in discourse with the lord. But the lord held his peace, and looked as one who expects an evil thing.

Suddenly the way became steep, and they descended into a low and woody valley, in which was a broad and black river, creeping fearfully along, like the dark stream of Lethe, without bridge or bark to be seen near. Alas! alas! cried the knave, and the anguish oozed from the pores of his pale face.—“Ah, miserable me! this then is the river in which liars must perish!” “Even so,” said the lord: “this is the stream of which I spake: but the ford is sound and good for true men. Spur we our horses, knave, for night approacheth, and we have yet far to go.”

“My life is dear to me,” said the trembling serving-man; “and thou knowest that were it lost my wife would be disconsolate. In sincerity then I declare that the fox which I saw in the distant country was not larger than he who fled from us in the wood this morning!”

Then laughed the lord aloud, and said—“Ho, knave! wast thou afraid of thy life? and will nothing cure thy lying? is not falsehood, which kills the soul worse than death, which has mastery only over the body? This river is no more than any other; nor hath it a power such as I feigned. The ford is safe, and the waters gentle as those we have already passed: but who shall pass thee over the shame of this day? in it thou must needs sink, unless penitence come to help thee over, and cause thee to look back on the gulf of thy lies as on a danger from which thou hast been delivered by heaven’s grace.” And as he railed against his servant, the lord rode on into the water, and both in safety reached the opposite shore. Then vowed the knave by *stone and bone* that from that time forward he would duly measure his words; and glad was he so to escape. Such is the story of the lying servant, and the merry lord by which let the reader profit. *London Magazine.*

POINTLESS SERMONS.—In one of his sermons John Newton has this pithy remark:—“Many sermons, ingenious of their kind, may be compared to a letter put in the Post-Office without a direction. It is addressed to nobody, and is owned by nobody, and if a hundred people were to read it, not one of them would think himself concerned in the contents.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

ALBUM OF AMUSEMENT.

BEAUTY, GENTLENESS, AND GOLD.—A PARODY.

'Twas happy Leap Year, when, if fame
 say true,
 Unmarried ladies have their turn to woo,
 A lonesome bachelor in his grotto dwelt,
 And all the woes of single dulness felt.
 Three neighbouring spinsters oft his
 presence bless'd,
 Who each distinct, peculiar charms
 possess'd,
 And with him chatting, plied the racy jests;
 Mere friendship first,—till, by some
 mystic move,
 Platonic friendship ripen'd into love!
 " 'Twas then, blest bachelor, if reports
 say true,
 Thine eye first open'd on three. billets-
 doux!"
 For all the trio, urged by Love's com-
 mand,
 Were ardent rivals for his heart and
 hand.
 They all admired the lonesome bache-
 lor much;
 They all essay'd his stony heart to touch.
 Now, one was handsome, beautiful, and
 gay,
 And sought by fairy charms his heart
 to sway:
 Another, passing rich in worldly weal,
 Essay'd by glittering gold his heart to
 steal:
 The third was kind, and her supreme
 control
 Was child-like love and gentleness of
 soul
 Pray, which of these with glee her
 triumph told,
 Beauty, of child-like gentleness, or
 gold?
 And first the flaunting beauty tried
 her art,
 To hook and melt and win the bache-
 lor's heart.
 With coral lips and locks of raven hair,
 Eyes radiant, teeth of pearl, and
 features fair;
 Her figure drawn from Nature's best
 design,
 Her motion light, her graceful mien
 divine:
 Bedeck'd too, from her toilet's sumpt-
 uous hoard,
 "With all the spoils that sea and land
 afford;
 Fy Nature gifted thus, and thus ad-
 orn'd,

Say, could so bright, so fair a nymph
 be scorn'd?
 Next, stood confess'd the candidate of
 gold,
 Her tempting, glittering treasures to
 unfold.
 She proudly shows, to gain the bache-
 lor's hand,
 Her stately mansion, equipage, and
 land;
 Her countless wealth that stocks and
 fund afford,
 Which bless herself, and would too
 bless her lord.
 Adorn'd and graced with treasures
 such as these,
 Say, could so rich a damsel fail to
 please?
 And now appear'd the good and gentle
 soul,
 Who sought by native kindness to
 control.
 In unpretending guise and garb she
 came,
 And modestly confess'd her heart-felt
 flame.
 Her aim sincere, her accents sweet
 and mild,
 Her heart with milk of human kindness
 fill'd;
 Her lips unfeign'd, from odious scandal
 free,
 Her every deed replete with charity;
 Ever rejoicing in another's weal,
 Ever prepared another's woes to feel.
 And last, not least, aloof from jarring
 strife,
 Vowing obedience as a faithful wife.
 Say now, united to a girl like this,
 How could the bachelor fail of perfect
 bliss?
 With care he every proffer'd claim re-
 view'd,
 And every prayer, with which the fair
 ones sued;
 And then, (Oh hear!) without a mo-
 ment's pause,
 He thus exclaim'd, with warm and loud
 applause—
 "Vanish, vain beauty! tinsel gold
 depart!
 The good and gentle soul that won my
 heart!"

W. A. B.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF "CATHERINE THE GREAT."—Peter III. began his acquaintance with Catherine on her arrival in Russia, by sedulously calling her "cousin," and enlarging on the advantage which such a relationship gave him in unbosoming himself to her. The first fact of which he made her the confidant was, that he had been in love with a maid of honour, who had been removed from court to attend her mother in her exile to Siberia. He would have preferred marrying this young lady; but now content to put up with Catherine herself, since his aunt wished it. The ardour of his attentions to his *financée* soon cooled, and directly, after the marriage he did not conceal his entire indifference to her. This was trying enough to her *amour propre*, as she says she was good looking enough, and engaged the affections of every one else. He rendered this distaste more unbearable by giving to it the form of a constant succession of fits of passionate devotion to each of her ladies-in-waiting in turn. However plain, awkward, or unprepossessing they might be, they were ostentatiously preferred to his wife, till tears of vexation forced themselves involuntarily into her eyes. Though his brief affection had long vanished, his confidence to Catherine continued, and shaping themselves according to each new fancy, became almost maddening to a woman of her proud spirit. If at night she pretended to be asleep to avoid appearing in the degrading position of a conscious listener to his panegyrics of the latest object of his passion, he struck her violently with his fist to awaken her. Still, however much he ill treated her, he flew to her in every emergency; *Madamecla Ressoure* he styled her, from her ingenuity in advising him how to get out of his scrapes. He would come scampering to her room, pour forth his woes, listen to her advice, and immediately it was given, scamper off again as fast as he came. During the greater part of their interviews he was in an earlier or later stage of drunkenness, and would babble forth the most preposterous nonsense. He was not at first a liar, his wife intimates, but became so by degrees. One fiction in which he delighted was an imaginary campaign undertaken by him in his father's lifetime, at the head of an army, to chastise some "Bohemians." He would dilate on his achievements in this campaign, first of all to those who were unacquainted with the chronology of his early life; then he ventured on the story in Catherine's presence, who reminded him, in her quite satirical vein, that he was only eleven years old when his father died and that such a proceeding on the part of the late Duke was as absurd as inconceivable. He flew into a passion, accused her of making him appear a liar in the eyes of the whole Court, and at length grew so audacious as frequently to repeat the story in her presence. We find that this was a favourite *gasconade* on the part of Peter through his whole life. The Princess Daskaw tells us that he repeated it one day, soon after his accession to the throne, to the Austrian ambassador. The latter was utterly bewildered, not knowing in the first place whether

he Czar meant by "Bohemians," gipsies, or the subjects of his own mistress Condemned to pass her days with such a husband, the Grand Duchess took counsel with herself, and in two or three passages has recorded the results of these commandings "I said to myself," she writes, "that with such a man as this I could not fail to be very unhappy" I gave way to feelings of tenderness towards him to be so ill repaid, and that I should only die of jealousy without any one being the better for it I strove, then, to subdue my *amor proprio* so as not to be jealous of a man who loved me not but to effect this the only way was not to love him at all If he had desired my love, the thing would not have been difficult for him to attain I was naturally disposed and accustomed to fulfil my duty but for this to be possible my husband must at least have common sense, and this he had not — *National Review*

"Engaged — Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, both of Leavenworth, K T" From this time, henceforth and for ever (or until said present Miss Anna Gould shall become a widow), all young gentlemen are requested to withdraw their particular attentions

A COUNTRY schoolmaster one day announced to his pupils that the examination would soon take place "If you are examined in geography, he said, "you will surely be asked what shape the world is, and if you should not remember, just look at me, and I will show my snuff box, to remind you it is round Unfortunately, the schoolmaster had two snuff boxes—a round one, which he carried on Sunday, and a square that he carried during the week The fatal day having arrived, the class was duly called out, and the question asked "What is the shape of the earth?" The first boy, appalled by the appearance of the examining committee, felt embarrassed, and glanced at the master, who at once pointed to his snuff box "Sir, boldly answered the boy, "it is round on Sunday and square all the rest of the week

AN EPICURISTIC EFFUSION—At one of the great hotels, a gentleman socking in vain for a candle with which to light himself to his room, passed a young lady who had two candles, of which she politely offered him one He thanked her, and the next morning acknowledged the courtesy in the following epigram The young lady was as handsome as she was polite —

"You gave me a candle, I gave you my thanks,
And add—as a compliment justly your due—
There isn't a girl in these feminine ranks
Who could, if she tried, hold a candle to you"

An old gentleman of great experience says he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own mouth

A MAN COURTING HIS OWN WIFE.—Ten years ago, M. V. married in Montreal. He was one of the principal merchants, but by a reverse of fortune was compelled to suspend payments soon after his marriage. He loved his wife, and the idea of involving her in his disasters greatly afflicted him. M. V. resolved to leave without saying anything about it. He wished his disappearance to remain a mystery. But he had a purpose. "I will go," he resolved, "to Australia, and there mend my fortunes, or die unknown." Our merchant embarked clandestinely, and eight years after his flight was not thought of. Madame V. wept, but in vain. M. V. had left to his forlorn wife an annual income of 100 louis. At Montreal they supposed him dead. His wife wept bitterly, and saw that sorrow jaundiced her complexion and dimmed her eyes, therefore she ceased, all sweetly, her "role" of Niobe. Our Penelope could smile like a young widow of eighteen. She was faithful to her wandering husband eighteen long months. Thinking herself young, she lent her ear to tender proposals; she reviewed her geography of love, confessed to never having studied the map of the tender country, and one fine morning contracted a new marriage. But the first husband! He—ah, he was dead. If he is not dead he ought to be (feminine logic). She married. Meantime, the first husband laboured in the mines. Falling upon an auriferous vein he suddenly obtained a large sum, and, had his only motive been the love of gain, would have immediately returned to Montreal. But his dear Louisa must eat only from silver and drink only from gold. The unfaithful Louisa was again married. Faith does not save us; M. V. laboured, but an epidemic prevailed; he caught the small-pox, and was completely disfigured. Disgusted with Australia, he sold his property and embarked. During his voyage the second husband of his wife died of consumption. M. V. landed at Portland, flew to Montreal, and went to the Montreal House without arousing any suspicion as to who he was. He inquired for Madame V.; no one knew such a person; but M. V. insisted. Finally he was told that she was now the widow S. M. V. scratched his head. They pointed out to him Madame Widow S., and he recognised his wife, charming as when he left her. M. V. found it very strange to pay his addresses to his own wife, but he did it; he courted his own wife three months. He recognised her; did she recognise him? It is more than we know. He was introduced to her with all his pounds, shillings, and pence. People will admire pounds sterling and dollars federal, and women above all. Though scarred and pitted from head to foot with the small-pox, M. V. won the heart of his own wife. They were to exchange the second marriage ring when M. V. presented to her the one he had given her at their first espousals. The woman fainted.—*Translated from the Montreal Pays.*

AN EDITORIAL BULL.—A Paris journal, which stated that a prisoner under sentence of death had attempted suicide, first by poison and then by knife, added, "Medical assistance being promptly administered, he is now out of danger, and will to-morrow undergo the sentence of the law."

AN INCIDENT OF THE YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC.—A touching case was presented recently to the consideration and charity of one of the good Samaritans who now take care of the sick, relieve the destitute, and feed the starving. A boy was discovered in the morning lying in the grass of Claiborne street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had the feelings of kindness strongly developed went to him, shook him by the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me," said he. "What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer, and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidences of the fever. "God sent for mother, and father and little brother," said he, "and took them away to his home, up in the sky; and mother told me, when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie." "Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "he has sent me to take care of you." You should have seen his eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face, as he said. "Mother never told me a lie, sir; but you've been so long on the way."—*New Orleans.*

THE PAUL PRY OF SCIENCE.—La Condamine's curiosity was invincible; he was the very Paul Pry of Science, and his curiosity was coupled with a gravity and recklessness truly French. In this last illness, being prevented from attending as usual the meetings of the Academy, he had notes brought to him of all the papers which were read there. In one of them he learned that a young surgeon had proposed a bold but dangerous operation for one of the diseases under which he suffered. He sent for this young surgeon, and proposed that the experiment should at once be tried upon himself. But hesitated the young man, "if I should unhappily fail? "Well, what then? I am old and dangerously ill; it will be said that nature did not properly assist you. If, on the contrary, you succeed, I will *myself* draw up an exact account of your method for the academy, and you will be a made man." The matter was arranged. The operation began, but La Condamine was not satisfied with suffering, he was curious to learn the whole process "Gently," he exclaimed; "please be slower, and let me see how you operate. * * My dear sir, if I don't see how you do it, I shall never be able to draw up a proper account for the academy." Unhappily he died shortly after the operation, but his gaiety and courage never forsook him. He made witticisms about his sufferings, and even wrote songs about them.—*Blackwood.*

QUALITIES FOR A JUDGE.—Four things belong to a Judge—to hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to give judgment without partiality.

BARON ALDERSON TO HIS SON.—I have sent you to Eton that you may be taught your duties as an English young gentleman. The first duty of such a person is to be a good religious Christian; the next is to be a good scholar, and the third is to be accomplished in all manly exercises and games, such as rowing, swimming, jumping, cricket, and the like. Most boys, I fear, begin at the wrong end, and take the last first; and what is still worse, never arrive at either of the other two at all. I hope, however, better things of you—and to hear, first that you are a good, truthful, honest boy; and then that you are one of the hardest workers in your class; and after that, I confess I shall be by no means sorry to hear that you can show the idle boys that an industrious one can be a good cricketer, or jump as wide a ditch, or clear as high a hedge as any of them.

THE BACHELOR.

The Bachelor boasts he is free from the ill
Of woman's vain capricious will;
Unfettered by her slavish chains
He roams through freedom's vast domains.
No household jars disturb his ear,
He's free from such perplexing care;
Welcom'd in each gay festive scene,
He smoothly glides down pleasure's stream.
And what though he basks in pleasure's smiles,
Perchance her gay alluring wiles
In health's glad hour may pleasing prove,
But sorrow needs the hand of love.
When sickness bows and shakes the frame,
The temples ache with throbbing pain,
Then most in life we dearly prize
The faithful heart and loving eyes.
When disappointment's chilling blast
A cloud upon the soul has cast,
Does not the breast o'erwhelmed with grief,
Find in fond love a sure relief?
And when in manhood's latest stage
The heart turns pallid from pleasure's maze,
How great the void, how sad, how lone,
No kindred spirit then to own.

A RECIPE FOR COURAGE.—A soldier was once heard to say, that his only measure of courage was this:—"Upon the first fire I immediately look upon myself as a dead man; I then fight out the remainder of the day as regardless of danger as a dead man should be. All the limbs which I carry out of the field I regard as so much gained or so much saved out of the fire.

GRUMBING.—The habit of grumbling is more usually due to moral than to physical causes. Nine times out of ten it draws its sustenance from dissatisfaction with oneself. Discord within—discord between the judgment and the passions—the loss of self-mastery; and, as the inevitable consequence, of self-respect—commonly exhibit themselves to those without, in the form of grumbling. Men seldom wield the lash upon themselves. They like to punish vigorously the rebels in their own bosoms, by whom law is set at defiance. For example: here is an individual who spends in the billiard-room many hours of the day which is urgently required by his business, and, of course, goes home out of humour with himself for his folly. What does he do when he gets there? Does he resolutely take himself to task, or, by increased self-sacrifice, try to make some compensation for the wrong? Not at all. He flings his discontent at his wife, or his children, or his neighbours, or his circumstances; or anybody or anything which he can convert into a butt for the shafts of his ill-humour. Your general grumblers may be unerringly set down as persons vexed by internal dissensions, and too irresolute to put them down. A man whom nothing pleases, is a man ill-pleased with himself. His everlasting grumbling is the involuntary protest made by his inner self against habitual misrule.

BRICKS AND BRICKS.—An English lady who was teaching at one of our Sunday schools here, explained at some length the construction of the Tower of Babel, mentioning among other things that the building was made of bricks. With so much stone at our doors, bricks are not much used in building in this neighbourhood and the teacher's English pronunciation of the word was new to the pupils. On examining the class at next meeting the children were asked—"What was the Tower of Babel made of?" "Trousers, mam!" was the ready answer.

CHARACTERISTIC REMARKS.—The following characteristic remarks were some time ago overheard by a gentleman standing in a shop in Stirling, in which there was a stuffed eagle. An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman, entered the shop, and Paddy, taking hold of the bird's beak and talons, declared that "it would fight a noble battle;" to which the Scotsman rejoined that "it would eat an uncommon deal o' meat." The Englishman looking at the bird, said that bird would make confounded tough eating"

An Irishman, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveller, he stopped him with—"Your money or your life!" Seeing that Pat was green, he said "I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all my money for that pistol."—"Agreed." Pat received the money and handed over the pistol. "Now" said the traveller, "hand back that money, or I'll blow your brains out"—"Blaze away, my hearty," said Pat; "never a drop of powder there's in it"

THE JOURNEY IN QUEST OF A WIFE,

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHREIBER.

DINNER was over—my mother had taken up her knitting apparatus, and I was picking my teeth and amusing myself with building castles in the air, when my attention was roused by the unusual number of the good lady's hems which seemed to be a prelude to some extraordinary communication. At length, out it came. "My dear Tom," said she, yesterday was your birthday; you are now twenty-three, and it is high time you should be looking about for a good match: a man must marry some time or other, but he should take care he does so ere it be too late, for that is as bad as too soon."—"Why, mother," answered I, laughing, "I am not much disinclined to 'change my situation,' as the phrase goes, but I have never yet been fortunate enough to meet with the girl who could induce me to become a Benedict."

While I was speaking my mamma had opened her china snuff-box, and with a knowing look, held a pinch betwixt her finger and her thumb—"What would you think now," said she, after a pause, and eyeing me through her spectacles, "what would you think of little Doris, the upper forester's daughter?"

I shook my head—"She is well enough to pass away an hour or so with occasionally, for she is a good-humored, lively thing; but she is like the lilies of the valley *which toil not, neither do they spin.*"

"Son, she has ten thousand dollars in the bank, and they can set the looms agoing. You know our estate is burthened with debt, and as you now think of keeping house for yourself, and won't make use of your friends' influence to procure a place under Government for you——" "My good mother," interrupted I, "once for all, *that* is out of the question; one who has any pretensions to the character of an honest man cuts but a sorry figure now-a-days as a man in office. For my own part I can only go straightforwards and it would not be easy to avoid every now and then treading on the kibe of some placeman or other, or giving him a jirk with my elbow; and I should gain nothing but vexation for my pains. No, no: I will travel, and endeavour to suit myself to my mind."

"But do you know what the expression 'getting suited' means?"

I took her hand—"Mother," cried I, "most fully do I appreciate the force of the expression, for I have seen it so completely exemplified in my own family; during my father's life, he and yourself had but one heart—one will."

This was touching the right string, and decided the question at once. My mother wiped her spectacles, gave me her blessing, and desired me to travel.

My portmanteau was soon packed; and almost before I could bestow a serious thought on the object of my journey, I found myself seated in the diligence for B—. I was ashamed, however, to turn back, and determined to give up myself to the guidance of my lucky star. I had several acquaintances in B—, and loitered away some weeks with them, and among what is called the good society of the place. Here there was no lack of pretty maidens, all ready and willing to get married; but their forward manners and total want of female delicacy, soon convinced me that this was not the place "to be suited." For the most part, their ideas of life were gathered from the shelves of the circulating library; and of gentility, from the miserable flounderings of a set of strolling players who sometimes visited the town. In short their *small accomplishments* sat on them with about as much grace and propriety as the glass beads and tinsel of the Europeans do on the necks of savages. One young creature, however, attracted my attention by her naive and engaging disposition. I determined to make her acquaintance, and found no difficulty in procuring an introduction to her father's house. She was the only child of a rich contractor, who had amassed a considerable fortune during the war, and now lived very comfortably on his income. Wilhelmine played the harpsichord a little, sung a little, drew a little, and had a smattering of French and Italian; but it was easy to perceive that she laid claims to excellence in all these acquirements. Throughout the house there was great splendour, without the slightest particle of taste. Miss was the idol of her parents, over whom she exercised unlimited sway; and the surest and shortest road to the old people's hearts was by praising their darling.

It would have been no very difficult matter for me to have won this damsel's hand had I been so inclined, for besides that she showed some sort of *penchant* for me, the *Von* before my name was a powerful recommendation with old square-toes; but I felt that she was not at all calculated to make a wife for a domestic man like myself, and a letter which I soon afterwards received from my mother, wherein she expressed the same opinion, determined me to look elsewhere for a spouse.

I left B—, in company with a fellow-collegian who was going to S—on business, and as I wished to see the town, we agreed to travel together. In the inn at Lunan, where we stopt for the night, we fell in with some strangers a gentleman from S—, with his son, and a young lady, his ward. We met together at supper, and the conversation soon took an easy and lively turn. It is true, the elder of the two men spoke seldom but he smiled often, and as they say at the right place, and looked as if he could say a great deal on every subject if he would. He made up for his silence, however, by keeping the bottle continually on the move. The son was completely the reverse of his father, his tongue never lay still, although his ideas were not of the most brilliant

order. The young lady remained silent, and apparently absorbed in her own thoughts; she had a tall, elegant person, handsome features, with a mild and somewhat melancholy expression, and she appeared to have recently shed tears. I gathered, from what passed at table, and afterwards from the landlord, that, she was called Adeline; that her father, Major Lindenow, had fallen in battles leaving her to the protection of his friend, Colonel Sternbach, who now lived on his estate, near Lunan; that Colonel Sternbach had sent her to be educated at S—, where she resided with his brother-in-law the senator Seldorf, with whom I had just supped; that the colonel now lay dangerously ill, and that Seldorf, who expected to inherit his estates, was on his return from visiting him.

Although Adeline had never once deigned to look at me, yet there was a something about her that interested me exceedingly in her favour. Old Seldorf, on learning my intention of remaining a few days in S—, gave me a pressing invitation to visit him and his family. His son drank to our better acquaintance, and swore that one's time might be spent at S—on the most delightful way in the world, and that even a university life did not surpass it. He offered as my travelling friend quitted me here, to fill the vacant place in my carriage to save me, as he said, from the blue devils.

On any other occasion I could willingly have dispensed with the youngster's good intentions, for there is nothing in which I take greater delight than when seated snugly in a corner of the vehicle, I can give myself up undisturbed to every fancy, and luxuriate in all the delight of castle-building. Now, however, I determined for once to forego my favourite gratification, and acceded to this proposal, as I thought it might afford me an opportunity of learning something more of Adeline, into whose good opinion I felt a strong inclination to ingratiate myself.

Early on the following morning we set out from Lunan, and for several miles my new companion troubled me but little with his remarks, as he almost immediately began to snore; but he soon awoke, and then talked all in a breath about his college adventures, his connexions in S—, his two sisters, Adeline, and his prospects of getting a place. "I shall then," added he, rubbing his own hand "marry Adeline; for you know a wife is a necessary appendage to a man, when he becomes of consequence in the State."

This piece of intelligence was not of the most pleasant description—"So," said I, doubtless with a sheepish enough look, "you have confessed that Adeline is perfectly indifferent to you, and yet you mean to marry her: how can you expect happiness from such a union?"—"Pooh, pooh" said he; "my dear fellow, your ideas of marriage are quite out of date: the husband has only to take care that his wife keeps within proper bounds—that she attends to her family and kitchen concerns—receives the guests, and so forth. The orientals

have far better notions of matrimony than we in the north; among them the wife is neither more nor less than the principal slave; and that, according to my view of the matter, is what she ought to be and not a whit more."

"But Adeline—" said I, impatiently.

"Adeline," answered he, "has ridiculous whims, like all other girls who have not reached a certain age. She has nothing to boast of but her pretty face, and has hitherto lived in complete dependence. My uncle, indeed, lets her want for nothing; but then he is daily expected to set out on his journey for the other world, in which case. She must be glad to get a comfortable settlement. During the last two years she has taken the charge of our domestic concerns, for my sisters do not trouble their heads much about such matters."

I was now enabled to form a tolerable good guess of Adeline's situation, and her misfortunes imparted an additional interest to her in my eyes.

On the second day after my arrival at S—, I received an invitation from the elder Seldorf, which I readily accepted. The sisters were a pair of dolls, who displayed their accomplishments exactly as if they wished to let them out to hire. The youngest of the two played a few musty waltzes on the piano, and the other sung a bravura, in a style that made my very flesh creep. Adeline busied herself about the house, and it was easy to see that the management of everything was in her hand. She seemed a little more cheerful than when I saw her at Lunan. Still her countenance bore evident traces of dejection. Whilst the sisters were acting their parts, she sat down to her needle, from which she seldom looked up: her future lord and master showed her very little attention, and I could almost imagine she treated him with contempt.

I felt completely out of humour, and had risen to go away, when it came into the old gentleman's head to ask his daughters to declaim: neither of the misses, however was in *it* the vein; and he then applied to me to favour them with a specimen of my rhetorical powers.

I was vain enough to accede to this request, for I flattered myself that I should now be enabled to make some impression on Adeline. They gave me Cassandra of Schiller. I had often read aloud, and understood at least accentuation and modulation of tone. When I finished, all were lavish of their applause, but I was attentive only to Adeline, whose expressive eye now seemed to regard me somewhat more attentively.

From henceforward I continued to visit the senator almost daily, but never found an opportunity of seeing Adeline alone. She was ever engaged in her domestic occupations, and when she sometimes came for a few minutes into the room, the sisters had always some pretext or other to prevent my addressing a word to her

As the family were one evening assembled as usual, the conversation happened to turn on women and marriage. The father gave it as his opinion, that the principal point to be attended to was, whether or not the bride had a weighty purse. Young Seldorf was of an opposite way of thinking. "Money," said he, "gives the wife a claim to love it over her husband, which she is always sure to avail herself of, and it is therefore dangerous to marry for that alone." The two girls coincided with their father, and supported the contest with a deal of stuff, in favour of rich daughters, or in other words of themselves.

This annoyed me for Adeline's sake, although she did not appear to notice anything that had passed. I now took up the cudgels, and said, "According to my notions, a woman's value is not to be estimated by what she *has*, but by what she *is*. Women have, for the most part, juster views of the value of things than men, and none but such as are of a coarse and common nature will ever wish to make their dowry a pretext for exercising undue control." While I was talking in this ridiculous strain, with more than ordinary warmth, Adeline continued quietly at her work, and the sisters winked and made faces to each other. I got vexed, and took my leave. When I reached home, I reproached myself for my folly. My observations had pointed too strongly at Adeline, of whom, as she was totally without fortune, it was impossible for me to think seriously; and uncomfortable as her situation in the family was, this conduct of mine had been calculated only to render it more so. I now therefore determined to be more sparing of my visits, and actually staid away two whole days. On the evening of the third day, however, I met Adeline by chance at a friend's house, and, as it was already late, civility obliged me to offer to see her home.

"If you are going that way at any rate," said she somewhat reservedly. Mr. Seldorf lived at some distance, but I don't know how it happened we did not choose the nearest road to his house. I had persuaded her to take my arm, and we fell into a conversation, which soon became interesting. I declared in the most unreserved manner my opinion of the Misses S., and touched, by the way, on Adeline's own situation. She seemed affected, and said, "Though education and circumstances may produce in us faults for which we are not to blame, they often, at the same time, put it in our power to do much good, for which probably we do not deserve praise. If I have obtained juster views of life than I should otherwise have possessed, I am indebted for them to the excellent clergyman who brought me up; and if I am not easily disquieted or ruffled, it is doubtless owing to my natural frame of mind. One person is differently constituted from another; and besides, I have passed through a severe school." She said this with so much sweetness and unaffected modesty, that at this moment I could have pressed her to my heart—I could have offered her my hand.

I thought of my mother, and what a treasure I should present her with in this will; and the blow would perhaps have been struck on the instant, had not, luckily or unluckily, young Seldorf just at this juncture made his appearance, and most unmercifully set all my fine emotions to flight with his rapid raillery. On reaching the house I mechanically followed him upstairs, where I found the family in confusion, owing to some disagreeable piece of news which they had just received. The senator took his son aside; and whispered something in his ear. I heard the words "*Sternbach*" and "*Will*" frequently repeated. As the matter did not concern me, I paid no further attention to it, but I merely wished to remain until Adeline (who had gone to change her dress) should return. As I saw, however, that my presence was irksome to the party, I departed, without being able to wish her a good night.

The following day, some friends of mine persuaded me to join them in an excursion to Lunan, where there was a fair, at which all the gay folks of the neighbourhood were expected to be present. In the inn where we alighted there was a sort of ball; the dancing had already begun, and my companions soon joined in the throng, and continued till late in the evening, when, as we were preparing to return, we were surprised by the sudden appearance of young Seldorf. He came from the seat of his uncle, who had expired a few hours before. The young man was in the highest spirits, and talked incessantly of his good luck that Colonel Sternbach had not had time to make a will. He called for champagne and claret, and gave loose to his satisfaction in the most extravagant manner. I was extremely disgusted with this conduct, but as I did not wish to break up the party, I made no objection to remain. The joviality of Seldorf, however, appeared to have something singular and unnatural about it. He drank beyond all moderation. My companions faithfully followed his example, and I found it impossible to avoid exceeding a little. Seldorf filled a bumper *to the health of his bride*, as he termed Adeline.

I laid hold of my glass mechanically, but for my life I could not swallow a single drop.

"Then it is all settled?" I asked. "Why not?" hiccuped he; "my uncle is dead without a will—we are his sole heirs. I shall invest my money in the funds—purchase a title—become a great man—live merrily—Aha, my boy?—you shall pass many a jolly day with me yet."

I became melancholy, and lost in thought. It was midnight before the party broke up. My companions slept till the carriage stopt at the gates of S—, but I had not the smallest inclination to sleep; my feelings had been too much excited, and many an adventurous scheme came into my head. I continued to pace my chamber restlessly up

and down; a strange undefined something pervaded my mind, and stirred up my blood to a perfect fever, though, to say the truth, I suspect the punch and champagne had not the least share in these extraordinary sensations.

By chance I put my hand into the pocket of my great coat, which I had not pulled off, and was surprised to find papers in it. It was a packet tied round with tape, and on the envelope were written the words, "Last Will and Testament of Colonel Von Sternbach."

I now first perceived that Seldorf and I had, in the confusion at leaving Lunan, exchanged great coats. The will was open, and I hastily ran my eye over it. It was written in the colonel's own hand, and, with the exception of a legacy to his brother-in-law, Seldorf, Adeline was constituted the sole heiress of all his property.

The object of young Seldorf's journey, and his strange behaviour at the inn, were now fully explained. I congratulated myself on the lucky chance, which had put it in my power to render an essential service to Adeline; but after some reflection, I could not but be sensible that the matter might involve me in an awkward predicament, for when Seldorf should miss the will, his first suspicion would naturally fall on me. I thought of every expedient, till at length I convinced myself that in this, as in everything else, a straightforward course was the only one that a man of honor could follow. At an early hour on the following morning, therefore, I bent my course to the senator's house, for the purpose of returning the coat, and if possible, of seeing Adeline above. I found, as I expected, that the family were still abed, and that Adeline and a servant only were stirring. While the latter was fetching my great-coat, I said to Adeline, that it was absolutely necessary I should see her that morning, as I had something of the last importance to communicate. She looked at me with surprise. "Miss Lindenow," said I, "it is on a subject which concerns you nearly: there is an infamous plot on foot to rob you in the most shameful manner; but Providence has enabled me to counteract the wicked scheme. Tell me when, and what hour I can see you without danger of interruption." After a moment's pause—"Come with me," said she, "into the garden; all in the house are still asleep." We accordingly went thither, and I related to her the whole occurrence, giving her, at the same time, the will itself. She was greatly agitated, and could not utter a word, but raised her streaming eyes to heaven.

I reminded her that quick decision was above all things indispensable—"What shall I," said the trembling girl, "What can I do?"—"Will you confide in me?" asked I—"Willingly, most willingly," she answered, in a tone that penetrated my heart. It was then concerted between us, that she should

meet me the same evening at the friend's house where we had been the preceding day, and I then hastened home, to consider of the measures which it would be most advisable to adopt. I had scarcely reached my own door, when young Seldorf overtook me; he was in the greatest trepidation, and said, "My friend, we exchanged great-coats yesterday by mistake, and I am now come for mine. There are papers in it of the utmost consequence, which I trust have not dropt out—have you by chance seen them?"—I quickly collected myself—"Mr Seldorf," said I, taking his hand, "I think you are too much of an honest man to commit a knavish action;—the papers which you are so anxious about are in safety."—"Where, where?" cried he hurriedly, and looking at me with an air of suspicion.—"Where they ought to be," returned I: "Adeline is the heiress of Colonel Sternbach."

He threw himself into a chair, and covered his face with both hands. I exhorted him to take courage, and to thank Heaven, which had prevented his committing a heavy crime.

"Ah!" said he, striking his forehead, "Adeline is lost for me, as soon as she knows that she is independent, and may choose for herself."

"Why, what a pitiful fellow you must be, to wish to tread in the dust a noble heart in so base a manner!" I spoke this loud and angrily, and was instantly sorry that I had suffered the words to escape me. The scene continued some time longer, till I set the poor devil somewhat at ease, by promising that the whole transaction should be confined to ourselves.—"But is Adeline acquainted with it?"—"She is, but you must know her well enough to be satisfied that she will not abuse the confidence which I have placed in her."

"Yes, yes," muttered he between his teeth; "she is much better than I—than my sisters—or than all the young women whom I know;—she deserves a better lot than I can offer her."

I now really pitied him. His natural roughness might have been softened by better education. With all his faults his heart was not bad, and what was wrong about him arose more from perverted notions of things than from vicious inclinations. I now attempted to rouse him on the score of pride—"You wished," said I, "not to be under any obligation to your wife, and would rather take her fortune from her by fraud than receive it at her own hand. But it would be impossible for you ever to overcome the sense of the injustice which you had thus been guilty of, and you would in fact have become more dependent on her than if she had brought you a million as a portion, for you could never have again looked in her face as an honest man, even if she were to reciprocate your affection."

He stared at me earnestly: never having been accustomed to reflect on his actions, or to weigh the motives of his conduct, he knew nothing of life except

what he had learnt in taverns. An idea seemed suddenly to have occurred to him, and with the words, "You shall not at least assert that I am vicious," he hastily quitted the apartment.

I was puzzling myself to find out what his meaning might be, when a boy came into the room with a message "to meet him instantly without the town-gates." This sounded very like a challenge. Still I could not think him mad enough to expose himself to a disclosure of circumstances which touched his character so nearly, and which would naturally be the consequence of a meeting between us. I did not delay attending his summons, however, but repaired instantly to the place appointed, which was a promenade that was little frequented. At the moment of my approach I perceived him walking under the trees with Adeline in his arm. Adeline appeared much perplexed:—"My dear friend," said Seldorf, smiling, "I have assured Adeline that you have something to say to her, and I will swear ten oaths that my *eldest* bride has also a word for you in private, that would not be so conveniently spoken before my sisters; I have therefore brought you together here; so make the most of your time, for I shall return for Adeline in a quarter of an hour." Saying this, he walked away, leaving us both not a little disconcerted. Adeline could not compose herself, and my presence of mind seemed to have forsaken me altogether. At last, however, I found my voice, and said "A singular accident, dear Adeline, has brought us together. I seek for a companion for life—could I but hope—"

A deep blush, which came direct from the heart, overspread her lovely face, and drawing from her work-bag a paper, she handed it to me, saying softly. "This letter has doubtless fallen by accident into the will—my name is mentioned in it." It was a letter from my mother, which had got amongst the folds of the will: I had written to her much about Adeline, and the good lady had, in her answer, said, that "this would indeed be a daughter after her own heart."—"And will you too call her mother, my Adeline?"—"Take me to her," whispered she; and the warm kiss which I impressed on her cheek was the seal of our union.

In a few weeks I carried Adeline home as my wife, and my mother is quite convinced that I have succeeded to a wish in getting myself suited.—*Edinburgh Magazine.*

GRAVE COMPLIMENT.—The undertakers of New York having recently had a controversy with the coroners, have, in consideration of the assistance rendered them by the press, passed the following.

Resolved, That the reporters of the New York press here present, in consideration of the aid they have so generously recorded this undertaking, be placed upon our free list, and tendered our professional hospitality, when the occasion may require.

HEAVEN'S BEST GIFT.—Jeremy Taylor says, if you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to a man: his angel of mercy; minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues his casket of jewels; her voice, his sweetest music; her smiles, his brightest day; her kiss, the guardian of innocence; her arms, the pale of his safety the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry, his surest wealth her economy his safest steward; her lips, his faithful counsellors; her bosom the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

A STARTLING REVELATION.

I courted once as nice a girl
As any man need sigh for,
With pouting lips and teeth of pearl
That I went well-nigh mad for.
Her charms, in fact, entranced each
sense,
I couldn't live without her;
For bank-stock in the Three per Cents
Shed golden rays about her.
Stern relatives all stubbornly
Rejected Sarah's lover;
Yet oftentimes upon the sly
We met, 'neath twilight's cover.
And there, within that darken'd room
I swore by love and thunder,
That nothing, save the crack of doom,
Should rend our vows asunder.
One moonless evening, fully bent
To press my suit yet warmer,
O'er the back garden wall I went
To seek my precious charmer.
The casement stood ajar; within
The room I dimly spied her,
Amid the gloom: like harlequin,
I bounded in beside her.
Then dropping on my knees, a rush
Of words, each wish expressing,
(Tis folly beating round the bush
When time and duns are pressing,)

Pour'd from my lips—" Ah, dearest
maid,"
I said " than angels fairer!
The boon for which so oft I've pray'd,
Grant me this night, sweet Sarah!
" Your mother scolds, your father
growls,
Your brother swears he'll slay me;
But I despise their threats and scowls—
Your frown alone could slay me.
Oh, let me hear thee say, 'I'm thine!'
In whispering tones of honey:
I only crave your love divine
(I thought added, 'and your money!')
" Come, fly with me! and never mind
The old folks' cruel snarling;
They'll soon come round when once
they find
The knot's been tied, my darling!"
Just then the door flew open wide,
And in walk'd pa and brother;
While lights they bore, reveal'd that
I'd.
Been courting Sarah's mother!

THE DEAN OF BADAJOZ

From the Abbe BIANCHETTI

THE Dean of the cathedral of Badajoz was more learned than all the doctors of Salamanca, Coimbra and Alcalá, united. He understood all languages living and dead, and was perfect master of every science, divine and human, except that, unfortunately, he had no knowledge of magic, and was inconsolable when he reflected on his ignorance in that sublime art. He was told, that a very able magician resided in the suburbs of Toledo, named Don Toribio. Immediately he saddled his mule, departed for Toledo, and alighted at the door of no very superb dwelling, the habitation of that great man.

"Most reverend magician," said he, addressing himself to the sage, "I am the Dean of Badajoz. The learned men of Spain all allow me their superior, but I am come to request from you a far greater honour—that of becoming your pupil. Design to initiate me in the mysteries of your art, and doubt not but you shall receive a grateful acknowledgment, suitable to the benefit conferred and your own extraordinary merit."

Don Toribio was not very polite, though he valued himself on being intimately acquainted with the best company in hell. He told the Dean he was welcome to seek elsewhere for a master in magic, for that, for his part, he was weary of an occupation which produced nothing but compliments and promises, and that he would not dishonour the occult sciences by prostituting them to the ungrateful.

"Is the ungrateful?" cried the Dean, "has then the great Don Toribio met with persons who have proved ungrateful and can he so far mistake me as to risk me with such monsters?" He then repeated all the maxims and apophthegms which he had read on the subject of gratitude, and every refined sentiment his memory could furnish.

In short, he talked so well, that the conjuror, after having considered a moment, confessed he could refuse nothing to a man of such abilities, and so ready at pertinent quotations. "Jacintha," said he, calling to his old woman, "lay down two partridges to the fire, I hope my friend the Dean will do me the honour to sup with me tonight. At the same time he takes him by the hand, and leads him into his cabinet, there he touches his forehead, muttering three mysterious words, which I must request the reader not to forget. *O tobolon, I + jrie, Ongarowf*, then, without further preparation, he began to explain, with all possible perspicuity, the introductory elements of this profound science.

His new disciple listened with an attention which scarcely permitted him to breathe, when, on a sudden, Jacintha enters followed by a little man in monstrous boots, and covered with mud up to the neck, who desired to speak with the Dean on very important business.

This was the postillion of his uncle, the Bishop of Badajoz, who had been sent express after him, and had galloped quite to Toledo before he could overtake him. He came to bring him information that, some hours after his departure, his Grace had been attacked by so violent an apoplexy that the most terrible consequences were to be apprehended. The Dean heartily cursed (inwardly, that is, and so as to occasion no scandal) at once the disorder, the patient, and the courier, who had certainly all three chosen the most important time possible. He dismissed the postillion, telling him to make haste back to Badajoz, whither he would presently follow him. After which, he returned to his lesson, as if there were no such things as either uncles or apoplexies.

A few days after, he again received news from Badajoz, but such as was well worth hearing. The principal chanter and two old canons came to inform the Dean that his uncle, the right reverend bishop, had been taken to heaven, to receive the reward of his piety; and that the chapter, canonically assembled, had chosen him to fill the vacant bishopric, and humbly requested he would console, by his presence, the afflicted church of Badajoz, now become his spiritual bride.

Don Torribio, who was present at this harangue of the deputies, endeavoured to derive advantage from what he had learned, and, taking aside the new bishop, after having paid him a well-turned compliment on his promotion, proceeded to inform him that he had a son, named Benjamin, possessed of much ingenuity and good inclination, but in whom he had never perceived either taste or talents for the occult sciences. He had therefore, he said, advised him to turn his thoughts towards the church, and had now, he thanked Heaven, the satisfaction to hear him commended as one of the most deserving divines among all the clergy of Toledo. He therefore took the liberty, most humbly to request his Grace to bestow on Don Benjamin the deanery of Badajoz, which he could not retain together with his bishopric.

"I am very unfortunate," replied the prelate, apparently somewhat embarrassed. "you will, I hope, do me the justice to believe, that nothing would give me so great a pleasure as to oblige you in every request. But the truth is, I have a cousin to whom I am heir, an old ecclesiastic, who is good for nothing but to be a dean; and if I do not bestow on him this preferment, I must embroil myself with my family, which would be far from agreeable. But," continued he, in an affectionate manner, "will you not accompany me to Badajoz? Can you be so cruel as to forsake me just at the moment when it is in my power to be of service to you? Be persuaded, my honoured master; we will go together; think of nothing but the improvement of your pupil, and leave me to provide for Don Benjamin: nor doubt but sooner or later, I will do more for him than you expect. A paltry deanery, in the remotest part of Estremadura, is not a benefice suitable to the son of such a man as yourself.

The canon law would, no doubt, have construed this offer of the pie a l into simony. The proposal, however, was accepted, nor was any scruple made, by either of these two very intelligent persons. Don Torribio followed his illustrious pupil to Badajoz, where he had an elegant apartment assigned him in the episcopal palace, and was treated with the utmost respect by all the diocese, as the favourite of his grace, and a kind of grand vicar.

Under the tuition of so able a master the bishop of Badajoz made a rapid progress in the occult sciences. At first he gave himself up to them with an avarice which might appear excessive, but this intemperance grew by degrees more moderate, and he pursued them with so much prudence that his magical studies never interfered with the duties of his diocese. He was well convinced of the truth of a maxim, very important to be remembered by ocellanists, whether addicted to sorcery, or only philosophers and admirers of literature: that it is not sufficient to assist at learned nocturnal meetings or adorn the mind with the embellishments of human science, but that it is also the duty of divines to point out to others the way to heaven, and plant, in the minds of their hearers, wholesome doctrines and Christian morality.

Regulating his conduct by those commendable principles, the learned prelate was celebrated throughout Christendom for his merit and piety, and promoted, when he least expected such an honour, to the archbishopric of Compostella.

The people and clergy of Badajoz lamented, as may be supposed, an event by which they were deprived of so worthy a pastor, and the canons of the cathedral, to testify their respect, unanimously conferred on him the right of nominating his successor.

Don Torribio did not neglect so alluring an opportunity to provide for his son. He requested the bishopric of the new archbishop, and was refused with all imaginable politeness. He had, he said, the greatest veneration for his old master, and was both sorry and ashamed it was not in his power to grant a thing which appeared so very a trifle, but, in fact, Don Ferdinand de Lara, constable of Castile, had asked this same bishopric for his natural son, and though he had never seen that nobleman, he had, he said, some secret, important, and, what is more, very ancient obligations to him. It was therefore, an indispensable duty to prefer an old benefactor to a new one, but that he ought not to be discouraged at this proof of his justice as he might learn, by that what he had to expect when his turn arrived, which it certainly would be the very first opportunity.

This anecdote concerning the ancient obligations of the archbishop the magician had the goodness to believe, and rejoiced, as much as he was able that his interests were sacrificed to those of Don Ferdinand.

Nothing, therefore, was thought of but preparations for their departure to Compostella, where they were now to reside; though there were scarcely worth the trouble, considering the short time they were destined to remain there, for, at the end of a few months one of the Pope's chamberlains arrived, who brought the archbishop a cardinal's cap, with an epistle, conceived in the most respectful terms, in which his holiness invited him to assist, by his counsel, in the government of the Christian world, permitting him, at the same time, to dispose of his mitre in favour of whom he pleased.

Don Terribio was not at Compostella when the courier of the holy father arrived. He had been to see his son who still continued a priest, in a small parish at Toledo, but he presently returned, and was not put to the trouble of asking for the vacant archbishopric. The prelate ran to meet him with open arms.

"My dear master," said he, "I have two pieces of good news to relate at once. Your disciple is created a cardinal, and your son shall shortly be advanced to the same dignity. I had intended, in the mean time, to have bestowed on him the archbishopric of Compostella, but, unfortunately for him or rather for me my mother, whom we left at Badajoz, has, during your absence, written to me a cruel letter, by which all my measures have been disconcerted. She will not be pacified unless I appoint for my successor the archdeacon of my former church, Don Pablo de Blazco, her intimate friend and confessor. She tells me, it will occasion her death if she should not be able to obtain preferment for her dear father in God, and I have no doubt but what she says is true. Imagine yourself in my place, my dear master. Shall I be the death of my mother?"

Don Terribio was not a person who would incite or urge his friend to be guilty of parricide, nor did he indulge himself in the least resentment against the mother of the prelate.

To say the truth, however, this mother he talked of was a good kind woman nearly superannuated, who lived quietly with her cat and maid-servant, and scarcely knew the name of her confessor. Was it likely then that she had procured Don Pablo's archbishopric? Was it not far more probable that he was indebted for it to a Gallician lady, his cousin, a young widow, at once devout and handsome, in whose company his grace the archbishop had frequently been edified during his residence at Compostella? Be it as it may Don Terribio followed his eminence to Rome. Scarcely had he arrived in the city, before the pope died. It is easy to imagine the consequence of this event. The conclave met. All the voices of the sacred college were unanimous in favor of the Spaniard cardinal. Behold him, therefore, pope!

Immediately after the ceremonies of his exaltation, Don Torribio, admitted to a secret audience, wept with joy while he kissed the feet of his dear pupil, whom he saw fill with so much dignity the pontifical throne. He modestly represented his long and faithful services. He reminded his holiness of his promises, those inviolable promises, which he had renewed before he entered the conclave. He hinted at the hat which he had quitted on receiving the tiara; but, instead of demanding that hat for Don Benjamin, he finished, with most exemplary moderation, by renouncing every ambitious hope. He and his son, he said, would both esteem themselves too happy, if his holiness would bestow on them, together with his benediction, the smallest temporal benefit; such as an annuity for life, sufficient for the few wants of an ecclesiastic and a philosopher.

During his harangue the sovereign pontiff considered within himself how to dispose of his preceptor. He reflected that he was no longer very necessary; that he already knew more of magic than was sufficient for a pope; that it must be highly improper for him to appear at the nocturnal assemblies of sorcerers, and assist at their indecent ceremonies. After weighing every circumstance, his holiness concluded, that Don Torribio was not only a useless, but a troublesome dependant; and this point decided, he was no longer in doubt what answer to return. Accordingly, he replied in the following words; "We have learned, with concern, that under the pretext of cultivating the occult sciences, you maintain a horrible intercourse with the spirit of darkness and deceit; wherefore we exhort you, as a father, to expiate your crime by a repentance, proportionable to its enormity. Moreover, we enjoin you to depart from the territories of the church within three days, under pain of being delivered over to the secular arm, and its merciless flames."

Don Torribio, without being disconcerted immediately repeated aloud the three mysterious words which the reader was desired to remember; and going to the window, cried out with all his force, "Jacintha, you need spit but one partridge, for my friend the Dean will not sun here to-night." This was a thunderbolt to the imaginary pope. He immediately recovered from a kind of trance, into which he had been thrown by the three magic words, when they were first pronounced; and perceived that, instead of being in the Vatican, he was still at Toledo, in the closet of Don Torribio, and saw by the clock it was not yet a complete hour since he first entered that fatal cabinet where he had been entertained with such pleasant dreams. In that short time he had imagined himself a magician, a bishop, an archbishop, a cardinal, and a pope; and at last he found he was only a dupe and a knave. All was illusion except the proofs he had given of his deceitfulness and evil heart. He instantly departed, without speaking a word, and, finding his mule where he had left her, returned to Badajoz, without having made the smallest progress in the sublime science in which he had proposed to become an adept.

SPEAK OUT — We heard a good story told of a rustic youth and country girl, who sat facing each other at the supper-table of a husking party. The youth, smitten by the charms of the beautiful maid, only vented his passion in shy looks, and now and then touching Patty's toe with his foot under the table. At that time, there being no 'Bloomers, the girl, either fearful of the purity of her stockings, or determined to make the youth express what he appeared so warmly to feel, bore with his advances a little in silence, when she cried out, look here, if you love me, tell me so, but don't dirty my stockings.

— *American Paper*

A GENTLEMAN once observing that a person famous in the musical profession led a very abandoned life, "Ay," replied a wag, "the whole tenor of his life has been *bass*."

ADVERTISEMENT by a lady on the shady side of forty, —

"Lost a host of charms"

On which side of the church does yew tree grow?

The outside.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Not such on earth is woman's gentler part,

Her law the affections and her world the heart

Unstirred by fierce ambition, passion, or strife,

Flower-fringed and calm, should guide that stream — her life,

Where man roars, blest, she may not gather joy,

But tender dreams her trusting heart employ.

As to the oak frail honeysuckles cling,

And grateful for support their fragrance bring,

So must she learn on some thing shedding round

Affection's bloom, and sweetening life's dark ground.

Born to be loved, and yield to love's soft thrall,

Fair gambler on one cast she stakes her all,

Wins happiness, or turns the dice of woe,

Most blest, or sad, of living things below.

Love is to her no pastime, given to cheer,

Or while an hour 'mid toil and darkness here

'Tis in warm youth her dream, the luring goal

She strains to reach — the wealth of her fond soul;

And if, sweet miser! those prized little riches flee,

No bankrupt spirit — crushed, or poor as she, —

An strung harp, where music's essence dies,

A tearful rainbow broken in the skies,

A sun loved landscape left to night and gloom,

A lily withering on spring's closing tomb;

O'er grief's dark flood a vainly wandering dream

Such, such is woman's heart bereft of love.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—Conversation is, in truth, an exercise very dangerous to the understanding when practised in any large measure as an art or an amusement. To be ready to speak before he has time to think, to say something apt and specious,—something which he may very well be supposed to think when he has nothing to say that he really does think,—to say what is consistent with what he has said before, to touch topics lightly and let them go,—these are the arts of a conversation : of which perhaps the last is the worst, because it panders to all the others. Nothing is searched out by conversation of this kind,—nothing is heartily believed whether by those who say it or by those who hear it. It may be easy, graceful, clever and sparkling, and bits of knowledge may be plentifully tossed to and fro in it ; but it will be vain and unprofitable : it may cultivate a certain micaceous, sandy surface of the mind, but all that lies below will be unmoved and unsunned. To say that it is vain and unprofitable is, indeed, much too little ; for the habit of thinking with a view to conversational effects, will inevitably corrupt the understanding, which will never again be sound or sincere. The dealings of those people with literature and art, like their dealings with society, have some tincture of personal ambition. Books are not read, pictures seen, or music listened to, merely for the delight to be found in them, or the private improvement of the mind. The rich and great make efforts of their own in these lines, and become candidates for public applause. This is by no means to be deprecated when the efforts made are such as to command respect as notice and attention. Let the works produced be admirable for their genius, or respected for the labour and perseverance bestowed upon them, or the knowledge and capacity evinced by them, and nothing can be more commendable in the rich and great than to produce them, nothing more calculated to strengthen the hold of these classes upon the classes below. But the opposite consequence follows when the rich and great are paraded and panegyrised by a particular department of the periodical press as the authors of light and frivolous tales ; or when they are found exhibiting their indifferent accomplishments in collections of ephemeral verses, or in engravings from their drawings, not unfrequently sold at bazaars on those pretexts of charity which stand so much in need of a charitable construction. Imperfect efforts in literature and art make a refined and innocent amusement for the rich and great, and as far as they go are cultivating : but publication needs to be vindicated on other grounds. But let amusements be as innocent as they may, and let society be as free as it may from ambition and envy, still, if the life be a life of society, and a life of amusement, instead of a life of serious avocations diversified by amusement and society, it will hardly either attain to happiness or inspire respect. And the more it is attempted to make society a pure concentration of charms and delights, the more flat will be the failure. Let us

resolve that our society shall consist of none but the gay, the brilliant, and the beautiful,—that is, that we will exclude from it all attentions towards the aged, all forbearance towards the dull, all kindness towards the ungraceful and unattractive,—and we shall find that when our social duties and our social enjoyments have been thus sedulously set apart, we have let down a sieve into the well instead of a bucket. What is meant to be an unmixed pleasure will not long be available as a pleasure at all “On n’aime guère d’être empoisonné même avec esprit de rose” Nor is it in our nature to be durably very well satisfied with an end which does not come to us in the disguise either of a means or of a duty Duty being proscribed, the want of an aim will be felt in the midst of all the enjoyments that the choicest society can afford, and what was entered upon as an innocent amusement, will lose, in no long time, first its power to amuse and next its innocence. The want of an object will be supplied either by aiming at the advancement of this person or the depreciation of that—in which case the pursuit of social pleasure will degenerate into the indulgence of a vulgar pride and envy—or (which is worse and more likely) by merging the social pursuit in the vortex of some individual passion —*Taylor's Essays*

THE BETTER DAY THE BETTER DEED —A barrister being concerned in a cause which he wanted to postpone for a few days, asked Lord Mansfield when he would bring it on? “On Friday next,” said His Lordship “Will you please to consider, my Lord, next Friday is Good Friday?” “I don’t care for that—the better day the better deed” “Well, my Lord, you will of course do as you please, but if you do sit on that day, I believe you will be the first judge who has done business on Good Friday since Pontius Pilate’s time”

In Scotland, a woman’s bonnet is called a cap, and a man’s cap is called a bonnet.

A ROYAL PRIZE AT ROME —A letter from Rome informs us that the Pope, considering himself the successor of the Fisherman, has consecrated a harpoon, with which he hopes to catch the Prince of Wales He will be more likely to catch that fish with a hook.

MARRY ON £300 A YEAR —(*Passer by to Crossing Sweeper*) —“What a all this about?”

Sweeper —“Well, sir, I believe it’s a kind of wedding, but it ain’t likely to be an appy union—only two broughams—and a hack cab”

Relieving Sauces —The Ude in disguise, G H M., whose elaborate letters on dinners in the Times prove that he knows more about the *carte duc paye* than any other man, talks of “relieving sauces” We should say that this was the very identical “Sauce” “with which the St Pancras Poor Law Guardians “relieve” the poor outcasts who apply to the work house for admission.

Public Opinion in France —Liberty begins at home.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—A few weeks since an emigrant ship put into Ply. mouth as the last place of call, prior to the passengers bidding a long adieu to their native land. Circumstances detained her longer than usual, and during her stay numbers of the more respectable of the passengers located themselves ashore. One of them, a bachelor gentleman, with others, took up his abode at the Globe Hotel, and naturally enough one species of pastime indulged in was the admiration of the belles of the west who passed the hotel windows. Our friend, who was "far north," was rather critical. He admired their rich and smiling countenances, but most of them lacked that ease and gracefulness of figure peculiar to the "highland lasses." A warm discussion often arose among the fellow passengers, some of whom were strict disciples of Lavater, and each occasionally called attention to the "gem" of his school or rather, own peculiar notions of female perfection. On one of these occasions the eye of the gentleman to whom we more particularly allude, had pictured on it a figure which so completely accorded with its notions, that it communicated the circumstance to his sympathising friend—the heart. Instantly he was in chase, and followed the object of his admiration and her two companions with becoming propriety until they reached home. As soon as they entered, he applied his agitated fingers to the "knocker," which summons was immediately answered by a female servant. The gentleman in reply to his enquiries, was informed that they were the Misses——, that they resided there with their mama, who was the widow of an officer formerly in Her Majesty's service. A card was sent to Mrs.——, requesting an interview. The printed messenger told that the stranger was a gentleman by education and profession. His request for an audience was therefore granted. His tale of love was soon told, but an introduction to the lady who had made such an impression postponed, until time had been given for such enquiries as prudence dictated to be necessary. A week elapsed before answers were received; they were all satisfactory, and the young lady was informed for the first time of her probable destiny. The introduction took place, and within fourteen days the vows of indissoluble union "until death us do part" were taken, and Miss——takes passage in the emigrant ship as the lady of the Revd ——
Davenport Telegraph.

LEARN THIS BY HEART.

There was a young woman, and what do you think?
She soaked her light dress in chloride of zinc,
Then fire could not hurt her, though close she came by it.
O Ladies! O Managers! Why dont you try it.

There are still wives who sit up for their husbands, but rendering them all honor, it becomes a delicate question whether the sitting-up of the one is at all equal to the setting down the other receives when he comes home.

NOVEL INTRODUCTION TO A LADY.—A correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, writing from Cape May, a very fashionable resort, describes the following scene as having occurred in the waters which lash the shores:—“Look out yonder at the surf, is it not glorious? See those swimmers. Will you believe that the lady whom you saw but an hour ago shaking gaily her luxuriant curls from her face and listening to the mawkish sentimentality in the drawing room—Joe said then that he saw a sneer of contempt in her joyous eye—is the same bold swimmer that is dashing away the foam-caps of the waves outside the surf? Come and go down with me, and I’ll introduce you to her—” “What! out here!” you exclaim? “Certainly, out there I introduced Joe to her this morning in the same place. He was remarking on the fine picking for sharks, out of fifteen hundred bathers in the surf, and seeing one lady and gentleman outside of all the others, I proposed to him to swim out and be ready to aid her in case of accident. No sooner said than done. I had no fear of sharks for I never heard of one attacking any one on our shores; nor do I believe the blue shark will touch a man as long as he can get fish to eat. But I always fear for a lady who is far from shore, lest her strength should fail her. It requires a very great degree of coolness to swim in a heavy sea. Imagine my surprise on swimming past the lady and gentleman I have mentioned on finding it no other than my friend Mr——and his daughter, Miss——, with whom I have swam many an hour in rougher water than that a lady perhaps unequalled as a swimmer in this country, and, while I am about it I may as well add, that you are the greatest horsewoman too, my dear.” “Hurrah! Who would have thought of meeting you here? I’ve met you, I believe, at every place imaginable, from Niagara to the American Museum; but the idea of meeting outside the surf at Cape May is unexampled. “Father, father, here’s W——!” “Where?” said Mr——, for the first time aware of my presence. “I am glad to see you, W——. I’d give you a hand if I had one to spare.” “Here is one for both of us,” said the lady, a much more expert swimmer than her father; at the same time reclining gracefully on one side, and offering me her left hand as she swam with her right. I took the opportunity to introduce Joe, and it was done in the most approved style of drawing-room introductions. “My dear Miss——, allow me to present to your kind notice”—(here a foam-cap broke in my face, and I paused an instant)—“my friend and ally, Mr Willis, of whom you have heard me speak.” “It gives me great pleasure to meet Mr Willis, whom I have long known by most excellent reputation.” “Miss——will please suppose me to make a graceful bow,” said Joe, most comically, with his mouth just above the edge of the water; the nearest approximation to one which I could devise under the circumstances, is a dive; but I fear that would be rather ludicrous than otherwise.” We laughed heartily at Joe’s apology and swam shoreward.

A ROGUE'S GRATITUDE.—"I promise your honour, if you will pass a light sentence on me, I will reform and become an honest man," said a criminal who had been convicted of theft. The promise made an impression on the judge, and he passed as light a sentence as possible." "May the hangman choke me, but that judge is a fine old fellow! I must send him something," exclaimed the criminal as he left the court; and behold, the next day, the judge received from an unknown hand a valuable gold watch of which he had been robbed two years before.

PLEASING PROSPECT.—*Friend from Town.* "Well! and how's the mare?"
Country friend. "Oh! all right, old boy! she will be as fresh as paint for you tomorrow, for she hasn't been hunted since the day she put Frank Railer's shoulder out!"

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

He came to me when spring flower,
 threw
 Their fragrance on the crystal air;
 He was so manly and so fair,
 No other thought or love I knew.
 He told to me the old, sweet tale—
 The story old, yet ever new—
 Of love: I drank it as the dew
 Is drunk by blossoms in the vale.
 He said for my sake every ill
 Of life should pass him lightly by;
 That every dark cloud in the sky
 Should have its silvery lining still.
 He said the sweet dream of his life
 Was of a sunny, quiet spot,
 Where vines should wreath a lowly
 cot,
 And I should be his loving wife.
 He gave to me a lock of hair,
 A little silken, jetty tress;
 How oft I kiss it! while I bless
 His head, and pray he knows no care.
 He said to me at our farewell,
 "My darling, never let them take
 You from me, or my heart will
 break!"

His voice was like a clear, sweet bell.
 I thought the days would never pass
 So long they seem'd away from him.
 The sunshine of my soul grew dim,
 When falling leaves and yellow grass
 Told that the Summer laid her head
 In Autumn's dusky lap to die,
 And he came not: I pray'd that I
 Might, like the Summer, soon be dead.
 His dear voice never fell again
 Upon my eager, longing ears;
 No rose leaves robb'd the weary years
 Of piercing thorns and sullen pain.
 But from the great cold world there
 came
 A rumour of a lovely face—
 A being full of girlish grace,
 Who won and wore his precious name.
 He wrote me that the past was o'er,
 That he would be my brother—friend;
 As if my love could ever end
 In friendship, and in nothing more!
 The sweet hopes died down in my life
 I did not hate; I only pray'd
 That o'er his life would fall no shade
 I could have crush'd were I his wife,

JULIA.

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

To the graves, where sleeps the dead,
 Hapless Julia took her way;
 Sighs to heave, and tears to shed
 O'er the spot where Damon laye.
 Many a blooming flower she bore,
 O'er the green grass turf to throw;
 And, while fast her teares did pour,
 Thus she sang to soothe her woe.

"Soft and safe, thou lowly grave,
 Fast o'er thee my teares shall flowe,
 Onlye hope the hapless have,
 Onlye refuge left for woe
 Constant love and grief sincere
 Shall thy hallowed turf pervade;
 And many a heartfelt sigh and teare,
 Hapless youth shall soothe thy shade.

"Lighted by the moon's pale shine,
 See me, to thy memorye true,
 Lowly bending at thy shrine,
 Many a votive flower to strowe
 But how little do these flowers
 Prove my love and constancye!
 Yet a few sad fleeting hours
 And, dear youth, I'll follow thee.

"Rose, replete with scent and hue,
 Sweetest flower that nature blowes;
 Damon flourished once like you,
 Now o'er him the green grass grows.
 Rose go deck his hallowed grave,
 Lily, o'er the green turfe twine;
 Honour meete that turfe should have,
 Beauty's bed and Virtue's shrine.

"Primrose pale, and violet blue,
 Jasmin sweete, and eglantine,
 Nightly here thy sweetest I strowe:
 Proudly to deck my true love's shrine.
 Like you, my Damon, bloomed a daye;
 He did die, and so must you;
 But such charms can you displaye?
 Halfe so virtuous, halfe so true?

"No, sweete flowerets, no such charms,
 No such virtues can you boast;
 Yet he's torne from my fond armes;
 Yet my faithful love is crost.
 But a radiant morne shall rise
 (Loitering moments, faster flowe!)
 When with him I'll treade the skies,
 Smile at death, and laugh at woe."

Thus she sung, and strewed the flower,
 Beat her breast, and wept, and sighed;
 And, when told the midnight houre,
 On the green turfe grave she dy'd.
 Many a nightingale forlorne
 Sung her knell, while breezes sighed;
 Haughty Grandeur heard with scorn,
 How so poore a mayden dy'd!

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.—An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "When any thing disturbs their temper, 'I say to them sing;' and if I hear them speak against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal."—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

A JOKE WITH A STING.—A Professor in a University, during a botanic lecture, took great pride in a discovery he had made of a very uncommon species of the nettle, which he informed the auditory possessed every other property of the plant, but that it did not sting. A wag, in the secret, had, however changed the specimen, and introduced the common nettle in its place. "You see, gentlemen," said the professor, "that it does not sting." He then applied his hand to the nettle, but suddenly withdrawing, added with eager astonishment, "*Drat it, but it does though!*"

INVENTIVE GENIUS.—"Of all things in life," says James Watt, in a letter given in Muirhead's Life of Watt, "there is nothing more foolish than inventing. Here I work five or more years contriving an engine, and Mr. Moore hears of it, is more *eville*, gets three patents at once, publishes himself in the newspapers, hires 2,000 men, sets them to work for the whole world in St. George's Fields, gets a fortune at once, and prosecutes me for using my own invention."

WHEN a man falls asleep after dinner, just for "forty winks," and takes more—is he to be held accountable for the act?

THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF GREECE

A FABLE BY THE CELEBRATED LINNÆUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

ONCE upon a time the seven wise men of Greece met together at Athens, and it was proposed that every one of them should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the rest, proposed the opinion of the astronomers about the fixed stars, which they believed to be so many suns; that each had their planets rolling about them and were stored with plants and animals like this earth. Fired with this thought, they agreed to supplicate Jupiter that he would at least permit them to take a journey to the moon, and remain there three days, in order to see the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter consented and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain where there should be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they desired to see.

They picked out some chosen companions, who might assist them in describing and painting the objects they should meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for their reception. The next day, being very much fatigued with their journey, they slept quiet at home till noon; and being still faint, they refreshed themselves with a most delicious entertainment, which they relished so well, that it overcame their curiosity. This day they only saw through the window that delightful spot adorned with the most beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the sun gave an uncommon lustre, and heard the singing of most melodious birds till evening came on. Next day they rose very early, in order to begin their observations; but some very beautiful young ladies of that country coming to make them a visit, advised them first to recruit their strength, before they exposed themselves to the laborious task they were about to undertake. The delicate meats, the rich wines, the beauty of these damsels, prevailed over the resolution of these strangers. A fine concert of music is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is jollity, so that this whole day is spent in gallantry; till some of their neighbours, growing envious at their mirth, rushed in with swords. The elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising the very next day they would bring the rioters to justice. This they performed, and the third day the cause was heard; and what, with accusation, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itself, the whole day was taken up on which the term set by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon described; but all they could tell was (for that was all they knew), that the ground was covered with grass intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sang among the branches of the trees; but what kind of flowers they saw, or what kind of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant, upon

which they were treated everywhere with contempt. If we apply this fable to men of the present age, we shall perceive a very just similitude. By these three days, the fable denotes three ages of man. First, *Youth*, in which we are too feeble in every respect to look into the works of the Creator: all that season is given up to idleness, luxury, and pastime. Secondly, *Manhood*, in which men are employed in settling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raising a family. Thirdly, *Old Age*, in which, after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with lawsuits and proceedings relating to their estates. Thus it frequently happens that men never consider to what end they are destined, and why they were brought into the world.

Serpentine Policy.—“First Americanise, then annex,” is the principle of which Mr. Douglas proposes to extend the possessions of the Yankee Republic. Just so the boa-constrictor first strangles and licks its prey all over and then swallows it.

The Cockney's Address to the Sea.—“With all thy faults I love thee still.”

One of the “Italian Irons.”—The Holy Poker!!!

Indication of a coming Storm.—When a woman gives you a “bit of her mind,” it is because she cannot keep the peace.

The Burns Festival.—One of the six hundred aspirants, upon being asked why he had selected the signature of “Crinoline” for his poem, explained as his reason, that “it could not fail to carry off the prize for Burns.”

STRAWS TO TICKLE FOOLS WITH.—Who is it that says the Board of Health is composed of *Lignum Vitæ*?

To the sour all grapes are sour—to the sweet a German *suite of rooms* is even sweet!

Is it not fair to conjecture that the troughs of the sea are filled only with sow-sow-westers?

THE first compliment paid to a travelling prince is to give him a review. We thought the days for reviews had gone by; but let us hope that the review got up aboard are a little more entertaining than those published in our country; or else we pity the poor prince when he is presented with one.

FLATTERY is the language of slaves, and base is the slave who pays it, unless it is to a pretty woman.

SINCE the flea is generally up all night, stealing about like a bravo in the dark to take men's blood, we are curious to know if he stops in bed the whole of next day; or when does he take his rest? or is he simply satisfied in taking the rest of others?

A MAN cannot wait for his dinner without instantly losing his temper, but see with what angelic sweetness a woman bears the trial! Has woman more patience than a man? Not a bit of it—only she has launched, and the man has not.

A CRITIQUE

ON THE SONG OF "BILLY TAYLOR"

"Et tragicus plerumque dolet, sermone pedestri.
 Telephus ac Poleus, quum pauper et exul atque
 Projicit ampullas ac sesquipedalia verba,
 Si curat cor spectantis, letigine quæcunq."

HOR. Ars Poet.

I HOPE that I shall not appear to degrade the office of criticism, by making a ballad the subject of it, especially since that now before me is of so excellent a nature. If it is objected to I must shelter myself under the authority of Addison, who has written a critique on Chevy Chase, to which, I venture to affirm, this ballad is infinitely superior. That I may not appear too presumptuous in my assertion, let us proceed to the examination of this justly celebrated poem. I call it a poem—I had almost called it an epic, seeing it has a beginning, middle, and end. The action is one, namely the death of the hero Taylor. It is replete with character, and full of sentiment; not delivered with the laboured declamation of Lucan, but suggested by incidents the most interesting and touching. Let us first examine it verse by verse. The author has no tedious prelude, not even an invocation, but, like Homer, immediately enters into the middle of his subject, and in a few words gives us the name, character, and amour of his hero. Observe the gaiety of the opening —

"Billy Taylor was a brisk young feller,
 Full on mirth and full on glee."

How admirably, how judiciously is this jocund beginning contrasted with the melancholy sequel! how affecting to the reader's feelings when he reflects how soon Billy's joy will be damped! Unhappy Taylor!—Let us proceed to the next lines —

"And his mind he did diskiver
 To a lady fair and free"

Taylor was a bold youth; he feared not to tell his mind to the lady, he did not stand shilly-shally, like a whimpering lover. But we are here presented with a new character, a lady fair and free. Some commentators have thought that she was a lady of easy virtue, from the epithet free, and indeed the violence of her love and jealousy seems to favour the suspicion. But let us not be too severe, free may signify no more than that she was of a cheerful disposition, and thus of the same temper with her lover. *concordes animæ*! Thus far all is pleasant and delightful, but the scene is now changed,—and sorrow succeeds to joy.

"Four and twenty brisk young fellers,
Drest they was in rich array,
They him and they seized Billy Taylor,
Pressed he was, and sent to sea."

Taylor, the brisk, the mischievous Taylor, is pressed and sent to sea. I cannot help observing here the art of the poet in letting us into the condition of Taylor. We may guess from his being pressed, that he was not free of the guild, and was, most likely, a journeyman cobbler, cobblers being famous for their glee. I will not positively say he was a cobbler Scaliger thinks he was a lamp-lighter; "adhuc sub judice lis est." But to proceed—Taylor is on board ship: but what does his true love?

"His true-love she followed arter,
Under the name of Richard Car:
And her hands were all bedaubed
With the nasty pitch and tar."

Many ladies would have comforted themselves with other lovers, not so Bill's mistress; she follows him; she enters the ship under the name of Richard Car. She condescends to daub her lily white hands with the pitch and tar. What excessive love, and how ill rewarded! I have two things to remark here; 1. Her disregard of herself in daubing her hands. When I consider a lady in juvenal who did the same, I am led to think she was Billy's mistress. But then Billy disregards her, this makes me think again she was his wife.—Yet perhaps not; Billy had now got another mistress. 2. The second observation is upon the name she assumes, Richard Car. Commentators are much divided upon this head; why she chose that name in preference to any other. I must confess they talk rather sillily on this topic, I conjecture the name was given her because it was a good rhyme to tar. This is no mean or inconsiderable reason, as the poets will all testify. But let the reader decide this at his leisure; let us now proceed.—

"An engagement came on the very next morning;
Bold she fit among the rest.
The wind aside did blow her jacket,
And diskivered her lily-white breast."

Here was a trial for the lady! but she sustained it; she fought boldly, fought like a man. But mark the sequel:—the wind blows aside her jacket: her lily white breast is exposed to this lawless gaze of the sailors! Here was a sight! No doubt it inspired them with double valor, and gained them a victory, for they certainly were victorious, though the poet judiciously passes over this inferior topic, and hastens to his main subject.

The captain gains intelligence of her heroism, or, in the musical simplicity of the original, "kims for to know it:" with honest bluntness he exclaims, "Vat vind has blown you to me?" The character of the sea captain is well supported: he does not say, "how came you here?" but in the characteristic language of his profession, "vat vind has blown you to me?" The classical reader will be pleased also with the similarity this expression bears to a passage in the *Æneid*: it is the speech of Andromache to *Æneas*, on a like occasion of surprise:

"Sed tibi qui cursum venti, quæ fata dedere ?

Aut quisquam ignarum nostris Deus appulit oris ?

It must be confessed that the latin is more pompous, perhaps more elegant; but what it gains in refinement, it loses in simplicity. The chief thing however to be remarked is, that the same language always suggests itself upon the same occasion. But let us attend to the lady's answer;

"Kind sir; I be kim for to seek my true love,

Vhom you press'd and sent to sea."

The pathos of this speech is inimitable. Observe with what art, or rather with what nature, it is worked up, so as to interest the feelings of the captain. First let us take a view of the speaker; a woman, and her breast discovered: she begins with, "Kind sir," which shows the gentleness of her disposition, and that she forgave the captain, though he had pressed her true love: she proceeds, "I be kim for to seek my true love:" who could resist this affecting narration? A lady braving the dangers of the sea and an engagement, to seek her true-love! The last line has suggested to the commentators that the captain had headed the press-gang himself. This is a matter of too much consequence for me to decide. But what effect has the speech on the rugged nerves of the captain? All that could be expected and desired. He breaks out—observe the art of the poet!—no frigid preface of "he said," "he exclaimed," but, like Homer, he gives us the speech at once—

"If you kim for to seek your true-love,

He from the ship is gone away;

And you'll find him in London streets, ma'am,

Valking with his lady gay."

The captain's feelings are taken by storm; he makes a full discovery of the retreat of the youth, and the company in which he is to be found. Some have thought it very odd that the captain should be so well informed of Billy's retreat and company; and are of opinion that he connived at it: but the captain might, from his knowledge of human nature and especially of sailors' nature, guess where and in what company Billy would be. Let not then

the honest tar be condemned. As the poet has put down none, we may suppose the lady to be too much oppressed to make any answer to a speech so cutting and afflicting. Overwhelmed with anger, jealousy, and desire of revenge, she could not speak. Admirable poet, who so well knew nature! "*parvæ curæ loquuntur, ingentes silent*:" and is not this silence more eloquent, more expressive, nay more awful, than all the angry words that could have been uttered? It is the silence before the tempest; the awful stillness of revenge and death.

"She rose up early in the morning,
Long before the break of day."

Mark the impatience of revenge! she will not even wait till day-break; she gets (as we may suppose, though it is not declared), leave of absence and goes on shore,

"And she found false Billy Taylor,
Talking with his lady gay."

Infamous Billy Taylor! while your mistress was braving for you the dangers of the ocean, you were revelling in the arms of another! But your hour is come. —The character of Billy is inimitably well supported throughout, or, as Horace says,—

Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constat."

'Tis true, he deserts his mistress; but 'tis for a lady of similar disposition; it is a lady *gay* with whom he walks: thus, though he is false, he shows himself full of mirth; he is still Billy Taylor. Mark the artifice of the poet! Like Virgil, who drops the epithet "*pious*" on a similar occasion, the poet here calls Billy by the appropriate epithet "*false*" There is an elegance and simplicity perfectly Homeric in the repetition of the line, "*walking with his lady gay*."

"Straight she call'd for swords and pistols,
Brought they vas at her command."

Let not the sceptical reader sneer, and ask where she got, or who brought the swords and pistols. Some kind deity, willing to assist the purpose of her just revenge, interposed, and brought her arms. Surely Horace would allow that this was "*dignus vindice nodus*"—But to proceed:—

"She fell on shooting Billy Taylor,
With his lady in his hand."

Here is an interesting incident! here a melancholy subject! what a scene or a picture! On one side, a lady, impelled by jealousy, with a discharged pistol in her hand, and a face expressive of the triumph of revenge; on the other, Billy Taylor, stretched on the pould ground, with his hand in that of his lady, now we may suppose no longer gay, and perhaps weeping! (Observe, Billy died in

the situation in which Tibullus wished to die: he held his mistress, "deficiente manu.") O! come here all you young men! ye Billy Taylors, for the world is full of you! ye deserters of true lovers, ye walkers with ladies gay, come here and contemplate! Taylor, who a few days before was gay like you, is now alas! "dead, gone dead," or, to use the pathetic and expressive language of Falstaff,—who, by the by, was like Billy, a gay deceiver—is now no better than a "shotten herring!"

"When the captain he kins for to know it,

He very much applauded her for what she had done."

From this passage, some have taken occasion to accuse the captain of a connivance with Billy's escape and connexion with a lady gay, that he might enjoy Billy's first mistress. But surely this is unfounded: the captain saw this mistress of Billy's by chance alone; and could not therefore be supposed to have a longing for a lady whom he had never seen till Billy had left the ship. Some have also accused the captain of cruelty, for applauding the lady for killing her lover: but these are unfounded and calumnious charges: it was a love of justice which induced the captain to applaud her: not that I positively say, that he might not also be swayed by the lady's beauty. The vehemence of the captain's applause is admirably displayed by the quantity of dactyls in the second line of this stanza. Let us proceed:—

"And he made her first lieutenant

Of the valiant Thunder-bomb."

Many are shocked at the apparent indifference of the lady; and foolishly condemn the poet for inconsistency. Such ignorant critics know nothing of the matter. Our poet, who is the poet of nature, did not mean to draw a perfect character, a "sine labæ mons rum," but, like Homer and Euripides, which latter he greatly resembles in his tenderness of expression, draws men and women such as they are. Still there is another objection started: how could a woman be made a lieutenant? It must be confessed that though such things are not entirely unprecedented, that they are very singular: some have therefore thought this a decent allegory of the poet to express that she was the captain's chief mistress, his Sultana: and we must remember that she was a free lady, and after the murder she had committed glad of the protection of a captain. I hope the ladies will not be offended at this interpretation, and, since a recent inquiry, will pardon me the expression that conveys it.

It remains now to say something concerning the sentiments, characters incidents, moral, and diction of the poem, and *πρωτον απο πρωτων* let us speak of the sentiments. These, as I observed before, are not, like Lucan's, obtruded upon the reader, but suggested by incidents. For instance, does not the circumstance of the lady's going to sea after her true love suggest more than the most laboured declamation on the force of love? When the captain is melted by the pathetic address, and lily-white breast of the lady; is

it not clearly and expressively intimated how great is the power of weeping beauty, pleading in a good cause, over even the boisterous nature of a sailor? Again, when the lady shoots Billy Taylor; what a fine sentiment is to be discovered here of the power of jealousy! and in the death of Billy contrasted with his former gaiety; who is there whose soul is so iron a mould as not to be touched by the implied sentiment of the short-livedness of human pleasure and enjoyment, when even the gay Taylor is overtaken by fate? This is a most masterly piece of nature; and I venture to pronounce that the man who is uninterested by it must have been born on Caucasus, and nursed by she-wolves. I come now to the characters; and here it is that the chief art of the poet is displayed. It is wonderful to observe how many and how different characters are to be found in this short poem. To say nothing of the four and twenty "fellers," who are admirably characterized by the epithet "brisk;" we have the mirthful Taylor, and the rugged sea-captain, the lady fair and free, and the lady gay. It may be objected that there is too great a sameness in the female characters: but no; the lady fair and free is brave and revengeful; the lady gay is simply gay, a more insipid character, and introduced by the poet no doubt as a contrast to the turbulent and busy character of the other lady. The boisterous captain is a well-drawn and well-supported character. He is rugged, honest, blunt, illiterate, and gallant. But it is the character of the hero Taylor, which is drawn and sustained with the most art and nature. In the first place he is brave, although some have contradicted this, by saying that he did not go to sea voluntarily, but was pressed, and then run away the night before the engagement. But I will not believe he was a coward: no; let the critics remember that Ulysses did not go voluntarily to the Trojan war, and was always willing to escape when he could; and yet surely he was a hero. Thus have I proved the bravery of Taylor. He had also other requisites for a hero; he was amorous, like Achilles and Æneas, and he deserted his love like the same Æneas. Then he was brisk and gay. I do not remember any hero exactly of this character. To be sure, Achilles laughs once in the Iliad, and Æneas in the Æneid; but it does not appear to have been the general character of either of them, and especially of the latter, who was a whimpering sort of hero. It does not appear that Taylor resembled Æneas in piety; but that is a silly kind of antiquated virtue, of which heroes of modern days would be ashamed, and which our poet has most judiciously omitted in the catalogue of Billy's qualities. Again, he resembles the heroes of antiquity in his untimely end, and in the cause of it—a woman. Thus Achilles was shot in the heel; Ulysses was killed, though not very prematurely, by his son; Æneas was drowned like a dog, in a ditch; and Alexander was poisoned. Then as to the cause: Samson (though to be sure the polite reader will call that fabulous, and think me a fool for quoting such an old wife's tale), owed his death to a woman; Agamemnon was even killed by a woman; Hippolitus lost his life by a woman; so did

Bellerophon; and Antony lost the world, and his life too, by a woman. Upon the whole Billy's is a mixed sort of character, composed of good and bad qualities, in which, according to the established character of heroes, the bad predominate. Thus, in the character of Achilles, it would be difficult to find a single good quality: he is "impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer," and a great deal more of the same sort. Æneas is indeed pious; but then he is a perfidious deserter of an injured lady; he invades a country where he has no right, and kills the man who has the audacity to oppose the usurper of his own throne, and the ravisher of his own wife. And, as to Alexander he was a mere brute: he overthrew cities, as children overthrow houses made of cards, for his mere amusement; and like the same children wept when he had no more to knock down: he killed some millions of men, for the same reason that country squires shoot swallows, for exercise, and because they have nothing else to do: and, in the time of peace and conviviality, he slew two of his best friends, merely to keep his hand in practice. Compared to these heroes, Billy is a perfect saint: and indeed I have often thought that he is too good for a hero; and that a few rapes, and thefts, and murders would have made a very proper and interesting addition to his character. As to the incidents, I shall merely observe that they are numerous, well-chosen, interesting, and natural. Let me next speak of the moral to be drawn from the poem. Whether the poet, according to Bossu's rule, and Homer's and Æsop's practice, chose the moral first, I cannot pretend to say, though some, who resolve the whole poem into an allegory, favour that opinion. Certain it is, the moral is excellent, the ill effect of inconstancy and I am sure the fair sex will be obliged to the poet's gallantry. There are also some of what I may call collateral truths to be derived from the poem; such as not to trust too much to prosperity, exemplified in the mirth and down-fall of Taylor; and the reward of virtue, in the lady's being made a first lieutenant. I shall conclude with a few remarks on the diction, or, to speak metaphorically, the dress in which the story is clothed. It has all the requisites of a good style; it is concise, perspicuous, simple, and occasionally sublime. The poetry is not of that tumid nature which Pindar uses, but of the graceful simplicity of Homer's verse. The poet has diversified the language by the intermixture of the Doric dialect, in imitation of the Greek tragedians; of this kind are the expressions, *vat, vind, disklivered, I be him, and for to know*. But what strikes me most is, the solemn, mournful, and pathetic beauty of the chorus, *Tol lol de rol de riddle iddle ido*. The *At, ai, and øev, øev*, of Euripides and Sophocles, the *e e e e* and *oro ro roi roroi* of Æschylus are comparatively frigid and tasteless. Yes; this *Tol lol de rol de riddle ido* is so exquisitely tender, and so musically melancholy, that I dare affirm, that the mind and ear that are not sensibly affected with it, are barbarous, tasteless, and incapable of relishing beauty or harmony. Thus ends my criticism.—*Flowers of Literature.*

During the winter of the year 1685, a Piedmontese, who styled himself Count Carrara, came to Vienna, and privately waited on the prime minister, pretending he was sent by the Duke of Savoy on a very important affair, which they two were to negotiate without the privacy of the French Court. At the same time he produced his credentials, in which the duke's seal and signature were exactly imitated. He met with a very favourable reception, and without affecting any privacy took upon him the title of envoy extraordinary from the Court of Savoy. He had several conferences with the imperial council and made so great a figure in the most distinguished assemblies, that once at a private concert at court, the captain of the guard denying him admittance he demanded satisfaction in his master's name, and the officer was obliged to ask his pardon. His first care was to ingratiate himself with the Jesuits, who at that time bore a great sway at court, and in order to this, he went to visit their church which remaining unfinished, as they pretended from the low circumstances of the society, he asked them how much would complete it? An estimate to the amount of two thousand louis-d'ors being laid before him Carrara assured them of his constant attachment to their order, that he had gladly embraced such a public opportunity of showing his esteem for them, and that they might immediately proceed to finishing their church. In consequence of his promise he sent that very day the two thousand louis-d'ors, at which sum the charge had been computed. He was very sensible that this was a part he could not act long without being detected, and that this piece of generosity might not be at his own expense, he invited a great number of ladies of the rank to supper and a ball. Every one of the guests had promised to be there but he complained to them all of the ill returns made to his civilities, adding, that he had been often disappointed, as the ladies made no scruple of breaking their words on such occasions, and in a jocular way, insisted on a pledge from every lady for their appearance at the time appointed. One gave him a ring, another a pearl necklace, a third a pair of earrings, a fourth a gold watch, and several such trinkets to the amount of twelve thousand dollars. On the evening appointed, not one of the guests was missing, but it may easily be conceived what a damp it struck upon the whole assembly when it was at last found, that the gay Piedmontese was a sharper, and had disappeared. Nor had the Jesuits any great reason to applaud themselves on the success of their dissimulation; for a few days before his departure, the pretended count, putting on an air of deep concern, placed himself in way of the emperor's confessor, who inquired into the cause of his apparent melancholy. He entrusted him with an important secret, that he was short of money at a juncture when eight thousand louis-d'ors were immediately wanted for his master's affairs, to be distributed at the imperial court. The Jesuits, to whom he had given a recent instance of his liberality by a large donation, immediately furnished him with the sum he wanted, and with this acquisition, and the ladies' pledges, he thought he had carried his jests far enough, and very prudently withdrew from Vienna.

IN THE COURT OF A KING.—THERE was one Ferguson, an intimate of King James I., who, being about the same age, had been a playfellow with him when they were young, came with him into England, and extending the bounds of friendship too far, frequently took the liberty of advising, and sometimes reprehending, or rather reproving his sovereign. He was a man truly honest; his counsels were disinterested, with a view for himself; having a decent patrimony of his own. The king was, however, often vexed by his freedoms, and at length said to him between jest and earnest, "You are perpetually censuring my conduct; I'll make you a king some time or other, and try." Accordingly one day, the court being very jovial, it came into his majesty's head to execute this project; and so calling Ferguson he ordered him into the chair of state, bidding him there play the king, while for his part, he would personate Johnny Ferguson. This farce was in the beginning very agreeable to the whole company. The mock sovereign put on the airs of royalty, and talked to those about him in a strain like that of the real one, only with less pedantry. They were infinitely pleased with the joke; and it was a perfect comedy, till the unlucky knave turned the tables, and came all of a sudden to moralize on the vanity of honour, wealth, and pleasure, to talk of the insincerity, venality, and corruption of courtiers and servants of the crown, how entirely they had their own interests at heart, and how generally their pretended zeal and assiduity were the disguise of falsehood and flattery. This discourse made a change in some of their countenances; and even the real monarch did not relish it altogether. He was afraid it might have some effect upon his minions, and lessen the tribute of adulation they were used to offer with great profusion, when they found how this was observed and animadverted on it. But the monitor did not stop here; he levelled a particular satire at the king, which put an end to the entertainment, and made his majesty repent of his introducing it (some foreigners of distinction being present); for it painted him in his true colours, as one that never loved a wise man, nor rewarded an honest one, unless they sacrificed to his vanity while he loaded those who prostituted themselves to his will with wealth and honour. For the mimic, pointing directly to James (who was to personate Ferguson,) raising his voice, "There," said he, "stands a man whom I would have you imitate: the honest creature was the comrade of my childhood, and regards me with a cordial affection to this very moment; he has testified his friendship by all the means in his power; studying my welfare, guarding me from evil counsellors, prompting me to princely actions, and warning me of every danger; for all which he never asked me anything; and by Jove, though I have squandered thousands on several of you, yet, in the whole course of my life, I never gave him a farthing." The king, nettled by this sarcasm, cried out to Ferguson, "Augh! you panky loun, what wad you be at? awa aff my thrane, and let's hae na mair of your nainvance."

HIBERNIAN COURAGE.—At the siege of Tortona, the last war in Italy, the commander of the army, which lay before the town, ordered Carew, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with a detachment to a particular post. Having given his orders, he whispered to Carew, "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man, I have therefore put you upon this duty. I tell you in confidence, it is certain death for you all. I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you." Carew made a bow to the general, and led on his men in silence to the dreadful post. He there stood with an undaunted courage, and, having called to one of his soldiers for a draught of wine, "Here," said he, "I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle." Fortunately at this instant Tortona capitulated, and Carew escaped. But he had thus a full opportunity of displaying a rare instance of determined intrepidity.

Love and a good dinner are the only two things which effectually change the character of a man.

To believe that you are clever, when you are only spiteful, is a double deception.

FOUND HIS MATCH—We saw a good thing the other day In the Court Quarter Sessions a petty case was being tried. A well known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had an odd-looking genius upon whom to operate. The witness was a shoe maker.

"You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"

"Yes, sir, cause why she confessed it."

"And you also swear she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?"

"I do, sir."

"Then '—giving a sagacious look to the court—" We are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?"

"Of course, how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?"

The counsel said, "Stand aside," and in a tone which showed that if he had the witness's head in a bark mill little mercy might have been expected. The judge nearly choked himself in a futile endeavour to make the spectators believe the laugh was nothing but a hicough while the witness stepped off. Not much made out of that witness.

"STOP HERE!"—Some organs have no stops, like the Italian Organ, that will go on for hours without a stop; and then again, there is the celebrated Organ of Speech in woman, which is acknowledged to be the greatest organ in the world, and which has been going on now for ages without the slightest stop.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.—“There are,” says the author of ‘A Year in America,’ “several anecdotes related of General Washington, for being methodical. I was told by General Stone, that he was travelling with his family in his carriage across the country, and arrived at a ferry belonging to General Washington. He offered the ferryman a moidore. The man said, ‘I cannot take it.’ The general asked Why, John? He replied, ‘I am only a servant to General Washington, and have no weight to weigh it with, and the general will weigh it, and if it should not be weight, he will not only make me the loser, but will be angry with me.’—“Well, John, you must take it, and I will lose three-pence in its value.’ The ferryman did so, and he carried it to General Washington on the Saturday night following. The general weighed it, and it was not weight—it wanted three-halfpence. General Washington carefully wrapped up three half-pence in a piece of paper, and directed it to General Stone, which he received from the ferryman on his return.

“General Stone told me another of his singularities; that during the time he was engaged in the army in the American war, and from home, he had a plasterer to plaster a room for him, and the room was measured, and the plasterer was paid by the steward. When the general returned home, he measured the room, and found the work came to less by fifteen shillings than the man had received. Some time after the plasterer died, and the widow married another man, who advertised in the newspapers to receive all, and pay all due to or by her former husband. The general, seeing the paper, made a demand of the fifteen shillings, and received them. Another time a man came to Mount Vernon to pay rent, and had not the exact balance due to the general. When the money was counted, the general said, ‘there wants fourpence.’ The man offered him a dollar, and desired him to put it into the next year’s account. No—he must get the change, and leave the money on the table until he had got it. The man rode to Alexandria, which is nine miles from Mount Vernon, and then the general settled the account. It was always his custom, when he travelled, to pay as much for his servants’ breakfast, dinner, or supper, as for his own. It is said he never had anything bought for his use that was by weight but he weighed it: or any thing by tale, but he had it counted; and if he did not find it due weight or number, he sent the articles back again to be regulated.

POLL mankind to-morrow as to which of the two they would sooner be, “A Knave or a Fool?” The majority would be at least 2 to 1 in favour of the Knave!

In a village school, recently, when the scholars were parsing, the word waif occurred in the sentence. The youngest who was up—a bright-eyed little fellow—puzzled over the word for a few minutes, and who, as a bright idea struck him, burst out with “I can conjugate it. Positive waif, comparative waifer: superlative, sealing-wax.”

A LITTLE OF AMUSEMENT.

THE HUMAN EYE.—The language of the eye is very hard to counterfeit. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows that he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offices of hospitality, if there be no holiday in the eye. How many furtive invitations are vowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips! A man comes away from a company; he has heard no important remark; but if in sympathy with the society, he is cognisant of such a stream of life as has been flowing to him through the eyes. There are eyes which give no more admission into them than blackberries, others are liquid and deep wells that men might fall into; and others are oppressive and devouring, and take too much notice. There are asking eyes, and asserting eyes, and prowling eyes, and eyes full of faith—some of good, and some of sinister omen.—EMERSON.

THE MAID WITH A MIND.

<p>They may talk of the women skin var- nished and fair, In whom princes and nobles delight, Whose cheeks with the roses of June will compare. And their hands as the lilies are white; But give me a maid with a mind pure and wise, Who can make her charms felt far away, And whose beauty shall stand as a star of the skies, And suffer no blight or decay. They may talk of the ladies impe- rious and proud, Who inherit great fortunes of gold, I know of a maiden more richly endow'd Than Queen Dido or Shoba of old. And her treasure, acquired by much diligent toil, Shall ever remain a sure trust; No lawsuits shall waste it, no robbers despoil, No fire shall consume, and no rust,</p>	<p>They may talk of gay belles who are sumptuously deck'd, In the circles of fashion to shine, I know a sweet damsel of fashion's neglect, Adorn'd with the graces divine; And the spiritual vestments that fold her about, Her soul fitly clothe and contain, Are always in season and never wear out, Nor fade they with sunshine or rain. They may tell me of ladies accom- plish'd and smart, Who can dance, sing, and play from the schools; But the fair, gifted girl who has taken my heart, Transcends all their measures and rules. She can sing with the poets and talk with the sages— Intelligent, thoughtful, refined, Can dance with the good and wise of all ages, My Annie, the Maid with a Mind.</p>
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DIARY OF AN OLD BACHELOR

THE BACHELOR.

Years.

- 16.—Incipient palpitations towards the young ladies.
- 17.—Blushing and confusion in conversing with them.
- 18.—Confidence in conversing with them much increased.
- 19.—Angry if treated by them as a boy.
- 20.—Very conscious of his own charms and manliness.
- 21.—A looking-glass indispensable in his room, to admire himself.
- 22.—Insufferable puppyism.
- 23.—Thinks no woman good enough for him.
- 24.—Caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.
- 25.—The connexion broken off, from self-conceit on his part.
- 26.—Conducts himself with much superiority towards her.
- 27.—Pays his addresses to another lady, not without hope of mortifying the first.
- 28.—Mortified and frantic at being refused.
- 29.—Sails against the fair sex in general.
- 30.—Morose and out of humour in all conversation of matrimony.
- 31.—Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than formerly.
- 32.—Considers personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly.
- 33.—Still retains a high opinion of his attraction as a husband.
- 34.—Consequently has no idea but he may still marry a chicken.
- 35.—Falls deeply and violently in love with one of seventeen.
- 36.—Au dernier desespoir : another refusal.
- 37.—Indulges in every kind of dissipation.
- 38.—Shuns the best part of the female sex.
- 39.—Suffers much remorse and mortification in so doing.
- 40.—A fresh budding of matrimonial ideas, but no spring shoots.
- 41.—A nice young widow perplexes him.
- 42.—Ventures to address her with mixed sensations of love and interest.
- 43.—Interest prevails, which causes much cautious reflection.
- 44.—The widow jilts him, being as cautious as himself.
- 45.—Becomes every day more averse to the fair sex.
- 46.—Gouty and nervous symptoms begin to appear.
- 47.—Fears what may become of him when old and infirm.
- 48.—Thinks living alone quite irksome.
- 49.—Resolves to have a prudent young woman as housekeeper and companion.
- 50.—Nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout.
- 51.—Much pleased with his new housekeeper as nurse.
- 52.—Begins to feel some attachment to her.
- 53.—His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her.
- 54.—Is in great distress how to act.
- 55.—Completely under her influence, and very miserable.
- 56.—Many painful thoughts about parting with her.
- 57.—She refuses to live any longer with him solo.
- 58.—Gouty, nervous, and bilious, to excess.
- 59.—Feels very ill, sends for her to his bedside, and intends espousing her.
- 60.—Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her favour, and makes his exit.

AND OF AN OLD MAID.

THE OLD MAID.

- 15.—Anxious for coming out, and the attention of the men.
- 16.—Begins to have some idea of the tender passions.
- 17.—Talks of love in a cottage, and disinterested affection.
- 18.—Fancies herself in love with some handsome man who has flattered her.
- 19.—Is a little more difficult in consequence of being noticed.
- 20.—Commences fashionable, and dashes.
- 21.—Still more confidence in her own attractions, and expects a brilliant establishment.
- 22.—Refuses a good offer because he is not a man of fashion.
- 23.—Flirts with every young man she meets.
- 24.—Wonders she is not married.
- 25.—Rather more circumspect in her conduct.
- 26.—Begins to think a large fortune not quite so indispensable.
- 27.—Prefers the company of rational men to flirting.
- 28.—Wishes to be married in a quiet way with a comfortable income.
- 29.—Almost despairs of entering the married state.
- 30.—Rather fearful of being called an old maid.
- 31.—An additional love of dress.
- 32.—Professes to dislike balls, finding it difficult to get good partners.
- 33.—Wonders how men can leave the society of sensible women to flirt with chits.
- 34.—Affects good humour in her conversation with men.
- 35.—Jealous of the praises of women.
- 36.—Quarrels with her friend who is lately married.
- 37.—Thinks herself slighted in society.
- 38.—Likes talking of her acquaintances who are married unfortunately, and finds consolation in their misfortunes.
- 39.—Ill nature increases.
- 40.—Very meddling and officious.—N. B. A. growing penchant.
- 41.—If rich, as a dernier ressort, makes love to a young man without fortune.
- 42.—Not succeeding, rails against the sex.
- 43.—Partiality of cards, and scandal commences.
- 44.—Severe against the manners of the age.
- 45.—Strong predilection for a methodist parson.
- 46.—Enraged at his desertion.
- 47.—Becomes desponding, and takes snuff.
- 48.—Turns all her sensibility to cats and dogs.
- 49.—Adopts a dependent relation to attend on dogs.
- 50.—Becomes disgusted with the world, and vents all her ill humour on this unfortunate relation.—*Literary Gazette.*

FASHION.

A VISION.

SIR,

The following letter was sent to a young lady, five or six years ago. If it will contribute to entertain the readers of your Magazine, it is much at your service.

"Young as you are, my dear Flora, you cannot but have noticed the eagerness with which questions relative to civil liberty, have been discussed in every society. To break the shackles of oppression, and assert the native rights of man, is esteemed by many among the noblest efforts of heroic virtue; but vain is the possession of political liberty, if there exists a tyrant of our own creation; who, without law or reason, or even external forces exercise, over us the most despotical authority; whose jurisdiction is extended over every part of private and domestic life; controls our pleasures, fashions our garb, cramps our motions, fills our lives with vain cares and restless anxiety. The worst slavery is that which we voluntarily impose upon ourselves; and no chains are so cumbrous and galling as those which we are pleased to wear by way of grace and ornament. Musing upon this idea, gave rise to the following dream or vision:—

"Methought I was in a country of the strangest and most singular appearance I had ever beheld: the rivers were forced into jet d'eau, and wasted in artificial water-works: the lakes were fashioned by the hand of art; the roads were sanded with spar and gold dust; the trees all bore the marks of the shears, they were bent and twisted into the most whimsical forms, and connected together by festoons of riband and silk fringe; the wild flowers were transplanted into vases of fine china, and painted with artificial white and red. The disposition of the ground was full of fancy, but grotesque and unnatural in the highest degree; it was all highly cultivated, and bore the marks of wonderful industry; but among its various productions, I could hardly discern one that was of any use. My attention, however, was soon called off from the scenes of inanimate life, by the view of the inhabitants, whose form and appearance was so very preposterous, and, indeed, so unlike any thing human, that I fancied myself transported to the country of the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads

—do grow beneath their shoulders:

for the heads of many of these people were swelled to an astonishing size, and seemed to be placed in the middle of their bodies: of some, the ears were distended, till they hung upon the shoulders; and of others, the shoulders were raised, till they met the ears: there was not one free from some deformity or monstrous swelling, in one part or other—either it was before, or behind or about the hips, or the arms were puffed up to an unusual thickness, or the throat was increased to the same size with the poor objects lately

ited under the name of the Monstrous Craws; some had no necks—others had necks that reached almost to their waists; the bodies of some were bloated up to such size that they could scarcely enter a pair of folding doors and others had suddenly sprouted up to such a disproportionate height, that they could not sit upright in their loftiest carriages. Many shocked me with the appearance of being nearly cut in two, like a wasp; and I was alarmed at the sight of a few, in whose faces, otherwise very fair and healthy, I discovered an eruption of black spots which I feared was the fatal sign of some pestilential disorder. The sight of these various and uncouth deformities inspired me with much pity; which, however, was soon changed into disgust, when I perceived, with great surprise, that every one of these unfortunate men and women was exceedingly proud of his own peculiar deformity, and endeavoured to attract my notice to it as much as possible. A lady, in particular, who had a swelling under her throat larger than any goitre in the Valais, and which, I am sure, by its enormous projection, prevented her from seeing the path she walked in, brushed by me with an air of the greatest self-complacency and asked me if she was not a charming creature?—But, by this time, I, found myself surrounded by an immense crowd, who were all pressing along in one direction; and I perceived that I was drawn along with them by an irresistible impulse, which grew stronger every moment: I asked, whither we were hurrying, with such eager steps? and was told, that we were going to the court of the queen Fashion, the great Diana, whom all the world worshippeth. I would have retired, but felt myself impelled to go on, though without being sensible of any outward force.—When I came to the royal presence, I was astonished at the magnificence I saw around me! The queen was sitting on a throne, elegantly fashioned, in the form of a shell, and inlaid with gems and mother-of-pearl. It was supported by a camelion, formed of a single emerald. She was dressed in a light robe of changeable silk, which fluttered about her in a profusion of fantastic folds, that imitated the form of clouds, and like them, were continually changing their appearance. In one hand, she held a rouge-box, and in the other, one of those optical glasses, which distort figures in length or in breadth, according to the position in which they are held. At the foot of the throne was displayed a profusion of the richest productions of every quarter of the globe—tributes from land and sea—from every animals and plant—perfumes, sparkling stones, drops of pearl, chains of gold, webs of the finest linen, wreaths of flowers, the produce of art, which vied with the most delicate productions of nature—forests of feathers, waving their brilliant colours in the air, and canopying the throne;—glossy silks, net-work of lace, silvery ermine, soft folds of vegetable wool, rustling paper, and shining spangles; the whole intermixed with pendants and streamers of the gayest tintured riband. All these, together, made so brilliant a

appearance, that my eyes were at first dazzled; and it was some time before I recovered myself enough to observe the ceremonial of the court. Near the throne, and its chief supports, stood the queen's two prime ministers, Caprice on the one side, and Vanity on the other. Two officers seemed chiefly busy among the attendants. One of them was a man, with a pair of shears in his hand, and a goose by his side,—a mysterious emblem, of which I could not fathom the meaning: he sat cross-legged, like the great Lama of the Tartars;—he was busily employed in cutting out coats and garment not however, like Dorcas, for the poor—nor, indeed, did they seem intended for any mortal whatever, so ill were they adapted to the shape of the human body; some of the garments were extravagantly large, others as preposterously small; of others, it was difficult to guess to what part of the person they were meant to be applied. Here were coverings, which did not cover—ornaments, which disfigured—and defences against the weather more slight and delicate than what they were meant to defend; but all were eagerly caught up, without distinction, by the crowd of votaries who were waiting to receive them. The other officer was dressed in a white succinct linen garment, like a priest of the lower order. He moved in a cloud of incense, more highly scented than the breezes of Arabia; he carried a tuft of the whitest down of the swan in one hand, and in the other a small iron instrument, heated red-hot, which he brandished in the air. It was with infinite concern I beheld the Graces bound at the foot of the throne, and obliged to officiate, as handmaids, under the direction of these two officers. I now began to inquire by what laws this queen governed her subjects, but soon found her administration was that of the most arbitrary tyrant ever known. Her laws are exactly the reverse of those of the Medes and Persians; for they are changed every day, and every hour and what makes the matter still more perplexing, they are in no written code, nor even made public by proclamation; they are only promulgated by whispers, an obscure sign, or turn of the eye, which those only who have the happiness to stand near the queen can catch with any degree of precision; yet the smallest transgression of the laws is severely punished not indeed by fines or imprisonment, but by a sort of interdict similar to that which, in superstitious times, was laid by the Pope on disobedient princes, and which operated in such a manner, that no one would eat, drink or associate with the forlorn culprit; and he was almost deprived of the use of fire and water. This difficulty of discovering the will of the goddess occasioned so much crowding to be near the throne, such jostling and elbowing one another, that I was glad to retire, and observe what I could among the scattered crowd: and the first thing I took notice of, was various instruments of torture which every where met my eyes. Torture has, in most other governments of Europe, been abolished by the mild spirit of the times; but it reigns here in full force and terror. I saw officers of this

cruel court employed in boring holes, with red-hot wires, in the ears, nose and various parts of the body, and then distending them with the weight of metal chains, or stones, out into a variety of shapes; some had invented a contrivance for cramping the feet in such a manner, that many are lamed by it for their whole lives. Others I saw slender and delicate in their form and naturally nimble as the young antelope, who were obliged to carry constantly about with them a cumbrous unwieldy machine, of a pyramidal form, several ells in circumference. But the most common, and one of the worst instruments of torture, was a small machine, armed with fish-bone and ribs of steel, wide at top, but extremely small at bottom. In this detestable invention, the queen orders the bodies of her female subjects to be inclosed: it is then, by means of silk cords, drawn closer and closer, at intervals, till the unhappy victim can scarcely breathe; and they have found the exact point that can be borne without fainting, which, however, not unfrequently happens. The flesh is often excoriated, and the very ribs bent, by this cruel process; yet what astonished me more than all the rest, these sufferings are borne with a degree of fortitude, which, in a better cause, would immortalize a hero, or canonize a saint. The Spartan who suffered the fox to eat into his vitals did not bear pain with greater resolution: and as the Spartan mothers brought their children, to be scourged at the altar of Diana, so do the mothers here bring their children, and chiefly those whose tender sex, one would suppose, excused them from such exertions, and early inure them to this cruel discipline; but neither Spartan, nor Dervise, nor Bonze, nor Carthusian monk, ever exercised more unrelenting severities over their bodies than these young zealots; indeed the first lesson they are taught is a surrender of their own inclinations, and an implicit obedience to the commands of the goddess; but they have; beside a more solemn kind of dedication, something similar to the rite of confirmation. When a young woman approaches the marriageable age, she is led to the altar; her hair, which before fell loosely about her shoulders, is tied up in a tress; sweet oils, drawn from roses and spices, are poured upon it; she is involved in a cloud of scented dust, and invested with ornaments under which she can scarcely move: after this solemn ceremony which is generally concluded by a dance round the altar, the young person is obliged to a stricter conformity than before to the laws and customs of the court, and any deviation from them is severely punished. The courtiers of Alexander, it is said, flattered him by carrying their heads on one side, because he had the misfortune to have a wry neck; but all adulation is poor, compared to what is practised in this court: sometimes the queen will lisp and stammer, and then none of her attendants can speak plain; sometimes she chooses to totter as she walks, and then they are seized with sudden lameness; accordingly as she appears half undressed, or veiled from head to foot, her subjects become a procession of nuns

Or a troop of Bacchanalian nymphs.—I could not help observing, however, that those who stood at the greatest distance from the throne were the most extravagant in their imitation. I was, by this time, thoroughly disgusted with the character of a sovereign, at once so light and so cruel, so fickle and so arbitrary, when one who stood next me bade me attend to still greater contradictions in her character, and such as might serve to soften the indignation I had conceived: he took me to the back of the throne, and made me take notice of a number of industrious poor, to whom the queen was secretly distributing bread. I saw the Genius of Commerce doing her homage, and discovered the British cross woven into the insignia of her dignity. While I was musing on these things, a murmur arose among the crowd, and I was told that a young votary was approaching; I turned my head, and saw a light figure, the folds of whose garment showed the elegant turn of the limbs they covered, tripping along with the step of a nymph. I soon knew it to be yourself—I saw you led up to the altar—I saw your beautiful hair tied in artificial tresses, and its bright gloss trained with coloured dust—I even fancied I beheld produced to the dreadful instrument of torture—my emotions increased—I cried out, “Oh, spare her! spare my Flora!” with so much vehemence, that I awaked.—*Monthly Magazine.*

SPIRIT FROM THE VASTY DEEP—An Irishman who has just returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen:—“Yes then, Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?” “Only a drop of the crater,” was Pat’s witty reply.

AN ENGLISHMAN, looking with disgust at a Scotchman eating a singed sheep head was asked what he thought of the dish? ‘Dish, sir,—do you call that a dish?’ ‘Dish or no dish,’ rejoined the Caledonian, ‘there’s a deal o’ fine confused feedin’ about it; let me tell you.’

WOMAN.—The female of man in the order of nature; but sometimes the male in the order of society. There are old women of both sexes.

GOOD AUTHORITY.—A lady’s age happening to be questioned, she affirmed she was but forty, and called upon a gentleman who was in company for his opinion. ‘Cousin,’ said she, ‘do you believe I am in the right when I say I am but forty?’ ‘I am sure, madam,’ replied he, ‘I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so, for above these ten years.’

OLD PSALM TUNES.—*Blackwood* says of old Psalm tunes:—‘There is to us more of touching pathos, heart-thrilling expression in some of the old Psalms tunes than in a whole batch of modernisms. The strains go home, and the foundation of the great deep are broken up—the great deep of unfathomable feeling that lies far, far below the surface of the world-hardened heart and as the unwonted yet unchecked tear starts in the eye, the softened spirit yields to their influence, and shakes off the load of earthly care, rising purified and spiritualised into a clearer atmosphere.’

HAPPINESS AND DUTY.—Happiness passes away, leaving hardly a single trace behind, and can often indeed scarcely be called happiness, seeing nothing lasting has been gained by it. Unhappiness also passes away (and that is a great consolation), but leaves deep traces behind; and, if we know how to improve them, most wholesome ones, purifying and strengthening, and frequently productive of the highest happiness. Then in life it is worthy of peculiar remark, that when we are not too solicitous as to happiness, or the want of it, but devote ourselves to the strict and unsparing fulfilment of duty then happiness comes of itself—yea, even arises from a life of troubles and anxieties and privations. I have often seen this verified in the case of women who were very unfortunate in their conjugal relations, but who would rather have perished than dreamt of forsaking their duty.—HUMBOLDT.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ENGRAVING.—Mr. Fox Talbot has achieved a surprising success in photographic engraving. He has discovered that for which lovers of the art have sighed from the day of the first sun pictures—a means of transferring the photographic image direct to the copper or steel plate. In fact, he has made Apollo his own engraver. Pictures of the Alhambra, of the Moldan at Prague, of the Great Bell at Moscow, of San Georgia at Valladolid, and many other well-remembered scenes, now lie before us, executed by this new process, which considered as first impressions, are truly wonderful. We believe that these pictures, beautiful as they are, can be produced at a trifling cost. Here certainly is a chance of art for the million: and we may soon have engravings with the finish of Marco Antonio, and at the price of paper.—*Athenaeum*.

GREAT REFORM IN LADIES' DRESS.—I have heard on excellent authority that the Empress and some of her ladies have lately been engaged in making all manner of experiments on dress, as regards form and development, and colour; and that the result is that they have determined before long to inaugurate a violent reaction to the present style,—that is to say to have dresses short enough to display the foot and ankle, instead of trailing on the ground; to diminish immensely their prodigious development; and in place of colours more or less staid, to have the brightest and gayest hues imaginable.—

Paris Correspondent of the Press.

A LOVE-SONG.

I press'd my beating heart,
I smooth'd my ruffled hair,
I stepp'd into the room,
I found Lorinda there.
I seized her lily hand,
I squeezed it o'er and

I bent my well-turn'd legs,
I knelt upon the floor.
I told my tale of woe,
I whisper'd all my fears,
Then what d'ye think she did?
Why, coolly box'd my ears. MITCH

THE CHINESE LOVER.

In Selim's stately city dwelt
 A lady matchless fair;
 Throughout all China there was none
 That could with her compare.
 'Twas more than beauty, more than wit,
 That fired her speaking eye;
 With one sweet glance she stole the
 heart
 Of Hoang Si.

Her cheek outvied the mountain snows;
 Her brows by nature were
 More thin, more beautifully form'd
 Than others pluck'd with care.
 'Twas on her cheek, and on her brow,
 And in her deep-set eye,
 Lovebade his arrows lurk to wound
 Poor Hoang Si.

Why, sweetly tottering, moved the maid
 In garden and in grove?
 Too little were her beauteous feet
 To bear the queen of love!
 Why strove she not by look or word,
 But stood with downcast eye?
 Love gave her silence voice to speak
 To Hoang Si.

When Hansi moved, all other grace
 Eclipsed was and gone;
 As taper lights when Phœbus shines,
 As night at break of morn.
 Like little diamonds dropp'd in snow
 Were her bright eyes, but, ah!
 Relentless parents bade them beam
 On Song-lin-Shah.

Oh, why did fortune make her rich?
 Or why was I so poor?
 I met the lustre of her eye,
 And thought the bliss secure;
 Till richer proffers favour woo'd,
 Successful woo'd, for, ah!
 Too cruel fate! herself she gave
 To Song-lin-Shah.

Far from my breast my reason fled,
 And left me quite forlorn;
 I wander'd to the deserts drear
 With all my garments torn:
 I taught the caverns to complain,
 I made their echoes cry,
 Reverberative to my moans—
 Poor Hoang Si.

I have been in the Indian lands,
 And on the Persian son,
 But never, never could regain
 My heart's sweet liberty.
 Oft have I play'd the pipe of peace,
 And borne the sword, yet, ah!
 Could ne'er forget the beauteous wife
 Of Song-lin-Shah.

EARLY AND LATE. How carefully you coax a seedling plant, or rear a cutting, and yet how ruthlessly you cut down the same rank old geranium in November or fling it on the dunghill to rot among the rubbish!

So with us all—the peasant's fondled first born finishes by being a kicked on union pauper; the rooted cutting you are so tenderly transplanting will grow to be a rank thing to be flung away at potting time.

 MODERN LEARNING EXEMPLIFIED.

This witty *jeu d'esprit* was written by the late celebrated Greek scholar Professor Porson, to ridicule the system of education which was pursued at Oxford, prior to the reformation since effected at that university.

METAPHYSICS.

Professor. WHAT is a salt-box?

Student. It is a box made to contain salt.

P. How is it divided?

S. Into a salt-box, and a box of salt.

P. Very well. Show the distinction.

S. A salt-box may be where is no salt, but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

P. Are not salt-boxes otherwise divided?

S. Yes, by a partition.

P. What is the use of this division?

S. To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

P. How! think a little.

S. To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

P. To be sure: to separate the fine from the coarse.

But are not salt-boxes otherwise distinguished?

S. Yes; into possible and positive.

P. Define these several sorts of salt-boxes.

S. A *possible* salt-box is a salt-box yet unsold in the joiner's hands.

P. Why so?

S. Because it hath not yet become a salt-box, having never had any salt in it, and it may possibly be applied to some other use.

P. Very true; for a salt-box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have, any salt in it, can only be termed a possible salt-box. What is a *probable* salt-box?

S. It is a salt-box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath sixpence in his pocket to pay the shopkeeper. And a *positive* salt-box is one which hath actually and *bona fide* got salt in it.

P. Very good: What other divisions of salt-boxes do you recollect?

S. They are divided into *substantive* and *pendent*. A *substantive* salt-box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser, and the *pendent* is that which hangs by a nail against the wall.

P. What is the idea of a salt-box?

S. It is the idea of a salt-box abstracted from the idea of a box, or of salt, or of a salt-box, or of a box of salt.

P. Very right: by this means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of salt-box; but tell me, is the idea of a salt-box a salt idea?

S. Not unless the ideal box hath the idea of salt contained in it.

P. True: and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt fresh, round or square, long or short; and this shows the difference between a salt idea and an idea of salt. Is an aptitude to hold salt an essential or an accidental property of a salt-box?

S. It is *essential*: but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an accidental property to that salt-box.

P. Very well, very well indeed: what is the salt called with respect to the box?

S. It is called its contents.

P. And why so?

S. Because the cook is content, *quoad hoc*, to find plenty of salt in the box.

P. You are very right. Let us now proceed to—

How many modes are there in a salt-box?

S. Three: bottom, top, and sides.

P. How many modes are there in salt boxes?

S. Four: the formal, the substantial, the accidental, and the topsy-turvy.

P. Define these several modes.

S. The *formal* respects the figure or shape of the box, such as round, square, oblong; &c. &c. The *substantial* respects the work of the joiner; and the *accidental* depends upon the string by which the box is hung against the wall.

P. Very well: what are the consequences of the accidental mode?

S. If the string should break, the box would fall, the salt be spilt, the salt-box be broken, and the cook in a passion; and this is the *accidental* mode, with its *consequences*.

P. How do you distinguish between the top and bottom of salt-box?

S. The top of a box is that part which is uppermost, and the bottom that which is lowest in all positions.

P. You should rather say, the uppermost part is the top, and the lowest part the bottom. How is it then if the bottom should be the uppermost.

S. The top would then be lowermost, so that the bottom would become the top, and the top would become the bottom; and this is called the *topsy-turvy* which is nearly allied to the *accidental*, and fro-

P. Very good: But are not salt-boxes sometimes single, and sometimes double;

S. Yes.

P. Well then, mention the several combinations of salt-boxes, with respect to their having salt or not.

S. They are divided into single salt-boxes, having salt; single salt-boxes, having no salt; double salt-boxes, having no salt; double salt-boxes, having salt; and single double salt-boxes, having salt and no salt.

P. Hold! hold! you are going too far.

Governor of the Institution. We can't allow further time for logic; proceed, if you please, to

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

P. Pray, sir, what is a salt-box?

S. It is a combination of matter, fitted, framed, and joined by the hands of a workman in the form of a box, and adapted to the purpose of receiving, containing, and retaining salt.

P. Very good, what are the mechanical powers concerned in the construction of a salt-box?

S. The axe, the saw, the plane, and the hammer.

P. How are these powers applied to the purpose intended.

S. The axe to fell the tree, the saw to split the timber.

P. Consider; it is the property of the mallet and wedge to split.

S. The saw to split the timber, the plane to smooth and thin the boards.

P. How? Take time, take time.

S. To thin and smooth the boards.

P. To be sure; the boards are first thinned and then smoothed. Go on.

S. The plane to thin and smooth, and the hammer to drive the nails.

P. Or rather tacks.—Have not some philosophers considered glue as one of the mechanical powers?

S. Yes; and it is still so considered; but it is called an *inverse* mechanical power; because, where it is the property of the direct mechanical powers to generate motion; glue, on the contrary, prevents motion by keeping the parts to which it is applied fixed to each other.

P. Very true: what is the mechanical law of the saw?

S. The power is to resistance as the number of teeth and force impressed multiplied by the number of strokes in a given time.

P. Is the saw only used in slitting timber into boards?

S. Yes it is also employed in cutting timber into lengths.

P. No lengths. A thing cannot be said to have been cut into lengths.

S. Into shortnesses.

P. Very right: what are the mechanical laws of the hammer?

Governor. We have just received intelligence that dinner is nearly ready and as the medical class is yet to be examined, let the medical gentlemen therefore come forward.

ANATOMY.

P. What is a salt-box?

S. It is a body composed of wood, glue, nails, and hinges.

P. How is this body divided?

S. Into external and internal.

P. Very good: external and internal; very proper: and what are the external parts of a salt-box?

S. One fundamental, four laterals, and one superlateral.

P. And how do you find the internal parts of a salt-box?

S. Divided by a vertical membrane or partition into two large cavities or sinuses.

P. Are these cavities always equal?

S. They used to be so formerly, but modern joiners have found it best to have them unequal, for the more convenient accommodation of the viscera, or contents; the larger cavity for the reception of the coarser viscera, and the smaller for the fine.

P. Very true, sir; thus have modern joiners, by their improvements, excelled the first makers of salt-boxes. Tell me now, what peculiarity do you observe in the superlateral member of the salt-box?

S. Whereas all the other members are fixed and stationary with respect to each other, the superlateral is moveable on a pair of hinges.

P. To what purpose is it so constructed?

S. For the admission, retention, and emission of the saline particles.

Governor. This is sufficient. Let us proceed to

SURGERY, AND THE PRACTICE OF PHYSIC.

P. Mention a few of the disorders to which a saltbox is liable.

S. A cracked and leaky fundamental; gaping of the joint in the lateral laxation of the hinges; and an accension and concretion of filth and foulness, external and internal.

P. Very well. How would you treat these disorders? Begin with the first.

S. I would caulk the leaky fundamental with plodgets of tow, which I would secure in the fissure by a strip of linen or paper pasted over. For the starting lateral points, I would administer powerful astringents, such as the *gluten cornuosa*, and would bind the parts together by triple bandages, until the joints should knit.

P. Would you not assist with chalybeates?

S. I would attack the disease with prepared iron, in doses proportioned to the strength of the parts.

P. How would you manage the laxation of the hinges?

S. I would first examine whether it was occasioned by the starting of the points which annex the processes to the superlateral or its antagonist; or by a loss of the *fulcrum*; or by an absolute fracture of the *sutures*. In the first case, I would secure the process by a screw; in the second, I would bring the *sutures* together, and introduce the *fulcrum*, and in the last, I would entirely remove the fractured hinge, and supply its place, *pro tempore*, with one of leather.

P. Very well, sir; very well. Now for your treatment in case of accumulated foulnesses, external and internal. But first tell me how this foulness is contracted.

S. Externally, by the greasy hands of the cook; and internally, by the solutions and adhesion of the saline particles.

P. Very true; and now for the cure.

S. I would first evacuate the abominable vessel, through the *prima via*. I would then exhibit detergents and diluents; such as the saponaceous preparation, with plenty of *aqua fontana*.

P. Would not *aqua celestis* answer better?

S. Yes; plenty of *aqua celestis* with the marine sand. I would also apply the friction brush, with a brisk and strong hand, until the excrementitious concrete should be totally dissolved and removed.

P. Very proper. What next?

S. I would use the cold bath by means of a common pump. I would then apply lintal absorbents; and, finally, exsiccate the body by exposition, either in the sun, or before the culinary or kitchen fire.

P. In what situation would you leave the superlateral valve during the exsiccating operation?

S. I would leave it open to the extent, in order that the rarified humidities might escape from the abdominal cavities or sinuses.

CHEMISTRY.

P. You have mentioned the saponaceous preparation: how is that procured?

S. By the action of a vegetable alkaline salt upon a pinguidinous or unctuous substance.

P. What is salt?

S. It is a substance *sui generis*, pungent to the taste, of an antiseptic quality; and is produced by crystallization, or the evaporation of the fluid which it is suspended.

P. How many kinds of salt occur in a salt-box?

S. Two: coarse and fine.

P. You have said that the saponaceous preparation is procured by the action of an alkaline salt upon a pinguidinous or unctuous substance. Describe the process.

S. If a great quantity of strong lye be procured by passing water through the wood-ashes, and if a very large body of a pinguidinous habit should be immersed in this lye, and exposed to a considerable heat, the action of the lye, or rather of the salts with which it abounds, upon the pinguidinous body, would cause the mixture to coagulate into soap.

Notice was given at this instant that dinner was on the table: the examination was concluded, and the parties separated; the examiners rejoicing in the anticipation of a feast, and the examined happy in finding the fiery trial over.—*Flowers of Literature.*

WANTED TO KNOW.

If family jars are not the most treasured token of remembrance?

If keeping up a ball until daylight does not show a party spirit?

If the silence of the heart was ever broken?

If a hollow heart might be filled up with anything?

If a passing event is not an express train?

How to split a difference?

How to make a syrup to preserve peace?

How the person felt next morning after sleeping on a bed of roses?

Which is the best, a meerschaum or clay, for smoking a joke?

Family Herald.

"My son," said a fond parent to his offspring, after having surveyed the wonders of the Crystal Palace; "my son, if you can tell me which of all these marvellous works of man pleased you most, I will give you a half crown."—"The veal and ham pies," responded young hopeful; "give me the money."

TAKEN IN WORD.—A French savan, of excellent heart, but some what peccotric, lately discharged a servant. Another presented himself, and when matters were nearly settled, the gentleman said :—" Listen, my good fellow ; I am not unfair, but I hate to waste words. You must understand me at hint. For example, when I say " Give me my razors, to shave me," you must bring me at the same time warm water, soap, a napkin ; in fact, all the accessories of toilet. And so with everything." For some time all went on to a marvel, and our friend congratulated himself, on having so excellent a servant. One day he felt indisposed, and told his man to go for the doctor, who lived a few steps off. One hour, two hours passed away. No physician, no servant. Finally, at the end of three hours, back came the servant, " Well, sir!" said his master, " what made you so long a time gone for the doctor, who lives close at hand?" " *Ma foi,*" he replied, " monsieur remembers that when he gives me an order I must think of all that he will be likely to need. Thus I started for the doctor ; then the surgeon, in case there should be any operation to perform ; the nurse, in case she should be needed to pass the night ; the notary in case monsieur should wish to make his will ; and the undertaker and the gravedigger, in case he should die."—*The Lamp.*

MAN WITH A PETRIFIED WIFE.—A few days since a gentleman residing in Rising Sun Indiana, who had married a second time, wished to remove the body of his wife to a new cemetery. Preparations were made to that effect, and labourers opened the grave in the usual manner ; but when they reached the coffin they could not lift it, so great was the weight. After obtaining considerable assistance, however, the men succeeded in raising the coffin from the tomb. They then could not resist the temptation of peeping into the coffin, and learning the reason for its unusual weight, and found, instead of the remains of a corpse, a stone figure the exact counterpart of the woman who had died. This strange story soon spread, and hundreds and thousands of persons were present to see the strange spectacle. The husband took the body of his departed spouse home, and has it there now, where it is visited by hundreds of the curious and scientific. The body seems to have been petrified and to have become a perfect stone woman. The probability is that the body has become adipocere, and will, before long, melt or crumble.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

A STORY is going round of a country parson, invited to a bishop's house getting tea at five o'clock, and at seven o'clock of a winter evening having a bed-room candlestick put into his hands. He went to bed, slept, and was aroused by a bell ; the family were at dinner ! The tea was a fashionable preliminary—the Candlestick was a hint to dress. The story is altered and rather spoiled in the telling. It occurred in real life. The host was one of our dukes the rustic guest a country neighbour ; and the scene a countryhouse. Some additions perhaps, apocryphal are made as to his rushing down, *en dishabille*, crying " Fire fire," and saving a duchess (quietly going in to dinner) by rushing with her out on the lawn.—*Journal.*

ROSALBA, A SICILIAN TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHEV. DE FLORIVIN.

SINCE that it has become the custom in our France to philosophize, and for every one to meddle with reasoning, and to disbelieve all that cannot be proved to be true, magic and many other things have fallen greatly in estimation. Charms, philteres, and enchantments, so celebrated of old, and so dreaded by our ancestors, have nearly lost all their credit. The gipsies what tell fortunes, and the dealers in spells, are ridiculed; no one visits now the old women who predict from the cards; and even those more skilful practitioners, who read the future in the white of an egg or the grounds of coffee are contemptuously laughed at. Others may laugh: for my part, I do not. Without bringing forward here a crowd of histories, which are attested by a thousand witnesses, I every day see events happen which prove to me the truth of magic. For example, when two loves, whom absence, persecution and obstacles of all kinds have served but to render more dear to each other, have at length, by their continued constancy, succeeded in tying the hymeneal knot and then, all at once, mutually disgusted, they become unfaithful at the very moment when fidelity is a duty,—will any one say that there is nothing of magic in the case? When a broken-hearted widow ready to die of grief on the tomb of her husband, and who makes her friends fear that her despair will at last wholly deprive her of her senses, is in a moment restored to reason by the sight of a handsome young man, and that, drying up the tears in which she was drowned, she puts into the hands of her consoler, her fortune, of which he takes good care, and her happiness, about which he cares nothing,—is it not evident that this must be the effect of some magical potion? There can be no doubt of it; and a hundred similar instances may be cited in support of my assertion. Besides, Spain, Italy, and Sicily, still have a tribunal, whose business it is severely to punish magicians; an additional proof that their art is not so chimerical as some would induce us to believe. A judgment, too, may be formed upon this head, from the following very true anecdote, which I had from those who were eye-witnesses of the fact.

Rosalba was born at Palermo, of an illustrious and powerful family. Fortune did much for her and nature did still more from her infancy, her growing beauty, her grace, her sweetness, her sense, made her the idol of a father, of whom she was the only child. The most careful education, the most able masters, unfolded the talents which Heaven had bestowed upon Rosalba. At the age of fourteen she already eclipsed all the Sicilian beauties; she understood and spoke the language of Racine, that of Pope, that of Cervantes, and even somewhat of that of Gessner; she made verses which she showed only to her father, but which would have delighted others than her father; she sung the airs of Leo, with a voice more affecting than that of the famous Faustina; and when she accompanied herself on the harp, the cardinals and prelate who had the best taste in music unanimously agreed that Rosalba could not be surpassed by the angels of heaven.

To so many charms, and so many accomplishments, Rosalba joined a fortune of a hundred thousand ducats a year. It may easily be believed that she was sought after by the first nobles of Sicily. The old Count de Scanzano, her father, wise enough to know that a splendid marriage is not always a happy one, took especial care not to look merely to the titles and riches of those who aspired to the hand of his daughter. He would not favour any one of them in particular; but confining himself to admitting them to the concerts and balls which he frequently gave, this good parent allowed Rosalba to remain absolute mistress of her choice.

Rosalba was long undecided. She was naturally tender, lively, impassioned, like a Sicilian; but she was only sixteen, and her heart, which already began to speak, had not yet declared itself for any one. Her eyes however, had singled out the young Duke of Castellamare. A tall and graceful stature, a handsome figure, wit, valor, a great name, and the age of nineteen, gave the duke the advantage over rivals wiser than himself. Deprived of his parents when he was in the cradle the liberty which he had prematurely enjoyed might serve as an apology for the deviations of impetuous youth. Beside those deviations were not known, and the Count de Scanzano, who at first had *disliked to see him seeking the hand of Rosalba*, no sooner heard that he was preferred, than he himself preferred him. He first spoke to the duke: he bestowed on him a warm panegyric? and on this occasion, as he had long been accustomed to do, he gave his daughter such advice as he perceived would be most pleasing for her to follow.

The marriage was soon concluded. The Count de Scanzano celebrated it by magnificent entertainments. The young duchess was introduced at the court of the viceroy, of which she became the fairest ornament. Nothing was talked of but her charms; and the duke was universally envied. The blissful Rosalba gave herself up to the pleasures of every kind, which employed and varied all her moments. Young, beautiful, rich, adored, she saw before her a long career of felicity. Her husband lived but to love her; and her old father transported with joy, loudly returned thanks to Heaven, embraced his son-in-law, gazed on his daughter, and congratulated himself on the certainty of his quitting existence before any event could occur to disturb the happiness which he felt.

Six months after the marriage that happiness no longer existed. The duke, led astray by his dangerous friends, the corrupters of his youth, once more gave himself up to those lamentable pleasures which he had quitted, but not renounced. He abandoned his wife, for the sake of worthless rivals. At first he carefully concealed the outrages which he offered to love; but soon, throwing off all restraint, he lavished his treasures on the vile objects of his transient flames; he himself made public his excesses, and seemed to be vain of the trouble which he took to procure his own degradation.

The unfortunate Rosalba had no need of information from those officious persons who take a pleasure in lacerating the hearts of deserted wives. She loved the duke and perceived the change as soon as he himself did. Repressing her tears in silence, and hiding her grief from every eye, she was particularly solicitous to conceal it from her father, and to spare the tender old man a sorrow which would have sunk him to the tomb. Feigning before him that she was happy, and smiling when the tears were stifling her she framed excuses for the frequent absences of the duke, whenever the count complained of them; assigned motives for them; and invented pretexts to account for her own profound solitude, and for the state of her health, which was every day declining. This good father did not believe her, but he pretended to believe; he hid from her his alarms, his disquietude; and both of them, fearing to disclose what passed in their minds, were induced, by the delicacy of their feelings, to deceive each other.

Rosalba had but one friend, to whom she confided her secrets. This friend, who was named Laura, was her most faithful domestic. Better informed than her mistress of the libertinism of the young duke, and despairing ever to see him return to his wife, Laura had often endeavoured to extinguish, or at least to weaken, the fondness of the duchess. She had exhorted her to live at last for herself, for her father, for friendship. Rosalba could not follow this advice. The want which she felt of loving, the delicious pleasure of being able to reconcile her duty and her inclination, the involuntary gratitude which an innocent young female feels toward the man who first taught her to love—all conspired to inflame the heart of Rosalba, all rendered dear to her a guilty husband. She attributed to herself the cause of her misfortune; she reproached herself with having believed that always to love would be sufficient to make her always sure of being loved; and likewise with having, since her marriage, neglected those talents of which she was little vain, but which seduce, captivate, and often detain more strongly than constancy the lover whose pride they gratify. Rosalba now dressed more elegantly; she found the secret of appearing more lovely; she returned to her harp and her songs, and drew tears from the eyes of her father, by singing the beautiful verses of Tasso, in which Rinaldo is recalled by Armida. Her efforts were fruitless her sweetness of temper, her patience, her tender attentions, had no effect upon her husband. Yielding himself up to the most shameful profligacy, passing the days and nights far from his home, far from the duchess, scarcely did he see her for a few moments, scarcely did he hear from others, to what a height of perfection she had brought those enchanting talents which she cultivated for him alone.

At length, driven to despair, Rosalba prayed for death, and Laura began to fear that grief would indeed put an end to her existence. "My dear mistress," said she to her one day, "since it is not in your power to cure yourself of a fatal passion, which is sinking you to the grave; since, to bring back an

ingrate, you have exhausted the strongest and the tenderest means that love and virtue can employ, other means must be used, rather than you shall be suffered to perish. I know an old Jewess, who has lived at Palermo for those two years, who is celebrated for her magical skill, and particularly for the love potions which she makes. Our pretended freethinkers make game of the wonders which she performs, and refuse to put any faith in them but for my part, thank Heaven! I believe every thing, and I cannot doubt what I have seen with my own eyes. You remember the young Elizabeth who came last winter to show you some gauzes, and in whom you seemed to take an interest. She was no less prudent than handsome. She resided with my sister, who has a thousand times told me that she was an example to all the neighbourhood. A young nobleman saw her at church, and had the boldness to talk to her of love. Elizabeth would not listen to him; she sent back his letters unopened, and avoided coming in his way. The rejected lover hastened to beg the assistance of the old Jewess, informed her of his attachment, and made her a large present. The sorceress gave him a small green taper, which she told him to light whenever he was desirous of seeing the object of his affections. Whether he lighted the candle that very evening I cannot say, but I know that since that time Elizabeth goes every night alone to her lover and does not leave him till break of day. My sister, having ascertained this fact, was beginning to reproach her, but the poor Elizabeth disarmed her, by telling her that as soon as she is asleep, she gets up, dresses herself by some supernatural power, quits the house without wishing to do so, and, in spite of herself, seeks the young nobleman, for whom she has not the least affection. 'There,' says she, 'is a green taper which burns without being consumed, and which goes out with a noise as soon as the day appears. Then I recover my reason, I seem to awake from a terrible dream, and I return to my home bathed in tears.'

"By this story, my dear mistress, which is but too true, you may form an idea how powerful are the enchantments of this Jewess. Why not consult her? If you do not wish to be known, dress in my clothes. If you are afraid of going to her, I will undertake to bring her here."

"The duchess heard Laura with a melancholy smile. She rejected her offer, unwilling to apply to a remedy which her understanding and her reason represented to her as being completely ridiculous. But understanding and reason have no great influence when we love, and nothing appears foolish which seems likely to assist in rendering us attractive. Rosalba meditated upon the Jewess. Her imagination, naturally ardent, was still more inflamed by love. Credulous, because she was tender, she paid to the customs of her country that tribute of superstition which every Sicilian owes to them: she was now utterly hopeless; and Laura every day related to her some new miracle which had been performed

by the sorceress. Rosalba at length made up her mind, and gave permission to Laura to go in search of the Jewess.

The old woman did not come till night. She was privately introduced into a secret apartment, which was scantily lighted. The duchess immediately entered, accompanied only by Laura. She was ready to recoil with terror at the sight of a short figure, bending on a black-thorn stick, and dressed in a red gown, which was confined by a yellow girdle. On the head of the sorceress, which kept perpetually shaking, an old hood, drawn forward, scarcely concealed a few gray hairs. A pointed bone, covered with dry skin, which formerly was her nose, nearly joined a similar bone which still served as a chin. Her keen though bloodshot eyes were surmounted by eyebrows of straggling white hairs, and two wrinkled cavities marked the spots which were once her cheeks.

The duchess, having a little recovered from her fright, desired the old sorceress to be seated, and, wishing to disguise nothing from her, "I adore my husband," said she, and at these words tears dropped from her eyes; "have been beloved by him; yes, I am sure he loved me! Now he quits me for vile objects who are unworthy of him. If you can bring him back; if you can restore him to me, such as he was in the days of my bliss, my purse, my jewels, all that I possess, shall be yours."

The sorceress bent her head, knitted her white eyebrows, and rubbed her forehead with her withered hand. After a moment's silence, "Madam," said she, in a hoarse voice, "I have philtres, of which the effect is infallible in bringing back wandering lovers; but I know of none strong enough for husbands. I was, however, applied to last winter, by a young princess, who was in the same situation with yourself. Her husband was enamoured of a Roman singer, who was ordinary enough in person, and declining in years. I tried two magical potions in vain. Astonished at my bad success, I began to suspect that the singer herself dealt in magic, and that she counteracted my charms by others, which destroyed their effect. Piqued, then, by the spirit of rivalry, which is the inspirer of talent, I contrived to procure admission into the house of the singer. I ascended to the garret; it was secured by three locks; you may judge that I had no need of keys to open them. When I entered the garret, I soon perceived what it was that rendered my philtres of no avail. I saw a handsome cock, chained by the neck, the wings, and the legs. The cock had on both his eyes leather shades, which entirely prevented him from seeing. I laughed with contempt. I seized the cock, and contented myself with taking off the shades. Quite satisfied that all my wishes will be fulfilled, I then returned home. In fact, the moment that the cock ceased to be blind, the husband of the young princess ceased to be so with respect to the singer. He saw her as she really was, ugly, old, wicked, and

perfidious; and seeing also that his wife was young, faithful, and charming became more enamoured of her than ever. The cure which we now have to perform is far more difficult. You cannot point out any particular woman who has your husband's affections. Several share it, and my enchantments, thus divided, would assuredly lose their strength. Let us however not despair,—I am the mistress of a terrible secret; and if I could obtain the locks, cut by yourself, from the head of a criminal who died on the gibbet, I should be sure of making you loved, for your whole life, by him whom you adore." The duchess shuddered at those words, and dismissed the sorceress; but she had no sooner quitted the room than Laura hastened to recall her. Driven to desperation, Rosalba, after having exhausted her offers and entreaties, to her to find other means, and conquered at last by the pertinacity of the Jewess, who persisted in repeating that this means alone was certain, Rosalba ended by inquiring how these terrible locks were to be procured.

"Listen to me," said the sorceress. "Half a league from Palermo, on the road to Corlione, is a small chapel, surrounded by a deep ditch. A wooden bridge leads to this chapel, and round the chapel runs a ledge of stone, about six inches wide. Above this ledge are suspended from the walls the bodies of the criminals who are executed at Palermo. They continue there, as a warning to others, till they fall into the ditch, which serves as a sepulchre for their remains. If you have courage enough, or rather love enough, to go to this chapel alone, and to cut off with your left hand the locks of the first corpse that you meet with, I will answer for the rest. But no one must accompany you. It is necessary that you should go alone, and that it should be at the hour of midnight."

Rosalba reflected for a few moments; then, seizing and strongly pressing the hand of the old Jewess, she replied, "I will go."

The clock struck eleven. Rosalba determined to make the attempt immediately. She called for her veil, and Laura, trembling, gave it to her. She furnished herself with a dark lantern, a pair of scissors, and a dagger; ordered the sorceress to wait for her; forbade Laura to follow her; and quitted the palace by the garden gate. She then hastened out of the city, took the road of Corlione, and was soon in the country, entirely by herself, amidst the darkness of the night, walking forward with a rapid and firm step, her mind solely occupied with the idea of her husband.

She arrived; she saw the chapel—a trembling came over her; but, without stopping, she sought with her lantern the entrance to the wooden bridge. She crossed it, and pressed forward; and, when she came to the ledge of stone, she paused to examine it by the feeble light of her lantern. The ledge was barely half a foot in width, and was cut sloping towards the ditch. The duchess turned the light to it, and looked down the precipice; she could distinguish whitened bones about forty yards below her,

Almost ready to faint, Rosalba rallied her spirits, made an effort, and placed one foot on the narrow ledge. At the second step she tottered. Her first impulse naturally was to stretch out her hand, to support herself by the wall. Her hand met the leg of one of the suspended corpses. She seized and held it fast, passed her lantern from her left hand to that which held the leg, took out her scissors, and stretching out her insecurely fixed feet, to raise herself on tiptoe, she endeavoured to reach the head of the corpse, that she might obtain the locks which she wanted.

While she was in the midst of this horrible occupation, a chariot with six horses passed along the high road. In this chariot was a young man who was conducting two opera-singers to his country house. By the twinkling of the pale light, he distinguished from the crowd a female, who seemed to be trying to take down the body of one of the wretched criminals. Struck with horror and affright, the young man took the female for a sorceress, who was preparing to perform some magical operation. He stopped the horses, rushed from his carriage, hurried forward, and, superstitious even though debauched, he exclaimed, with a thundering voice, "Infamous wretch! leave the dead in peace, or fear the living. Tremble, lest I instantly drag you from your horrible prey, and deliver you into the hands of the Inquisition."

What were the feelings of the duchess on hearing these words. It was the voice of her husband! In her surprise and terror she dropped the lantern, which rolled down, went out, and left the unhappy Rosalba in utter darkness suspended to the corpse, trembling, scarcely breathing, and aware that her strength was rapidly deserting her.

The duke redoubled his threats. He was already crossing the bridge. Compelled at length to speak, the nearly dying Rosalba said to him, "Stop, stop! God and my heart bear me witness that I mediate no crime. Do not revile an unfortunate being, who deserves only pity; but, above all, do not come near me, unless you wish me instantly to throw myself into this gulf."

At these words, at that voice, the duke knew his wife. He screamed, hurried towards her, uttering her name and imploring her to wait for him, and to take courage; he even lavished expressions of tenderness, which were forced from him by the danger of Rosalba. At length he reached her, seized her in his arms, carried her senseless to the chariot, from which he turned out those who occupied it; and flying back to the city, frozen with surprise and horror, he reached his palace before the duchess recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen.

Laura, when she saw her mistress lifeless in the arms of the duke, filled the air with cries of grief. She assisted, and restored her to life; while the duke, almost beside himself, could not believe what he had seen, strove in vain to comprehend it, and requested an explanation. The Jewess, then, with an awful gravity, addressed him in these words:

"Insensible and cruel man! fall on your knees before your wife, and adore that model of affectionate and constant hearts. Never did lover, never did husband, receive a warmer, greater, stronger proof of love, than that which you have now received. Learn, ingrate! learn what your Rosalba has done for you; blush for having reduced her to it; and employ your whole future life in paying the debt which you have thus contracted in a single moment.

The Jewess then recounted her conversation with the duchess, and the terrible proof which she had required from her. The duke did not wait till the old woman had finished her story; he threw himself at the feet of the duchess, and shed tears of admiration, tenderness, and repentance; he vowed to atone, by an eternal constancy, for that misconduct which he now abhorred, he entreated her pardon, and confessed that he was not worthy of it. The tender Rosalba raised him up with a melancholy smile, pressed him to her bosom, bathed his face with tears of rapture; and both at once pouring out their grateful acknowledgments, they mutually thanked each other for the happiness which they were henceforth to enjoy.

From this moment the young Castellamere, abandoning the false friends who had not been able entirely to corrupt him, happy in a felicity which he had not yet known,—that which is given by virtue, pure love, and a heart at peace with itself,—Castellamere, daily more attached to and more loved by Rosalba, passed his days serenely with his faithful wife, their children, and the good old Scanzano. The Jewess, enriched by the gifts which the duchess lavished on her, followed her advice, and relinquished her dangerous profession. She has since confessed that, when she proposed to Rosalba to visit the chapel she knew that the duke always passed by it about midnight. She, perhaps, reckoned upon this meeting; but that circumstance does not diminish the glory of her success, nor ought it in the least to lessen the faith which is due to the wonderful power of magicians.

POOR BUT INDEPENDENT. A short time ago, a highway-man undertook to rob Major Jones in a piece of wood over in Jersey. He asked Jones for his pocket-book Jones, refused to yield. Highwayman then took Jones by the neck, and undertook to choke him down. Jones made fight, and kept it up for half an hour. At the expiration of that time Jones carved, and the highwayman commenced rifling his pockets. The contents amounted to eighteen cents. Is that all you've got?" "Every cent." "What made you fight so long?" "Didn't want to be exposed. Bad enough to have only eighteen cents, but a great deal worse to have the whole world know it."—*Weekly Councils' Bluff's Bugle*.

In the street of Leicester one day Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who staggering against his reverence, said, "I have been spinning it out." "Yes," said the Dean, "I see you have, and now you are reeling it home."

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIVING POETS TO THE STREAM OF CASTALY.

"Who now shall give unto me words and sound
Equal unto this haughty enterprise?"

SPENSER, B. 2. c. 10.

I AM one of those unfortunate youths to whom the Muse has glanced a sparkling of her light,—one of those who pant for distinction, but have not within them that immortal power which alone can command it. There are many,—some, sir, may be known to you,—who feel keenly and earnestly the eloquence of heart and mind in others, but who cannot, from some inability or unobtrusiveness, clearly express their own thoughts and feelings: whose lives are but long and silent dreams of romantic pleasure and poetical wonderment;—who almost adore the matchless fancies of genuine bards, and love them as interpreters and guardians of those visionary delights which are the perpetual inmates of their bosoms. I love the poets: I live in the light of their fancies. It is my best delight to wander forth on summer evenings, when the air is fresh and clear,—and the leaves of the trees are making music with it,—and the birds are busy with their wings, fluttering themselves to rest,—and a brook is murmuring along almost inaudibly, and the sun is going quietly down:—is at this time delicious to muse over the works of our best bards. Some time last year, I had roamed in an evening like to one of those I have spoken of, and, after dwelling on the fairy beauties of Spenser, and from thence passing to the poets of my own time, and comparing the latter with some that had gone before, I cast myself on a romantic bank by a brook side. The silence around me,—save the home-returning bee with its "drowsy hum,"—and the moaning sound of distant cattle,—and the low, sullen gurgling of waters—lulled me into a sleep. The light of my thoughts gilded my dream;—my vision was a proof of mental existence when the bodily sense had passed away.

Mothought—(this, I believe, is the established language of dreams,—methought I was walking idly along a romantic vale, which was surrounded with majestic and rugged mountains: a small stream struggled through it, and its waves seemed the brightest crystal I had ever witnessed. I sat me down on its margin, which was rocky and beautiful—(so far my vision was copied directly from life).—As I mused, a female figure rose like a silvery mist from the waters, and advanced, with a countenance full of light, and a form of living air:—her garments floated round her like waves, and her hair basked on her shoulders—

"Like sunny beams on alabaster rocks."

There was a touch of immortality in her eyes,—and, indeed, her visage altogether was animated with a more than earthly glory. She approached me

with smiles, and told me she was the guardian of the stream that flowed near,—and that the stream itself was the true *Castalean*, which so many “rave of though they know it not.” I turned with fresh delight to gaze on the water; its music sounded heavenly to me,—I fancied that there was a pleasant *dactyle* motion in its waves. The Spirit said, that from the love I bore to her favorite, Spenser, she would permit me to see (myself unseen) the annual procession of living bards to fetch water from the stream on that day :—I looked her my thanks as well as I was able. She likewise informed me, that it was customary for each poet, as he received his portion, to say in what manner he intended to use it. The voice of the Spirit was such as fancy has heard in some wild and lovely spot among the hills or lakes of this world at twilight time :—I felt my soul full of music while listening to it, and held my breath in every excess of delight. Suddenly I heard the sound of approaching feet, and a confused mingling of voices: the Spirit touched me into invisibility, and then softly faded into sunny air herself.

In a little time I saw a motley crowd advancing confusedly to the stream. I soon perceived that they were each provided with vessels to bear away some portion of the immortal waters. They all paused at a little distance from the spot on which I was reclining; and then each walked singly and slowly from the throng, and dipped his vessel in the blue will wave of Castaly. I will endeavour to describe the manner and words of the most interesting of our living poets on this most interesting occasion. The air about the spot seemed brighter with their presence, and the waves danced along with a livelier delight :—Pegasus might be seen coursing the winds in wild rapture on one of the neighbouring mountains,—and sound of glad and viewless wings were heard at intervals in the air, as if “troops of spirits were revelling overhead, and rejoicing at the scene.”

And first, methought, a lonely and melancholy figure slowly moved forth and silently filled a Grecian urn :—I knew by the look of nobility, and the hurried and turbulent plunge with which the vessel was dashed into the stream, that the owner was Lord Byron. He shed some tears while gazing on the water, and they seemed to make it purer and fairer. He declared that he would keep the urn by him, untouched, “for some years;”—but he had scarcely spoken, ere he had sprinkled forth some careless drops on the earth, He suddenly retreated.

There then advanced a polite personage very oddly clad;—he had a breast-plate on,—and over that a Scotch plaid—and, strange to say, with those,—silk stockings and dress shoes. This gentleman brought an old helmet for his vessel ;—I guessed him to be Walter Scott. His helmet did not hold enough for a very deep draught, but the water it contained took a pleasant sparkle from the warlike metal which shone through its shallowness. He said he had disposed of his portion on advantageous terms.

Next came Thomas Moore. You might have known him by the wild lustre of his eye, and the fine freedom of his air. He gaily dipped a goblet in the tide, and vowed, in his high-spirited manner, that he would turn his share to nectar;—he departed with smiles. I heard the wings play pleasantly in the air while he was bending over the stream.

I now perceived a person advance whom I knew to be Southey. His brow was bound by a wreath of faded laurel, which had every mark of town growth. He appeared quite bewildered, and scarcely could remember his way to the inspiring stream. His voice was chanting the praises of kings and courts as he advanced—but he dropped some little poems behind him, as he passed me, which were very opposite in tone to what he himself uttered. He was compelled to stoop before he could reach the water,—and the gold vessel which he used procured but little at last. He declared that his intention was to make sack of what he obtained. On retiring, he mounted a cream-coloured horse, which was in waiting,—and set off in uneven paces for St. James's.

Then appeared Rogers with a glass in his hand, which, from the cipher engraved thereon, had evidently once belonged to Oliver Goldsmith. He caught but a few drops, and these he meant to make the most of, by mingling them with common water.

Crabbe, with a firm step and steady countenance, walked sedately to the stream, and plunged a wooden bowl into it:—he observed that he should make strong ale for the country people of all that he took away;—and that, after the first brewing, he should charitably allow Mr. Fitzgerald to make small beer for his own use.

In a pensive attitude, Montgomery sauntered to the water's brink; he then amused a while,—uttered a few somethings of half poetry and half prayer,—dipped a little mug of Sheffield ware in the wave, and retired in tears.

With a wild yet nervous step Campbell came from the throng. Light visions started up in the fair distances as he moved, and the figure of *Hop* could be faintly discerned amidst them,—she smiled on him as he advanced. He dipped his bowl in the stream with a fine bold air, and expressed his intention of analysing part of the water which he procured.

Next came Hunt, with a rich fanciful goblet in his hand, finely enamelled with Italian landscapes: he held the cup to his breast as he approached and his eyes sparkled with frank delight. After catching a wave; in which a sunbeam seemed freshly melted, he intimated that he should water heart's ease and many favourite flowers with it. The sky appeared of a deep blue as he was retiring.

Lord Strangford would now have advanced, but the voice of the Spirit forbade him,—as he did not come for the water on his own account.

Coleridge, Lamb, and Lloyd, walked forth arm-in-arm, and moved gently to the stream:—they conversed, as they passed, on the beauties of the country,—on its peaceful associations, and on the purity of domestic affections. Their conversation then turned to poetry,—and from the simplicity of the remarks of Lloyd and Lamb, I found that their very hearts were wedded to innocence and peace; —Coleridge talked in a higher strain,—but he at last confused himself with the abstruseness of his own observations:—he hinted at a metaphysical poem he was about to write in 100 books. Lamb remarked to him, that he should prefer one of his affectionate and feeling sonnets to all his wanderings of mind. Each of these poets held in his hand a simple porringer—declaring, that it brought the finest recollections of frugal fare and country quiet:—Lamb and Lloyd dipped in a bright but rather shallow part of the stream;—Coleridge went to the depths, where he might have caught the purest water, had he not unfortunately clouded it with the sand which he himself disturbed at bottom. Lamb and Lloyd stated that they should take their porringers home, and share their contents with the amiable and simple hearts dwelling there;—Coleridge was not positive as to the use to which he should apply his portion of the stream, till he had ascertained what were the physical reasons for the sand's propensity to mount and curl itself in water: he thought, however, of clubbing it with the portions of his companions, and making a lake of the whole.—These three poets left the stream in the same manner they approached it.

Last came a calm and majestic figure moving serenely towards the stream.—The Colandines and small flowers sprang up to catch the pressure of his foot,—the sunlight fell with a finer glow around,—spirits rustled most mirthfully and musically in the air, and a wing every now and then twinkled into sight,—(like the autumn leaf that trembles and flashes up to the sun)—and its feathers of wavy gold were almost too sparkling to be looked upon;—the waters of Castaly ran brighter as he approached, and seemed to play and dimple with pleasure at his presence. It was Wordsworth!—In his hand he held a vase of pure crystal,—and, when he had reached the brink of the stream, the wave proudly swelled itself into his cup:—at this moment the sunny air above his brow became embodied,—and the glowing and lightsome spirit shone into being, and dropped a garland on his forehead;—sound^s ethereal swelled, and trembled, and revelled in the air,—and forms of light played in and out of sight,—and all around seemed like a living world of breathing poetry. Wordsworth bent with reverence over the vase, and declared that the waters he had obtained should be the refreshment of his soul;—he then raised his countenance,—which had become illumined from the wave over which he had bowed,—and retired with a calm dignity.

The sounds of stirring wings now ceased,—the air became less bright,—and the flowers died away upon the banks. No other poet remained to

obtain water from the Castalian stream,—but still it sparkled and played along, with a soul-like and melodious sound. On a sudden I heard a confusion of tongues behind me. On turning round, I found that it arose from a mistaken set of gentlemen who were chattering and bustling and dipping at a little brook, which they deemed was the true Castalian. Their splashing and vociferation and bustle can only be imagined by those who have seen a flock of geese wash themselves in a pond with gabbling importance. There was Spenser, with a goblet, lent to him by a lady of quality,—and Hayley simpering, and bowing, and reaching with a tea-cup at the water,—and Wilson with a child's pap-spoon,—and Bowles laboriously engaged in filling fourteen nut-shells,—and Lewis slowly and mysteriously plunging an old skull into the brook:—while poor Cottle fumed and angered, but scarcely reached the stream at last. There were no encouraging signs in the elements,—no delightful sounds of attendant spirits,—no springing up of flowers to cheer these worthies in their pursuits:—they seemed perfectly satisfied with their own greatness, and were flattered into industry by their own vanity and loudness. After some time, the perpetual activity of tongues fatigued my ear, and I turned myself from the noisy crowd towards the silent heavens:—there to my astonished and delighted eyes appeared Shakspeare, surrounded with excessive light, with Spenser on one hand, and Milton on the other,—and with the best of our early bards thronging about him. One glance of his eye scared the silly multitude from the brook;—then, amidst unearthly music, he calmly ascended, and was lost in the splendours of the sky.—At this moment I awoke,—and musing on the wonders of my dream,—slowly bent my way homewards.—*The Champion.*

NEVER purchase love or friendship by gifts; when thus obtained they are lost as soon as you have stopped payments.

NOTE-WRITING BAROMETER.

The Social Use of "Regards," "Respects," and "Compliments," presenting the Thermometer of a Woman's Feelings.

SUMMER HEAT.

When Woman loves, or friendship feels,
With kindness she rewards;
In words of friendship then she deals,
And sends her "KIND REGARDS."

TEMPERATE

When Fashion would due deference pay,
And courteous terms select;
Her words appear in smooth array,
And ladies send "RESPECTS."

FREEZING.

But when a woman's heart feels cold,
Then coldly she "presents,"
What is but painful to be told
Her frigid "COMPLIMENTS."
How choiceful, then, we ought to be
Of terms that social life invents;
A wide distinction here we see
Between "REGARDS" and "COMPLIMENTS."

P. A. NUTTALL.

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

KING HENRY IV. of France received an education very different from that usually bestowed on princes. From his infancy his person was exposed to all the rigour of the season: his clothing was plain, his diet coarse and spare; he was instructed to deport himself with humility to the meanest object, and to familiarise himself to the manners of all ranks of people. This last custom grew into inclination with him, and he never departed from it during his life. Some few weeks after the conclusion of the treaty of peace with Spain and Savoy, the king was returning from a shooting party, and had, as was frequently his custom, dismissed his attendants. He was accompanied by three gentlemen closely wrapped up in great cloaks, to secure them from the inclemency of the weather, which had turned out wet and boisterous. Stopping upon that part of the quay where the college of the four nations now stands, the king cast his eyes upon a man who rowed the boat (as is still the custom) from shore to shore, on the river Seine; and, turning to those about him, "I observe," said he, "something of an impatient discontent in that fellow's countenance: methinks I have a curiosity to be acquainted with the subject of his chagrin." In saying these words, he descended to the river side, and entered the boat. Being soon seated, and turning to the man, "Well, my friend," says the king, "what think you of the peace?" "I don't know, nor I what to think of it," replied the man: "I am not a farthing the better for this same peace they make so much noise about: I don't find things a jot better than they were before; the taxes are as high as ever, and the Lord knows when they will be lowered; I don't find fish, flesh, or fowl, or wine, or bread, a bit the cheaper for their peace. I am forced to tug this cursed boat from morning till night, in heat and in cold, in rain and in sunshine, and, when I have done all, I can scarce live by my labour; almost all goes to the king." "What then," said Henry, "is your opinion of the king?" "His majesty," replied the ferryman, "may be a good sort of a man enough; but that's no matter; he keeps a mistress that is as extravagant as the devil: she spends more money in fine gowns, trinkets, and such-like thing; than would support half a dozen provinces; and, at last, it is such poor starving dogs as I must pay for all; though between you and I, if the truth may be told, she has other gallants besides him." The king landed extremely well satisfied with the conversation that had passed between him and the ferryman, resolving to divert himself yet more with it, by relating the whole to his mistress the famous Gabrielle d'Estrees, duchess of Beaufort, on whose beauty so many encomiums have been made. The duchess received the account with the utmost rage, and ordered that the fellow might appear before her the day following, and in the presence of the king. The ferryman was brought in the condition of a man led to execution, and in no small appre-

hension of that doom which very probably might have been his fate, had he been at the mercy of a prince less remarkable for the goodness of his heart, and the sweetness of his disposition; but it was the contrary with the duchess, who obstinately persisted to have him hanged. "Poh, poh, you are a fool," says the king: "cannot you see that this is a poor devil dissatisfied and out of humour with his condition? I will make his boat free and engage that he will bawl all the rest of his days, Long live Henry and long live Gabrielle!"

WANTS EXPERIENCE.—A young gentleman the other day asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general? "Not knowing, I can't tell was the reply;" "but if you and I would put our heads together, I could soon give definite answer."

WEALTH AND POVERTY.—Poverty runs strongly to fun. A man is never so full of jokes as when he is reduced to one shirt and two potatoes. Wealth is taciturn and fretful. Stockbrokers would no sooner indulge in a hearty laugh than they would lend money on a "second mortgage." Nature is a great believer in compensations. Those to whom she sends wealth she saddles with law suits and dyspepsia. The poor never indulge in woodcock, but then they have a style of appetite that converts a number three mackerel into a salmon and that is quite as well.

ACROSTIC.—The following alliterative acrostic is a gem in its way. Miss Kitty Stephens was the celebrated London vocalist, and is now the Dowager Countess of Essex:—

She sings so soft, so sweet, so soothing still,
That to the tone ten thousand thoughts there thrill;
Elysian ecstasies enchant each ear—
Pleasure's pure pinions poise prince, peasant, peer;
Hushing high hymns, Heaven hears her harmony,
Earth's envy ends: enthralled each ear, each eye;
Numbers need nine-fold nerve, or nearly name,
Soul-stirring Stephen's skill, sure scraps sing the samo.

A CRINOLINE JAM.—To make an excellent jam squeeze six or eight women now-a-days into a common stage-coach.

THINK.—Thought engenders thought. Place one idea on paper, another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There's a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be.

If some persons were to bestow one half of their fortune in learning how to properly spend the other half, it would be money extremely well laid out.

• "JAN SCHALKEN'S THREE WISHES."

A DUTCH LEGEND.

At a small fishing village in Dutch Flanders, there is still shown the site of a hut, which was an object of much attention whilst it stood, on account of a singular legend that relates to its first inhabitant, a kind-hearted fellow, who depended on his boat for subsistence, and his own happy disposition for cheerfulness during every hardship and privation. Thus the story goes: one dark and stormy night in winter, as Jan Schalken was sitting with his good-natured buxom wife by the fire, he was awakened from a transient doze by a knocking at the door of his hut. He started up, drew back the bolt, and a stranger entered. He was a tall man, but little could be distinguished either of his face or figure, as he wore a large dark cloak which he had contrived to pull over his head after the fashion of a cowl. "I am a poor traveller (said the stranger,) and want a night's lodging. Will you grant it to me?" "Aye, to be sure, (replied Schalken,) but I am afraid your cheer will be but sorry. Had you come sooner you might have fared better. Sit down, however, and eat of what is left." The traveller took him at his word, and in a short time afterwards retired to his humble sleeping-place. In the morning as he was about to depart, he advanced towards Schalken, and giving him his hand, thus addressed him: "It is needless for you, my good friend, to know who I am; but of this be assured, that I can and will be grateful; for when the rich and the powerful turned me last night from their inhospitable gates, you welcomed me as man should welcome man: and looked with an eye of pity on the desolate traveller in the storm. I grant you three wishes. Be they what they may, these wishes shall be gratified." Now, Schalken certainly did not put much faith in these promises, but still he thought it the safest plan to make trial of them: and, accordingly, began to consider how he should fix his wishes. Jan was a man who had few or no ambitious views; and was contented with the way of life in which he had been brought up. In fact he was so well satisfied with his situation, that he had not the least inclination to lose a single day of his laborious existence: but, on the contrary, had a very sincere wish of adding a few years to those which he was destined to live. This gave rise to wish the first: "Let my wife and myself live (he said) fifty years longer than nature had designed." "It shall be done," cried the stranger. Whilst Schalken was puzzling his brain for a second wish, he bethought him that a pear-tree, which was in his little garden, had been frequently despoiled of its fruit, to the no small detriment of the said tree, and grievous disappointment of its owner. "For my second wish, grant that whoever climbs my pear-tree shall not have power to leave it until my permission be given."

This was also assented to,—Schalken was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bustling body and often jumped up in the midst of a conversation that she had only heard ten or twelve times, to scrub the table or set their clay platters in order. Nothing disturbed him so much as this, and he was determined, if possible, to prevent a recurrence of the nuisance. With this object in view, he approached close to the stranger, and in a low whisper told him his third and last wish; that whoever sat in a particular chair in his hut should not be able to move out of it until it should please him so to order. This wish was agreed to by the traveller, who, after many greetings, departed on his way. Years passed on, and his last two wishes had been fully gratified by often detaining thieves in his tree, and his wife on her chair. The time was approaching when the promise of longevity would be falsified or made manifest. It happened that the birth-days of the fisherman and his wife were the same. They were sitting together on the evening of the day that made him 79 years and Mietje 73 years of age, when the moon that was shining through the window of the hut seemed suddenly to be extinguished, and the stars rushed down the dark clouds and lay glaring on the surface of the ocean, over which was spread an unnatural calmness, although the skies appeared to be mastered by the winds, and were heaving onward, with their mighty waves of cloud. Birds dropped dead from the boughs and the foliage of the trees turned to a pale red. All seemed to prognosticate the approach of Death; and in a few minutes afterwards sure enough he came. He was, however, very different from all that the worthy couple had heard or fancied of him. He was certainly rather thin, and had very little colour, but he was well dressed and his deportment was that of a gentleman. Bowing very politely to the ancient pair, he told them he merely came to give notice that by right they should have belonged to him on that day, but a fifty years' respite was granted, and when that period had expired, he should visit them again. He then walked away, and the moon, and the stars, and the waters regained their natural appearance. For the next fifty years every thing passed on as quietly as before; but as the time drew nigh for the appointed advent of Death, Jan became thoughtful, and he felt no pleasure at the idea on the anticipated visit. The day arrived, and Death came preceded by the same horrors as on the former occasion. "Well, good folks (said he) you now can have no objection to accompany me; for assuredly you have hitherto been highly privileged, and have lived long enough." The old dame wept and clung feebly to her husband, as if she feared they were to be divided after passing away from the earth on which they had dwelt so long and so happily together. Poor Schalken also looked very downcast, and moved after Death but slowly. As they passed by Jan's garden, he turned to take a last look at it, when a sudden thought struck him. He called to Death and said

"Sir allow me to propose something to you. Our journey is a long one, and we have no provisions; I am too infirm, or I would climb yonder pear-tree, and take a stock of its best fruit with us; you are active and obliging, and will I am sure, Sir, get it for us." Death with great condescension complied, and ascending the tree, gathered a great number of pears, which he threw down to old Schalken and his wife. At length he determined upon descending, but to his surprise and apparent consternation discovered that he was immovable, nor would Jan allow him to leave the tree until he had given them a promise of living another half century.

They jogged on in the old way for fifty years more, and Death came to the day. He was by no means so polite as he had formerly been, for the trick that Schalken had put upon him offended his dignity and hurt his pride not a little. "Come Jan," said he, "you used me scurvily the other day, (Death thinks but very little of fifty years;) and I am now determined to lose no time—come."

Jan was sitting at his little table busily employed in writing, when Death entered. He raised his head sorrowfully, and the pen trembled in his hand as he thus addressed him, "I confess that my former conduct towards you merits blame, but I have done with such knaveries now, and have learnt to know that life is of little worth, and that I have seen enough of it. Still, before I quit this world, I should like to do all the good I can and was engaged when you arrived in making a will, that a poor lad, who has been always kind to us, may receive this hut and my boat. Suffer me but to finish what I have begun, and I shall cheerfully follow wherever you may lead. Pray sit down, in a few minutes my task will be ended." Death, thus appealed to, could refuse no longer, and seated himself in a chair, from which he found it as difficult to rise as he had formerly to descend from the pear-tree. His liberation was bought at the expence of an additional fifty years, at the end of which period, and exactly on their birth-day Jan Schalken and his wife died quietly in their bed, and the salt water flowed freely in the little village, in which they had lived long enough to be considered the father and mother of all its inhabitants.—*Eur. Mag. for Oct.*

LOST FEELINGS.

"I wish not springs for ever fled;
I wish not birds' forgotten strain;
I only wish for feelings dead,
To warm, and wake, and feel again."

VILLAGE MINSTREL, vol. 2, p. 137.

MISERIES OF SENSIBILITY.

EWING.

To the Editor of the Port Folio.

SIR,

I APPROACH you with the veneration and respect due to the tutor and to the sage. I seek consolation from your advice. I implore you to be the mediator between the ladies and myself; to reinstate me in their good opinion, by persuading them, that the traits in my character, which they have uncharitably termed coquetry, and fickleness, and whim, if they be not legitimate shoots of the tree of sensibility—if they be not virtues, are at least the honest errors of a warm and feeling heart. From the sketches which I shall give to you my character may, with ease, be portrayed. I presume the ladies will forgive me, if, in reciting some of the events of my life, I avoid the mention of real names.

It is certain, that from the want of proper regulation, and continued reflection, the virtues of the heart may be the parents of innumerable ills. Hospitality may cherish the adder in her mansion—Economy may wear the garb of Avarice—Prudence may create a dangerous timidity—Charity may profusely and ruinously squander her stores—and the warm and affectionate heart, in its intercourse with female society, may assume the manners of fickleness and levity, and its possessor reproachingly be termed a coquette. If this consideration lead the world to form their opinions on the merits or demerits of actions from an investigation of their sources, the ladies, as well as I, may benefit by it.

With due respect for the opinions of *Helvetius*, Nature made me as I am. She gave me an ardent disposition, and a warm heart, which led me into female society, long before I understood my Latin Grammar. I do not recollect the period when I was not in love, nor the time when I was out of it. I well remember, that, at the age of eight or nine years my heart was stolen by a neighbour's child, about my own age. The ardent declarations of attachment as frequently warmed my lips, and the sanguine anticipations of the joys of wedlock were as frequently indulged by me at that time, as at any later period. My "*sweetheart*," however, removed to a distant street, and I found absence to be a cure for love. But I was not formed to be out of love. I was again enslaved, and again the removal to another street broke my fetters.

Thus I continued till the age of seventeen, ever living on the smiles of some neighbouring angel. Love had its bliss and its agony, its jealousy and its cares. If the preference of my charmer for another occasionally racked my soul, yet I have felt what lovers alone feel, when permitted to walk by *her* side, in our juvenile rambles: when my rose-bud was accepted in preference to another; or when, in our infant sports, to redeem her pawn, I was selected to be kissed.

'Till this period, however, I had made to no one an offer of marriage, nor can I say, *with certainty*, that it had ever been expected. But about this time, a charming girl came to reside in our neighbourhood, and soon formed an acquaintance with the ladies of her own age. Her flowing locks and soft blue eyes enslaved my susceptible heart, before I had spoken to her. I teased one of my female acquaintances to introduce me to her, and on a fine evening in July, I sat by her, for the first time, on the steps of her father's door. The hours passed rapidly, and, when my introducer rose to go home, I suffered some one else to wait on her, and remained behind. This, of course, was called fickle and unpolite; but it made no impression on me, as what I had lost in the esteem of one, I had gained in that of the other. I was now happy. Each day I walked by the house of my charmer, and each evening stopped at her door, if she was setting there, for I did not dare to knock and ask for her. A year flew on rapidly, and I was ever in her presence. I watched her when she went to school in the morning, and her return at noon. When she visited at night, if I was not invited, I walked up and down before the house for hours, that I might go home with her.

She became acquainted with a young stranger, and I began to grow jealous. I soon perceived that he was a dangerous rival. In his father's garden were roses, and every morning and evening some were plucked for her. I, alas! had none to offer, and I saw, with torment, that his company was anxiously expected—that he was welcomed with smiles, and I had lost my charms. My feelings and my impetuosity were foes to suspense. I watched one evening when my rival had gone to a ball; I went to Maria, and declared my attachment, in unqualified terms. I felt what I said, and vehemently swore her rejection of me would be my death. But she was deaf to my love; the roses of my rival had won her heart; she hinted that her father wished to lock up the house; I departed and for a few days was miserable.

A fortnight afterwards, a new face stole my heart, and Maria was forgotten. I wondered what I had seen in her to admire; I thought her proud and homely, foolish and fickle. Novelty gave strong recommendations to my new acquaintance, and her old beaux were deserted for me. But as novelty decked me with charms so those charms vanished with the flight of novelty. A new face destroyed the impression I had made, and determined to subject myself no more to the mortification of a refusal. I left her house in a pet, and was called a coquette by the ladies.

Four or five years have passed since; but the events of those years have been nearly similar. The same disposition still remains to tease and torment me. I am captivated with a new face and rashly believe it to be the lovely index of the mind. The first interviews are subject to the influence of this impression; I become immediately a daily visitor. But I am soon abandoned

to the female rage of novelty, or I discover faults and follies I had not expected, and cease my visits. The ladies believe and term me a coquette, fickle as the wind.

My dear Mr. Oldschool I wish and beseech you to explain to the ladies the motives of my actions: I wish you to persuade them that I am not a coquette, but am too easily and suddenly captivated by their charms, and that, if my acquaintance with them is short, it is my misfortune, and not my fault; I wish you to tell them, that my disposition will not suffer me to share their smiles with any one, and that if I do not possess their whole affections, I cannot visit them at all. Tell them that I would rather be hated than treated indifferently. The latter is a source of continual mortification, while the former, though it may for a moment grieve me, yet carries with it its own antidote.

“For grief is proud and makes the owner stout.”

Tell them, I pray you, that my friendship is mistaken for love. The frequency of my visits; the ardour of my conversation, and the particularity of my manners, where I am pleased, though resulting solely from friendship, are mistaken by the ladies for love, and offers of marriage are anxiously expected. If they be not made, I am treated with indifference, my visits are discontinued, and I am called a coquette; while there are others, who visit at the same house for years, and are ever treated with civility. I beseech you, Mr. Oldschool, to advise me under what regimen to place my disposition, so as to be on terms of intimacy and friendship with the ladies, without raising false expectations, or subjecting myself and my pecuniary situation to the busy and malicious scrutiny of aunts and sisters, and all the old maids in the neighbourhood.

Yours, &c.,

SENSITIVE.

Thomas, of late so gay and free,
You sang to love full many a glee,
Nor e'er from pleasure tarried;
Now altered quite—the form of wo!
Ah! Ben, my friend, you do not now
That I am—I'm—married!

SOME one was praising our public schools to Charles Landseer, and said, “All our best men were public-schools men. Look at our poets. There's Byron, he was a Harrow boy.”—“Yes,” interrupted Landseer, “there's Burns, he was a ploughboy.”

TOBACCO AND WIVES.

THE DISGUSTED WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

You promised to leave off your smoking,
The day I consented to wed;
How little I thought you were joking,
How fondly believed what you said!
Then, alas ! how completely you sold me,
With blandishments, artful and vain,
When you emptied your snuff-box, and told me
You never would fill it again!

Those fumes, so oppressive, from puffing,
Say, what is the solace that flows ?
And whence the enjoyment of stuffing
A parcel of dust in your nose ?
By the habits you thus are pursuing
There can be no pleasure conferred;
How irrational, then, is so doing,
Now is it not very absurd ?

Cigars come to three pence each, nearly,
And six pence an ounce is your snuff;
Consider how much then, you yearly
Must waste on that horrible stuff.
Why, the sums in tobacco you spend, love,
The wealth in your snuff box you sink,
Would procure me of dresses no end, love,
And keep me in gloves, only think !

What's worse, for your person I tremble,
'Tis going as fast as it can;
Oh ! how should you like to resemble
A smoky and snuffy old man ?
Then rising at the call of affection,
The habits I cannot endure ;
Or you'll spoil both your nose and complexion,
And ruin your teeth, I am sure.

Boston Olive Branch.

ONE of the worst things to fatten on is envy. It is as difficult for a grudging man to raise a double chin as it is for a bankrupt to raise a loan. Plumpness comes not from roast beef, but from well-governed passions and a cheerful disposition.

THE PAINS OF THE HOOKAH.

1

How oft I've wish'd my snake were broke,
 When not a soul around me spoke,
 And I quite giddy from thy smoke,
 My Hookah.

2

Thy bub'ling noise to some may be,
 A kind of pleasing harmony,
 Such music has no charms for me,
 My Hookah.

3

Oft have I sat by smoke quite hid,
 And smoking scarce knew what I did,
 Nor *quid est hoc* ? from *hoc est quid*,
 My Hookah.

4

From smoking thee I never knew,
 A single pleasure to accrue,
 But often headache did ensue,
 My Hookah.

5

Sure man was born for greater joys,
 Than puffing (making just the noise),
 That children do, with *fairing* Toys.
 My Hookah.

6

How strange that many now'd resign,
 E'en woman's converse, charm's divine,
 And rather could give up their wine,
 Than Hookah.

7

How charming sitting all the night,
 To puff and blow with all my might,
 And after all I cannot light,
 My Hookah.

8

And should it be my happy fate,
 To bring it to a smoking state,
 Perhaps still greater ills await,
 My Hookah.

9

For scarce my mouth-piece I apply it,
My nearest friend requests to try it,
And my politeness can't deny it,
My Hookah.

10

And he who smokes at *my* expense,
(Which shews at any rate his sense),
Return perhaps, full two hours hence,
My Hookah.

11

And now I puff and puff again,
But all my puffing is in vain,
For nothing but the Gools remain,
My Hookah.

12

How pleasing then it is to gripe,
The mouth-piece I'm oblig'd to wipe,
Because my friend has smok'd the pipe,
My Hookah.

13

Or if perhaps some charming fair,
Gets *my new snake* beneath her chair,
It would be *rude* to say *its* there,
My Hookah.

14

Then if some hapless Wight o'erturus it,
The carpet's spoil'd, the Chilum burns it,
How pleasant when my Host discerns it,
My Hookah.

15

And then to stop the flame's career,
Lest any holes or spots appear,
Some throw on claret, some throw beer,
My Hookah.

16

Or if by chance you sit between,
Two Hookahs, neither which are clean,
Enough to give a man the spleen,
My Hookah.

17

Let those who find they have the leisure,
Enjoy the cloudy bub'ling treasure,
For me I cannot see the pleasure,
My Hookah.

Not so bad?—ED. CIT.

THE WORKING CLASSES OF MANCHESTER.—And to tell you the truth, I like the working-classes of Manchester, as far as they came under my notice. They are not courteous, but they are obliging. They will not touch their hats or “Sir” you; but, if you want a direction, they will instruct you definitely. They appear to me very honest. I know the cab fares, and no cabman tried to overcharge me. Perhaps we are apt to lay too much stress on mere civility. It certainly greases the wheels of life, and prevents their creaking, but they can go without it. And there appears to me a deep quiet well of humour in the Lancastrian or Mancunian nature which is infinitely amusing. One day, as I heard on good authority, a worthy incumbent in the country was roused from his sleep at five in the morning by loud talking at the side of a fish-pond in his grounds. His reverence put his night capped head out of the window, and saw three men standing by the side of his pond. “What are you doing there?” said he. “Fishing,” said they. “But you are trespassing on my land; you must go away.” “Go to bed again,” was the rejoinder; “*your* Master was not in the habit of sending away poor fishermen.” The good clergyman could, of course, only laugh and turn in again. The Exhibition, too, has exhibited some specimens of this humour. Two women from the mills stopt before the picture of the death of King Lear. “What is that, Mary?” said one. “There’s life in the old dog yet,” said the other. The people of Manchester itself looked, generally speaking, rather jolly and wellfed than otherwise, and I heard that the recruiting sergeant was able to pick up there some uncommonly fine lads willing to serve her Majesty.—*Blackwood*.

FAULT-FINDING WITH YOUR CHILDREN.—It is at times necessary to censure and punish; but very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parents; and hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human action—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But what mother would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy; their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last, finding that, whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please and become heedless of reproach.

It is quite a prize pattern if a lady can “hem” a refusal without there being a single cross-stitch in it.

4 A SHORT CHAPTER ON COURTSHIP.

'There is a brief period of romance in the life of every man and woman: it is the time when those attachments are formed which usually lead to the permanent union of kindred hearts. Sweet flower-time of our life's year; Dull, indeed, and sordid would existence be, if this season were left out—a year without a May! Yes, Summer may bring its hay, and autumn its sheaves, and our well spent-time prime and middle-age may leave not only ample stores for a dignified elder-hood, but, what is of far more value, the self-satisfied reflections which await those who can look back on an active and useful life; but yet, if this brief time of blossom were to be omitted, an important element would be wanting in our recollections; life would appear as if spent in vain, and it is questionable if our latter days would, in that event, be so happy.'

Pretty well so far, fair readers of the *Athenæum*. A romance, forsooth! Such a May in our life's year as Mays usually are with us compared with the Mays of the poets and novelists: a good deal of the east wind to temper it: one thing I know that when I made up acquaintance with BELINDA, it was the scene of torment from beginning to end. In the first place, nearly all her friends disliked me. My mother was jealous of a daughter-in-law—what mother ever was not?—BELINDA herself had an old unsettled balance of attachment to her father's chief clerk, who had been sent out of the way; so even her inclinations to the match were a matter of some doubt. What worryings there were from all those things together! The only smooth point was her favor for me, which my mother always said was from a regard to my family and fortune. Such was my time of blossom!

'It is not that the season of courtship is merely a pleasant time, which furnishes agreeable food for the memory afterwards, though this we conceive to be one of its most important characters; it appears in a higher light, when we consider the effect which it usually produces, on the human character. For that time, at least, common worldly views are lost sight of, and a generous devotion to the interests of another is substituted for our usual selfishness. It is in the moral effects of the tender passion that we may most fully appreciate the interesting place when it takes in the great scheme of things.

I must keep all about settlements in the background of course. Neither is a word to be said of inquiries into how much the lady has, or of her claims in the matter of pin-money.

'In that period of youthful passion, how delightful those moments when the parties are privileged to be alone—forgetting all the world, or rather all the world to each other! Then it is that the banks of the limpid rivulet have their attractions, particularly when the golden sun has just given place to that tender luminary which, time out of mind, has been associated with the

thoughts of lovers. The dew is on the grass; the nightingale makes vocal the neighbouring grove. A silver radiance is spread over the face of nature, and all ordinary sounds are hushed—What heartfelt rapture was then, for the youthful fair to wander along, unseen of all but each other—No word spoken, such communion of soul requiring no words: only looks, and gentle sight and throbbing hearts, making up the conversation. Oh, bliss beyond compare too exquisite to last! And well it is so; for were it otherwise, man would make of earth his all-sufficient heaven ”

This will do, I think, ladies. I may only remark, that a parlour and a couple of candles more frequently from the scenery of such little dramas—even lovers being wise enough to know that a damp evening by a river side is apt to lead to that morbid affection which usually demonstrates itself by cat-tahral affection. Troublesome work it often is especially where the house is not remarkable for spare apartments. Always there is some inconsiderate school girl sister, who will insist upon coming in to do her practisings on the piano or else a little malicious wag of a brother, who can't be frightened from playing off tricks upon you—such as tapping at the door, and running off with a great laugh; or sending in the servant with scuttle and broom to mend the fire, when it is quite unnecessary. Only once, taking an evening walk with BELINDA, we sauntered into a path by a river side: but we were soon brought to a stand by a farmer, who told us, in no very gentle terms, that we were trespassing, and ordered us back. Poets who wander by

Shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals,

do not usually reflect that river sides are property and that intruders are liable to be 'prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.' 'Man-traps and spring guns set here'—once more, however, to the breach. 'The happiest courtship, like the most beautiful day, must come to a close. But there is a time which is neither courtship nor matrimony, but something intervening, and which may be said to partake of the different kinds of happiness applied to both. Then, reposing over the sweet consent which he has gained, the lover feels that any anxieties which he lately underwent, are more than repaid. Fear he has dismissed; he smiles at the thought of a rival; he now knows that this sweet angel, who walks so lovingly in his arm, is she with whom he is to spend the rest of his days. The interest formerly felt in her is now, therefore, infinitely deeper and more tender. Mysterious affinity of souls—wonderful are the gushes of happiness which flow from it! It is a pleasant duty of that time to make the acquaintance of each other's relations and dearest friends. All are so happy to see their new associates. It seems like doubling all the enjoyments derivable from social life alone. Most agreeable too is it to select and establish that home where the two are to commence their wedded existence. Two minds are concerned in the case, with

all their various tastes and likings; but the discussion of particulars is only a source of pleasure for the occasion it gives to consenting. The lover rejoices in the traits of sense, forethought, and economy which he sees in his adorable; she equally glows at the marks of a conceding and obliging disposition which she finds in him. The first glimpses they thus get of each other in a domestic capacity are truly delightful, perhaps more so than any other circumstance in the whole chronicle of their loves. Such recollections dwell on the memory through all subsequent events. At length the long-looked-for day arrives; and amidst the flutter, the brilliancy, the mingled tears and smiles of a bridal party, closes this one brief unrepeatable chapter of human existence—*COURTSHIP*.

There now, ladies—that will do. The reality of the case most people will be able to supply for themselves. Assurance against rivals!—more likely the poor youth has some faint notion that the young lady's mamma has 'managed' him into it! Friends, too. Gracious powers, save me from the friends!—all criticising you in every point; many disapproving. Your adorable's grandmother quiet disappointed in her choice: she again finding her designed mother-in-law either candidly cold, or forcedly agreeable. When were friends ever a source of happiness at a marriage? Then those odious visits to Mr. TROTTER's to choose beds and basin-stands. Oh, upholstery; why hast thou so much to do with young love? The paphian bower was surely not formed of mahogany-trees. Such a debating about drawing-room curtains and tables. Such a worrying as to that expensive pier-glass. The lady's mother and sisters all against you too. The first glimpse of her in a domestic character indeed! Well is it for you my friend, if, with one thing and another, you are not worried out of your senses long before your wedding day.

We degrade life by our follies and our vices, and then complain that the unhappiness which is only their accompaniment is inherent in the constitution of things.

Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, however brilliant.

The best way of raising money is by the lever of industry. The gripping miser raises his by screw power.

A PRIZE OX (FORD) POEM.

Alas, by what fat-ality
Am I a beast obese?
Is quantity, not quality,
The thing you would increase?

My tongue is perch'd, my blood is hot,
Weak are my trembling knees;
I am so fat that I have got
No case except a wheeze.

For, ah! my size produces sighs,
Wherewith my breast is torn,
My breath is tight—I cannot blow,
Although I bear a horn.

Oh, cruel men, who fatten me,
Your conduct you shall rue,
For I shall be astonish'd if
My fat agree with you!

Comic News.

THE LADY AND THE ROSE.

FROM THE MAGIC RING OF THE BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

In the Archipelago is an island well known through all the world, blooming and golden with rich harvests of corn, fruit, and wine. There, in old days of paganism, was born an enchanter, whom the heathens afterwards looked upon as a god. The island is called Crete, and the mighty enchanter's name is Zeus. By his powerful spell it came to pass, that this island, whence he derived his birth, was ever adorned with the choicest flowers; and it is not very long since there was planted thereon a red rose of such unequalled beauty that it was praised and renowned far and near as the richest and rarest of all nature's blossoms. This flower came from the town of Damascus, and it was watched and tended by a fair and lovely damsel, who had been forced away from that city by wicked men, and brought to the enchanter's island. At Damascus she had been in her flower-garden, and had the rose in her hand when the wicked pirate came to disturb her innocent pleasures. She hid the plant under her mantle, and carried it with her into Crete. Here it had thriven well beneath her tender care,—the Damascene rose blooming the fairest of flowers, and she the fairest of damsels on the island.

Often she had whispered in secret to the flower,—'Here we are, both strangers in the land: therefore we must be friends to each other, and the bonds of affection must never be broken between us. If one return home, the other too must go thither: and, if the rose be cropped from the stalk, the maiden will wither in her sadness.'—Then it seemed almost as if the flower had understood her words, and nodded thereto in silent sympathy.

Not long thereafter, the damsel was looking from her window on the waves of the stormy sea, and, lo! she beheld, amid the raging waters, a boat drawing near to the shore, and therein sat a graceful figure of a knight, beating the dark billows with his oars, as an angry master would chastise the slaves that rebelled against him. With eagle-eyes he beheld from afar the beautiful maiden, as she stood on her lofty veranda; he brought his bark to land, and made it fast by the golden chain to a tree, then looked up to the window, and called aloud,—'Who art thou, most beautiful of ladies?—The damsel answered, 'I am a king's daughter, and by violent men have been brought hither from Damascus.'—'Then,' said he, 'thy life here is perchance sad and lonely.'—'Nay,' answered the damsel, 'I have with me the beautiful rose that thou seest blooming in yonder garden; it has been my friend and solace since we both left our native land.'—Then said the knight, 'Already have I won in battle a Damascene blade that is better, I ween, than any sword that was ever wielded by mortal arm. A maiden—a rose—and a sword from Damascus,—these are treasures above all price; and the sword will soon

free the maiden and the flower from their bondage. Trust then to me, and, if thou wilt venture, thou shalt soon be free as the nightingale in the forest.—'Who art thou, mariner, that dar'st to speak thus boldly?'—'I am a renowned warrior,' said the knight, 'and wend my way wherever it is my pleasure, by land or sea; and here in Crete I am named the brave Hygies.'—'Art thou indeed Hygies?' said the damsel: that hero whose deeds are sung through all the world, and who has won such victories among the Greeks and in Persia, by land and by sea?—If this be so, then truly I shall soon be brought back to my wished-for home!—'Ay, fairest of damsels, and this night shall not pass before I take you from your prison.'—'But hast thou a ship that will bear us across the sea?'—'Doubtless,' answered the knight, 'I have even a fleet of ships, but they will not come hither till another year has passed away.'—'For Heaven's sake,' cried the damsel, 'tell me how I may be concealed in Crete till they arrive?'—'Fear not,' answered the knight, 'all that Hygies has planned, he knows also how to find the means of accomplishing.'—Thereupon she nodded kindly her parting salutation, and the warrior retired; but, when the evening shades had settled on the island, he failed not to come again with a long ladder of ropes, which he fixed to her window. She ventured to descend, and was once more free.

Deep in the recesses of the Cretan mountains there lies a cavern covered at the entrance with heath and copse-wood, but large and lofty, wherein no mortal dares enter, from a dread of the supernatural powers that might assail him; for in ancient times this was the birth-place of Zeus, the far-famed enchanter. Here, in the secret depths of the cave, Hygies concealed the blooming and beautiful damsel,—coming often to caress her at the dead of night, and bringing with him food and wine, with costly carpets, to defend her from the cold and hard rocks. Meanwhile she often said to him with anxious sigh, —'Thou wast my deliverer, and art now becoming my dear husband, but beware, I pray thee, beware lest my dearly-beloved rose should wither!—From Damascus thou hast obtained a maiden and sword, but do not forget that there is, moreover, a Damascene rose under thy protection.'

Far and wide, even for a whole year, the Cretans sought through the land but in vain; they knew not whither the beautiful captive had retired. The knight alone well knew where to find the object of his affections; and because the cave, though wide, was no fit habitation for his beloved, he used to hew the rocks with his invincible Damascene blade, till he had made a habitation under ground, such as any queen might have envied.

But joy leads to sorrow, and pleasure to pain;—ere the year's end the princess bore a son,—a bold, handsome boy, thus cradled among the rocks like the old enchanter Zeus; and the brave warrior Hygies took him in his arms with all a father's love. So the mother's pain was again changed to joy; and, not long after, there was seen on the horizon a heart-enthralling

show of white sails all swelling in the breeze; and this was the fleet of the renowned Sir Hygies. That evening the ships cast anchor in a bay of the Cretan shore, and messengers came to the noble owner, who rejoiced heartily at their arrival, went in the silence of the night for his Damascene beauty, and brought her forth under the light of the moon and stars, with the child sleeping on his mother's breast. Then, as they were proceeding on their way, the lady sighed deeply, and said,—‘ Oh, Heaven!—how that thought comes irresistibly in the midst of all my joys!—Must I leave the dear rose-tree here on a foreign strand?—Have we not known each other long in our affliction? and promised that, if one of us should be set at liberty, the other should not be left in bondage?—See, yonder blooms the rose! dear husband, go and bring it to me!’—But the knight would not listen to her prayer, and urged her forward in rapid flight. The damsel sighed again, and would not go with him, but ran to the garden wherein she had planted her beloved flower. There a sudden noise from the castle alarmed her, and she would have fled, but the rose held her garments fast in its thorny fingers, and in her terror she shrieked and fell to the ground. The knight ran up to her, and took the child from her arms, while she yet lay motionless and fainting in her grief and affright. But now all the windows and doors were suddenly burst open:—the Cretan guards and soldiers came forth armed, and with torches in their hands. At the first glance they recognised the beautiful maid of Damascus, as she lay there beside her blooming rose-tree, and determined not only to make a captive of her but also of the brave Sir Hygies. The knight, however, proved game not so easily to be caught. With his Damascene blade he dealt about him blows so rapidly and so powerfully, that whoever dared to approach him was felled to the ground; so that they all stood still, and their courage was broken. Thereafter they tried their javelins and arrows, and Hygies protected himself and the beautiful damsel as long as he could, till an arrow came whistling under his golden shield, and struck her to the heart. She fell lifeless, and the red rose-leaves mingled with the blood that streamed from her death-wound. The knight then left the lady and the rose on the island; but the sword was still his own and by its aid, he rescued the child and bore it with him to his fleet, and sailed for Arabia. Thereafter the child proved a valiant warrior,—an avenging sword, that was worth hundred thousand blades of the best Damascene steel.

“WHAT name do you intend to give your boy?” asked a friend of his other friend yesterday. “Well, as he has terrible sore eyes, I believe I shall call him Isaac.” (Eyes-ache).

WHAT is that which we often return yet never borrow?—Thanks

WHAT is that which cats have, but nothing else has?—Kittens.

WOMEN VERSUS LADIES.

I address you in behalf of the proprieties of language, —hoping that you will take pity upon affectation, and pinch it. The women and the females are all gone—and the feminine terminations are following them very fast. To supply their places we have *ladies*,—always *ladies*. There are no authoresses—only lady-authors; and there are lady-friends, lady-cousins, lady-readers, &c. Do the women know that *lady* is derived from *laide*? It either is so—or will arrive at that. It will be one of the ugliest words in the language if it continue to be so fearfully abused.

This affectation was at its height some fifteen or twenty years ago. It is a fact, that to an action brought in which plaintiff set forth that he had hired the whole of defendant's coach, but that when it was about to start a woman was inside without his consent, defendant pleaded, amongst other things, that the person described as a woman was in fact a *lady*. At that time, and for years afterwards, shocking to relate, there were no *wives* in the country. Look at any old newspaper, and you will see, "On the—th instant, in —street, the *lady* of ——— Esq. of a daughter." It ought to have been *lady-son*, not *daughter*.—and any gentleman ought to have called any other gentleman out if that other gentleman dared to speak of his *lady-brother* the style and title of his *sister*. But by matters have mended a good deal:—men own their wives now in the newspapers. An honest Otahitean (or Tahitian, as we can it now, I believe) who came over here at the time I speak of, told his countrymen that the English whenever one of their children was born out off the fourth finger of their wives' left hands as an offering to a goddess called *fashion*,—but that the finger grew again in a little while. This was the only rendering his language would yield:—which is very creditable to the Tahitian tongue, and shows that it puts things in their true light.

I am, myself, of the ancient school, which believes and maintains the true faith to be that all adult human creatures not being men are women; which declares openly that all women, be they ladies or not, are females—and all married females wives. The same old-fashioned community asserts that our language has no adjective which can be substituted for *female*:—and that *womanly* and *feminine* are adjectives having men to whom they are applicable and women to whom they are not. It was one of the former—probably Fribble himself—who invented the term *lady-friend*. and it would have been a good thing for the language if the first woman who heard it had been one of the latter and had kicked him for his pains. As to *authors* (meaning authoresses), I once got a book from one marked "from the author;" and I wondered to myself whether she meant to stand up for the old song,—

Adam was the first man,
Eve was the t'other.

I wish the women would send the word *lady* back to its proper sphere. Something will be sure to happen if they do not. *Gentleman* was abused it was shortened into *gent*;—and what a strait the gents are in just now!

Woman is a term of high honour;—it is a great pity that it may not be used in respect to any female whatever, were it from a beggar to a princess. Its corresponding Greek term, is not that by which slaves often address their mistresses in the Greek tragedy. With our notions, the address of Christ to his mother beginning with the word. *Woman* appears disrespectful;—in the original it is exactly the reverse. Let women notice that with the term *lady* in our language as used to supplant *woman*, arose the school of men which sneered at females of cultivated mind under the name of bluestockings. Search antiquity through time and space, from age to age and from country to country, and it will be found that respect for knowledge in females is always co-existent with the designation under homely names. The word *lady*, generically used, ought to be odious as the product of a time in which women were taken to be necessarily frivolous. But when women were women, we have the account of an Apollonius who wrote a biography filled with no names but those of female philosophers. Nay, Suidas himself has preserved the name of a historian who wrote accounts of a large number of female *Pythagoreans*. Madame Dacier ought to have reminded her husband to mention this (which I cannot find that he has done) in his *Life of Pythagoras*;—for it shows that, in spite of all laws to the contrary, a whole bookful of women endured the silent system to which the followers of that sect were subjected. Nor are the accounts of these worth at all unlikely: for Manage has collected the names of sixty-four women who had distinguished themselves in the schools of philosophy,—with as much information about them as gives to one with another more than an octave page a-piece. Plutarch dedicated more than one work to women. Three empresses (and an empress was then only a woman) have distinguished the name of Eudocia by their literary acquisitions. The last has left us (and in the dark eleventh century) the historical dictionary which is frequently quoted in support of, or opposition to, Suidas. A great deal more might be said to the same effect;—but it would take up too much room. I hope all good women will leave *lady* to appear where it is properly wanted,—and not continue to degrade their sex by speaking of it as a whole under a term which merely signifies a conventional distinction. If they will not, we must have a new translation of *Genesis*;—and in it must appear “gentleman and lady created He them.”

—ESS.

CONTENTMENT.—The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own discontented disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

THE ORPHAN MAID'S LAMENT

Ah, think ye that this troubled soul
May yet again be blithe and free,
That changing seasons as they roll
May bring a change o'er me?

And say ye that this broken heart
May yet be wean'd from forms of sad
That aught in nature can impart
To it one ray of gladness?

Ye ne'er have felt, ye cannot know,
The blight of hope, the withering loom,
That come, when all we loved below
Lies in the silent tomb.

Oh there was one, one only tie,
Affection's purest, tenderest token,
That bound me to myself. Oh why
Was it so rudely broken?

For there was not in all the earth
Another tie with it to blend.
I loved but her who gave me birth—
My mother and my friend.

But she was far too good and kind,
To linger long in this dull state—
Her spirit fled upon the wind
And left me desolate.

Oh God, oh God, I do not mourn
That her pure spirit fled to thee
Nor ask I that it might return
To cheer a thing like me.

I would not have her be again
In this bad world a sojourner;
Not so, not so—What seek I then?
That I may go to her.

For were the world all good and brave,
Even then it could not stay my weeping;
My very heart is in the grave
Where she lies soundly sleeping.

Oh thou upon whose gentle breast
This aching head hath often lean'd,
Thou of God's servants holiest, best,
My mother and my friend:

If from the glories of the sky
Some thoughts of thine may be beguiled,
O look with a benignant eye
Upon thine orphan child.

And we will yet hold converse sweet,
Such as we held in other days,
When I have sat beside thy feet,
And listen'd to thy lays.

For I will hear thee in the air
That stirs the leaf in noonday bower;
And see the in the moon-beam fair
At midnight's silent hour.

I know, I know my prayer is vain —
Alas! I cannot breathe another:
There's madness in my burning brain —
My mother — O my mother!

* *Blackwood's Mag.*

R. G.

A ROYAL PROGENY.—Foulques de Neuilly, a celebrated preacher of his day, addressing himself in a prophetic style to Richard I., King of England, told him he had three daughters to marry, and that if he did not dispose of them soon God would punish him severely. "You are a false prophet," said the king; "I have no daug'tor."—"Pardon me, Sire," replied the priest; your Majesty has three Ambition, Avarice, and Luxury; get rid of them as fast as possible, else assuredly some great misfortune will be the consequence."—"If it must be so, then," said the king, with a sneer, "I give my Ambition to the Templars, my Avarice to the Monks, and my Luxury to the Prelates."

"I CAN'T DO IT."—Yes you can, try—try hard, try often—and you will accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging circumstance, and you will do nothing worthy of a great mind. Try, and you will do wonders. You will be astonished at yourself, your advancement in whatever you undertake. "I can't" has ruined many a man; has been the tomb of bright expectation and ardent hope. Let "I will try" be your motto in whatever you undertake, and, if you press onward, you will steadily and surely accomplish your object, and come off victorious. Try—keep trying—and you are made for this world.

DON'T KISS AND TELL!

Now, cousin, I am quite ashamed
To own I'm kin to you,
For Oh! I never thought to hear
Such shabby things of you:
To kiss a pretty pair of lips
When under Love's light spell,
Was really quite excusable—
But not to kiss and tell!

A shabby, heartless wooer you,
Is saying not the most:
For surely 'tis a dastard's trick,
Of conquests such to boast!

But, coz, you shall not cozen me—
Your lips and mine ne'er meet:
For one who doth not kiss and tell
I shall reserve that treat.

In vain you'll hang the mistletoe
To catch me if you can,
I never fear your roguish tricks,
Your motives I can scan:
And on me you may strive in vain
To exercise a spell;
For to my own shall ne'er be press'd
The lips that kiss and tell Jessy.

A LOVE PASSAGE IN THAT "BEAUTIFUL CITY CALLED CORK."

The *Cork Reporter* contains the following extraordinary account of a very extraordinary "affair of honor :—"

"The stay of the 67th Regiment in our garrison has not been unproductive of the usual 'reports of marriages,' occasioned by the protracted visit in any locality of her Majesty's 'dear bargains.' Nearly all the 'sweet ducks' that had yet escaped the toils of Cupid have been apportioned by old Dame Rumour to various of our city belles, with, we may observe by the way, the common average of 'successful issues' to such affairs, viz. one in a dozen. But especially among them was one case, which those learned in such matters sagely pronounced 'a match;' and, as reserve is now superfluous, we may state that the principals in this case were Miss E Hardy, one of the most beautiful and charming of the ladies of Cork, and Captain Bunbury, of the aforesaid corps, son of the Major-General 'of that ilk,' and himself a young gentleman of eight and twenty. It were needless here to recount the 'rise and progress' of this affair; sufficient it is to say, that it was generally thought that the gallant captain had gained the affections of the lovely fair one—that the preliminaries were all *but* arranged—and those exclusive and particular attentions paid, which, according to matrimonial oracles, always means *something*, but by which, as it subsequently appeared, this corpulent young gentleman meant *nothing*. Matters had been for some time in this position, when it is stated the son of *Mars* intimated that 'Papa would not consent—he thought him too young—and besides the corps were ordered on foreign service'—and away sped Captain Bunbury to a shooting party, from whence he proceeded to England, having obtained a short leave of absence.

"With the sea rolling between him and the dwellers in this "beautiful city" the captain, doubtless, deemed all right, having, as the Americans would say, got pretty considerable clear' of a certain *MT. Henry Hardy*, cousin of the lady, who had shown a decided disposition to have an interview with him. The result of a brief consultation with himself was a resolution to obtain the extension of his leave, and, it is supposed, not again to join his regiment. What was the gallant captain to do? He must return to Ireland, and there, in the dim vista, stood a gigantic representation of Mr. Hardy, with a rifle in one hand and a bowie knife in the other, determined to do a little Lynch-law, after the Yankee fashion, on his own account, or rather on that of his fair and interesting cousin. Well, last week the mayor received two letters, penned after a lady's delicate fashion, to the effect that Captain Bunbury was about to return to Ireland, and that something worse than murder would happen if Mr. Henry Hardy were not at once bound over to keep the peace to all her Majesty's subjects—and especially to Capt. Bunbury. This information was repeated in a

third epistle, purporting to proceed from the captain's solicitor! and directed also to his worship the mayor, who, on receipt thereof, had Mr Henry Hardy bound to keep the peace, and he was bound accordingly. But

‘ ——— There’s many a slip
Between the cup and the lip ;’

and one thing apparently slipped from the memory of those who were taking so many precautionary measures. The young lady has a brother, Mr. Robert Hardy, and the advantage of having such a relative in cases of this kind will be speedily seen.

“ On yesterday (Wednesday) morning the *Juvena* steamer rattled up the river at her usual 16 knots an hour, bearing, not Caesar and his fortunes, but Captain Bunbury and his umbrella. On shore, near the Packet Office, awaiting the steamer’s arrival, were a party of officers, and two young gentlemen who stood aloof—Mr. Robert Hardy and his friend, Mr. Henry Ware. The moment the steamer touched the quay, and the plank was put out, they rushed on board, and made their way to the quarter-deck, on which Captain Bunbury stood surveying complacently the delightful scenery overhanging the bank of ‘the pleasant waters of the river Lee.’ Mr Hardy, who had a smart cane in his hand, saluted him with certain very strong expressions, among which the uncourteous phrases of ‘coward,’ ‘blackguard,’ and others were mingled—and then proceeded to apply the cane to the officer’s face and shoulders, till that gentleman, thinking he had enough of it, lifted up his umbrella to guard himself, and said, ‘That will do’; but Mr. Hardy, unwilling to take Captain Bunbury’s opinion on such a matter, appealed to Mr. Ware, and asked ‘if anything more was to be done?’ Mr. Ware replied in the negative, and they immediately left the vessel and drove off in a car, Captain Bunbury’s brother officers looking on with mingled vexation and amazement. The rest is soon told. Mr. Hardy returned home and waited there for some hours expecting a message, but none arriving up to four o’clock, and as the assault was publicly committed, not deeming it prudent to remain their longer lest his domicile should be visited by the police, he proceeded to the house of a friend there to be *perdu* for the present. Captain Bunbury went—we know not whither, but he was arrested about seven o’clock last (Wednesday) evening by head constable Condon, as he was leaving Lloyd’s Hotel, but suffered to pass the night there in custody of Constable Graham and three police. We had almost forgot to mention that Captain Gilmore, of the *Juvena*, who alone has authority on board his ship, was on the platform, giving directions for the mooring of the vessel at the time of the friendly meeting between Mr. Hardy and Captain Bunbury. The affair scarcely occupied two minutes, so that he could not interfere before all was over. There were three policemen in attendance at the quay, on special duty, to prevent a breach of the peace in this matter—acting on the suggestions received by the mayor—but they, good easy souls, knew nothing of it until after it occurred.

‘Subsequently Captain Bunbury was liberated.’

THE GARDEN.

Fain would my Muse the flow'ry treasure sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where op'ning roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations show'r their balmy dews;
Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial light,
And vary'd tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted flow'ret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narcissus, on the bank in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's hope, and its expected shade.
Here orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
By laure's shielded from the piercing day;
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade;
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays.

COWLEY.

COMETS AND WOMEN—A PARALLEL:—Comets doubtless, answer a wise and good purpose in the creation, so do women. Comets are incomprehensible, beautiful, and eccentric; so are women. Comets shine with peculiar splendour, but at night appear most brilliant; so do women. Comets confound the most learned, when they attempt to ascertain their nature; so do women. Comets equally excite the admiration of the philosopher and of the clod of the valley; so do women. Comets, therefore, are closely analogous; but the nature of each being inscrutable, all that remains for us to do is to view with admiration the one, and almost to adoration love the other.

ON SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with eternity;
Thou wert ere Nature's self began to be,
'Twas one vast nothing all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd Creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy human-kind.

IV.

The tone mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain:
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence! the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame;
The very want of tongs makes thee a kind of fame.

X.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How church and state should be oblig'd to thee!
At senate and at bar how welcome wouldst thou be?

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause;
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' grown,
Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee;
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

A GOOD AND FAITHFUL WIFE.

There's not a greater blessing
E'er found upon the earth,
More worthy man's possessing,
Nor yet of greater worth;
In poverty or splendour,
Whate'er his form of life,
There's nothing like a tender,
A good and faithful wife,—
A kind and gentle lover,
Who day by day doth prove
How well she watcheth
His interest and love;
Who soothes him when in sickness,
And cheers the path of life,
Yet ever showeth meekness—
A good and faithful wife.

What man could e'er deceive her,
Or blight her earthly lot,
The heart that loveth ever,
And loving, changeth not—
That kind and gentle pleader
Who calms his angry strife,
His friend and interceder—
A good and faithful wife?
There's not a greater blessing
Can in the world be found,
More worthy man's possessing,
Were he to search it round;
Dame Fortune may bring pleasure
And give a zest to life;
But she's his greatest treasure—
A good and faithful wife. J. H. E.

WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

BY THE LATE REV. C. WOLFE, *Author of "Lines on the Death of Sir J. Moore."*

Thou shalt stand a licty sweet woman
And be worship'd—*Fond*.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her breath has lost all its faint perfume;
And the gloss has fallen from her golden hair
And her forehead is pale, tho' no longer fair,
And the smile that sat on her lip is fled,
And every charm has now left the dead,
—Like slaves they obey her, in the height of her power,
But leave her all in her wintry hour,
And the thousands that swore for her love to die
Shrank at the tone of her last sad sigh,
And this is *Man's* fidelity!
'Tis Woman alone, with a firmer heart
Can see all the idols of life depart,
And love the more and sooth and bless
Man, in his utmost wretchedness.

FASHION.—Every woman who wears what may be called an "extremely fashionable dress," adds, by her example and influence, to the power of fashion. Let the matrons of England set a pattern of a wise moderation, and, as they value their daughters' modesty and their husbands' peace, as they would be free from the blood of those young victims who are every year sacrificed to the over-working system of the great dress-making establishments, let them firmly stem the torrent of extravagance, and forbid, with the voice of parental authority, the indulgence in elaborately trimmed dresses.

A LATE celebrated judge, who stooped very much when walking had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed over him without hitting him. Turning to his friend, he remarked "Had I been an upright judge this might have caused my death."

A FRENCHMAN, stopping at a tavern, asked for Jacob. "There is no such person here," said the landlord. "Tis not a person I want, sare, but the bear warmed with de poker."—"Well," answered mine host, "that is flip."—"Ah, yes, sare, you are in de right; I mean *Phillip*."

A ECCENTRIC MINISTER.—A minister named Craig purchased a whistle, and when his hearers went to sleep he emitted from it a very shrill sound. All were awake, and stood up to hear him. "Well," he said, "you are smart specimens of humanity," as he slowly gazed at his wondering people—"when I preach the Gospel you go to sleep; when I play the fool, you are awake."

THE WAY WE NATURALIZED A FRENCHMAN.

A YARN FOR THE SEASON.

I always travel by the Norwich and Worcester line when I pass from Gotham to Boston, my reason therefore being very easily summed up in the fact that, though a *fast* line, it is a safe one; though its officers are decidedly *fast*, they are *gentlemen*, and moreover I never went through on that line that I did n't have some funny adventure. The last time I came on from Boston, we reached Allyn's Point quite early and found the Worcester, Captain Williams, all ready for a start, and moreover when we got below we found a *burning* hot supper also ready. In a few moments we started: the supper bell (how musical ever) was rung, and with the general rush we were swept along to a seat somewhere nearly amidships of the long table. While diving into a smoking stew of Worcester oysters, a very 'small voice' close to my ear exclaimed.

Sarc—eef it sal not be too mooch troble, will you give to me same of ze leet sheekens zat oes on zat plat! I looked around and saw that my neighbour was a dapper little Frenchman. Glancing at the plate to which he pointed, I replied: "Those are not chickens, sir, they are wood cock!" 'zen I vil have some of ze wood coke, sare, if you please!" I handed him the plate, from which he took several of the birds, and that he was pleased with them I could not doubt. At the first mouthful his eyes sparkled, and he exclaimed, '*magnifique! superbe!*'

Amused with his manner, I entered into conversation with gentlemen, finding him nothing loth thereto, and before the supper was over we were exceedingly intimate. The reader will bear in mind that this happened just before the news of the French Revolution came over. After supper was over my friend wished to smoke, and therefore I accompanied him to the forward deck where we were joined in a few moments by Gould, Munro, and two or three more of the line—Our conversation soon turned upon politics, in which my French friend joined. 'Ah, Messieurs!' said he, 'zis is one ver gran' republicque now: vat shall it be when it have more devil-up itself!'

(He undoubtedly meant *développe*; but no matter, his word will do.)

'Yes,' we replied, 'and it is rapidly devilupping itself, thousands of new citizens arrive on our shores every day, and our convenient and pleasant manner of naturalizing them, adds daily strength to the on-sweeping wave of democracy!' '*Naturalleeze!*' said our friend; 'vat is zat?' We explained to him the necessity of foreigners being naturalized before they could vote. 'Ah, ah! I ounerstand ze naturalleeze!' cried he. 'I tink I shall like heem very mooch. Ow mooch monay he bring?' 'Costs, you mean!' 'Oui, Messieur. It oes all ze same! Ow mooch he coast?' why, sir, in ordinary cases it would cost ten dollars, but we'll put *you* through for nothing!' 'Ah, Messieur mooch oblige! Yea ver polite. Ven shall ze eerimonie occur zat shall make

me one homme republique? Immediately, if you like! we replied, giving the wink to our party. 'Zen I shall it like!' continued the Frenchman. 'Well, the first point is to ascertain your democratic points; how much canvass you can carry without capsizing!' 'I no onnerstand zat!' 'I'll explain, Do you know what a gin cock tail is?' 'A shin cock-tail? Ah, oui—yes, sare—ver mooch I know heem!' 'how many can you drink?' 'Ow mancee?' I do not know, sare. I shink sree or four!' 'Three or four! that will never do. It will take ten to naturalize you!' 'Zen, sare? c'est impossible! My stomak vil hold no more zan two pint. I have measure heem, Ten shin cock-tail ees more as two quart!' 'Not if they be weak ones; but we'll try to put you through on *sie*!' 'Vel, sare, I vil try to take seex, for I ver mooch desire to be one homme republique!' 'Make'em strong,' we whispered to the bar-keeper. 'Please to take down an account,' said we to Munro, who very seriously took out his memorandum book and pencil. The first was prepared and duly entered by the Frenchman. 'C'est fort' it ees very strong! he ejaculated, while his eyes watered, but he held out his hand for the second. It was given him. 'Ah—ha! zat is bettare!' he cried; the first having somewhat deadened his taste to the strength of the second. Thus it continued, till in quick succession he drank six strong cock-tails. They had not yet had time to operate, and after wiping his lips and eyes, for both were watery, he asked: 'Vat shall be ze rest of ze ceremonie?' We replied by sending a hand after an American flag, and directing another to bring up a settee from below, with four lighted candles.

By the time the flag was brought, the Frenchman began to 'feel his oats,' and as his eye fell upon it, he seized it, and kissing its bright folds, cried out: 'Vive la republique de' Amerique? vive la shin cock-tail!'

The boat now began to turn around with him, and we perceived symptoms of fatigue in his legs, for they bent under the weight of the 'brick in his hat.' The settee arrived very opportunely, and the flag being spread out upon it, we lifted the candidate and laid him out at full length upon it, wrapping all but his face in the Star Spangled Banner.—Four stout men of the deck-passengers, Irishmen, who are always alive for fun, were picked out now, and each of them directed to take a candle in one hand and a corner of the settee in the other.

The rest of us fell into ranks behind, and the procession marched solemnly around the decks of the boat, headed by two of the party whistling the tune of Yankee Doodle.

The liquor had now fairly 'got up steam' in the Frenchman's head, and he was delighted. He shouted the Marsollaise, his eyes flashed with pleasure, and ever and anon his shout, *Vive la republique! Vive la shin cocktail,* would ring through the boat.

At last, however, he became quiet, the delirium passed away, and an apparent stupor followed.

We set him down gently on the forward deck, formed in a circle around him, two candles were placed at his feet and two at his head. The whistlers stopped Yankee Doodle and commenced a dead march. We all became suddenly solemn. A verse from 'Old Hundred' was proposed, *lined out*, and sung.

Then for a moment all was still, when the lips of the quiescent Frenchman were seen to open, and his 'still, small voice' was heard to say :

'I sink I shall have *four* more ze shin cock-tail *ten* ees ze nombare ! Vive la republique ! Vive la shin cock-tail !

I need not add that we at once *boled* him in. He was naturalized.

One of the Irishmen said : 'if the Johnny Crapeau wasn't a democrat then the crater couldn't make him so !—*American Sun*.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—"John, how do you parse grandmother?"—"I doesn't pass her at all, always goes in to get warm."—"What is the singular of men?"—"They is singular when they pay their debts without being axed to do it a dozen times." "Young women are beautiful. What is it that comes after young women?"—"It's the fellors to be sure. They are always arter the young womon."—"That will do; now you are dismissed."

THERE is a Yankee whose nose is so sharp that after using a pocket-handkerchief for a week it is full of holes.

WHICH causes us the most bother—the mails or the females? The latter keep us writing letters all the time, while the former never delivers them.

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband. "Till he got a wife," was the calm reply.

ONE person having asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits "No," was the reply; "but I believe in their disappearance, for I've missed a bottle of brandy since last night"

MISSPENT TIME.—How wretched it is to hear people complain that the day hangs heavy upon them—that they do not know what to do with themselves. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation, to the reading of needful books ; who may exercise themselves in the pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better than they were before —*Palmer's Aphorisms*.

INSCRIPTION ON A BELL.

To call the folks to church in time.....I chime.
When mirth and joys are on the wing...I ring;
When from the body parts the soul.....I toll!

AN INSTANTANEOUS METHOD FOR PRODUCING VINEGAR.—Praise one young lady to another.

EPISTLE.

To Mr John Moore, author of the celebrated wormpowder.

How much, egregious Moore ' are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms !
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak, and vain !
Awhile he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
E'er since our grandam's evil ;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm the devil.

The learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
The blockhead is a Slow-worm ;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies
That flutter for a day ;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows ;
Thus worms suit all conditions ;
Misers are muckworms, silk-worms beaux,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
By all their winding play ;
Their conscience is a worm within
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore ! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies !

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free ;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn,
Some few short years, no more !
Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

THE ROSE IN JANUARY.

A German Tale.

I HAD the good fortune to become acquainted in his old age with the celebrated Wieland, and to be often admitted to his table. It was there that, animated by a flask of Rhenish, he loved to recount the anecdotes of his youth, and with a gaiety and *naïveté* which rendered them extremely interesting. His age—his learning—his celebrity—no longer threw us to a distance, and we laughed in relating the little adventure which I now attempt to relate. It had a chief influence on his life, and it was that which he was fondest of retracing, and retraced with most poignancy. I can well remember his very words; but there are still wanting the expression of his fine countenance—his hair white as snow, gracefully curling round his head; his blue eye, somewhat faded by years, yet still announcing his genius and depth of thought; his brow touched with the lines of reflection, but open, elevated, and of a distinguished character; his smile full of benevolence and candour. "I was handsome enough," he used sometimes to say to us—and no one who looked at him could doubt it; "but I was not amiable, for a *savant* rarely is," he would add laughingly, and this every one doubted; so to prove it, he recounted the little history that follows:—

"I was not quite thirty," said he to us, "when I obtained the chair of philosophical professor in this college in the most flattering manner: I need not tell you that my *amour propre* was gratified by distinction rare enough at my age. I certainly had worked for it formerly; but at the moment it came to me, another species of philosophy occupied me much more deeply, and I would have given more to know what passed in my heart, than to have had power to analyse those of all mankind. I was passionately in love; and you all know, I hope, that when love takes possession of a young head, adieu to every thing else; there is no room for any other thought. My table was covered with folios of all colours, quires of paper of all sizes, journals of all species, catalogues of books, in short, all that one finds on a professor's table: but of the whole circle of science I had for some time studied only the article *Rosæ*, whether in the Encyclopædia, the botanical books, or all the gardeners' calendars that I could meet with. You shall learn presently what led me to this study, and why it was that my window was always open, even during the coldest days. All this was connected with the passion by which I was possessed, and which had become my sole and continual thought. I could not well say at this moment how my lectures and courses got on, but this I know that more than once I have said 'Amelia,' instead of 'philosophy.'

"It was the name of my beauty—in fact, of the beauty of the University, Mademoiselle de Belmont. Her father, a distinguished officer, had died on the field of battle. She occupied with her mother a large and handsome house in the street in which I lived, on the same side, and a few doors distant. This mother, wise and prudent, obliged by circumstances to inhabit a city filled

with young students from all parts, and having so charming a daughter, never suffered her a moment from her sight, either in or out of doors. But the good lady passionately loved company and cards; and to reconcile her tastes with her duties, she carried Amelia with her to all the assemblies of dowagers, professors' wives, canonesses, &c. &c., where the poor girl *ennuyed* herself to death with hemming or knitting beside her mother's card-table. But you ought to have been informed, that no student, indeed no man under fifty, was admitted. I had then but little chance of conveying my sentiments to Amelia. I am sure, however, that any other than myself would have discovered this chance, but I was a perfect novice in gallantry; and until the moment when I imbibed this passion from Amelia's beautiful dark eyes, mine having been always fixed upon Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, &c., understood nothing at all of the language of heart. It was at an old lady's, to whom I was introduced, that I became acquainted with Amelia; my destiny led me to her house on the evening of her assembly; she received me—I saw *Mademoiselle de Belmont*, and from that instant her image was engraven in lines of fire on my heart. The mother frowned at the sight of a well-looking young man: but my timid, grave, and perhaps somewhat pedantic air reassured her. There were a few other young persons—daughters and nieces of the lady of the mansion; it was summer—they obtained permission to walk in the garden, under the windows of the saloon and the eyes of their mammas. I followed them; and, without daring to address a word to my fair one, caught each that fell from her lips.

"Her conversation appeared to me as charming as her person; she spoke on different subjects with intelligence above her years. In making some pleasant remarks on the defects of men in general, she observed, that 'what she most dreaded was violence of temper.' Naturally of a calm disposition I was wishing to boast of it; but not having the courage, I at last entered into her idea, and said so much against passion, that I could not well be suspected of an inclination of it. I was recompensed by an approving smile; it emboldened me, and I began to talk much better than I thought myself capable of doing before so many handsome women: she appeared to listen with pleasure; but when they came to the chapter of fashions, I had no more to say—it was an unknown language; neither did she appear versed in it. Then succeeded observations on the flowers in the garden; I knew little more of this than of the fashions, but I might likewise have my particular taste; and to decide, I waited to learn that of Amelia: she declared for the rose, and grew animated in the eulogy of her chosen flower. From that moment it became for me the queen of flowers. 'Amelia,' said a pretty, little, laughing, *Espiegle*, 'how many of your favourites are condemned to death this winter?' 'Not one,' replied she; 'I renounce them—their education is too troublesome, and too ungrateful a task, and I begin to think I know nothing about it.'

"I assumed sufficient resolution to ask the explanation of this question and answer: she gave it to me:—You have just learned that I am passionately fond of roses; it is an hereditary taste; my mother is still fonder of them than I am. Since I was able to think of any thing, I have had the greatest wish to offer her a rose-tree in blow (as a new year's gift) on the first of January; I have never succeeded. Every year I have put a quantity of rose-trees into vases; the greater number perished; and I have never been able to offer one rose to my mother.' So little did I know of the culture of flowers, as to be perfectly ignorant that it was possible to have roses in winter; but from the moment I understood that it might be, without a miracle, and that incessant attention only was necessary, I promised myself, that this year the first of January should not pass without Amelia's offering her mother a rose-tree in blow. We returned to the saloon:—so close was I on the watch, that I heard her ask my name in a whisper. Her companion answered, 'I know him only by reputation; they say he is an author, and so learned, that he is already a professor.' 'I should never have guessed it,' said Amelia, 'he seems neither vain nor pedantic.' How thankful was I for this reputation! Next morning I went to a gardener, and ordered fifty rose-trees of different months to be put in vases. 'It must be singular ill fortune,' thought I 'if, among this number, one at least does not flower.' On leaving the gardener I went to my bookseller's—purchased some works on flowers, and returned home full of hope. I intended to accompany my rose-tree with a fine letter, in which I should request to be permitted to visit Madame de Belmont, in order to teach her daughter the art of having roses in winter; the agreeable lesson, and the charming scholar, were to me much pleasanter themes than those of my philosophical lectures. I built on all this the prettiest romance possible; my milk pail had not yet got on so far as *Perrette's*, she held it on her head; and my rose was not yet transplanted into its vase, but I saw it all in blow. In the meantime, I was happy only in imagination; I no longer saw Amelia, they ceased to invite me to the dowager parties, and she was not allowed to mix in those of young people. I must then be restricted, until my introducer was in a state of presentation, to seeing her every evening pass by with her mother as they went to their parties. Happily for me, Madame de Belmont was such a coward in a carriage, that she preferred walking when it was possible. I knew the hour at which they were in the habit of leaving home; I learned to distinguish the sound of the bell of their gate from that of all the others of the quarter; my window on the ground floor was always open; at the moment I heard their gate unclose, I snatched up some volume, which was often turned upside down, stationed myself at the window, as if profoundly occupied with my study, and thus almost every day saw for an instant the lovely girl, and this instant was sufficient to attach me to her still more deeply. The elegant simplicity of her dress, her rich, dark hair wreathed round her head, and falling in ringlets on her

forehead; her slight and graceful figure—her step at once light and commanding—the fairy foot that the care of guarding the snowy robe rendered visible, inflamed my admiration; while her dignified and composed manner, her attention to her mother, and the affability with which she saluted her inferiors touched my heart yet more. I began too to fancy, that, limited as were my opportunities of attracting her notice, I was not entirely indifferent to her. For example, on leaving home, she usually crossed to the opposite side of the street; for had she passed close to my windows, she guessed, that, intently occupied as I chose to appear, I could not well raise my eyes from my book; then as she came near my house, there was always something to say, in rather a louder tone, as, ‘Take care, mamma; lean heavier on me; do you feel cold?’ I then raised my eyes, looked at her, saluted her, and generally encountered the transient glance of my divinity, who, with a blush, lowered her eyes, and returned my salute. The mother, all enveloped in cloaks and hoods, saw nothing. I saw every thing—and surrendered my heart. A slight circumstance augmented my hopes. I had published ‘An Abridgment of Practical Philosophy.’ It was an extract from my course of lectures—was successful, and the edition was sold. My bookseller, aware that I had some copies remaining, came to beg one for a customer of his, who was extremely anxious to get it and he named Mademoiselle Amelia Belmont. I actually blushed with pleasure. To conceal my embarrassment, I laughingly inquired, what could a girl of her age want with so serious a work? ‘To read it, sir, doubtless,’ replied the bookseller: Mademoiselle Amelia does not resemble the generality of young ladies; she prefers useful to amusing books. He then mentioned the names of several that he had lately sent to her, and they gave me a high opinion of her taste. ‘From her impatience for your book,’ added he, ‘I can answer for it, that it will be perused with great pleasure: more than ten messages have been sent; at last, I promised it for to-morrow, and I beg of you to enable me to keep my word.’ I thrilled with joy as I gave him the volumes, at the idea that Amelia would read my sentiments, and that she would learn to know me.

“October arrived, and with it my City vases of rose-trees! for which, of course, they made me pay what they chose, and I was as delighted to count them in my room as a miser would his sacks of gold. They all looked rather languishing, but then it was because they had not yet reconciled themselves to the new earth. I read all that was ever written on the culture of roses with much more attention than I had formerly read my old philosophers, and I ended as wise as I began. I perceived that this science, like all others, has no fixed rules, and that each vaunts his system, and believes it the best. One of my gardener authors would have the rose-trees as much as possible in the open air; another recommended their being kept close shut up: one ordered constant watering; another absolutely forbade it. ‘It is thus with the education of man,’ said I, closing the volumes in vexation; ‘always in

extremes. Let us try the medium between these opposite opinions.' I established a good thermometer in my room : and, according to its indications, I put them outside the windows, or took them in. You may guess that fifty vases, to which I gave this exercise three or four times a day, according to the variations of the atmosphere, did not leave me much idle time : and this was the occupation of a professor of philosophy ! Ah ! well might they have taken his chair from him, and sent him back to school, a thousand times more childish than the youngest of those pupils to whom I hurried over the customary routine of philosophical lessons : my whole mind was fixed on Amelia and my rose-trees.

" The death of the greater number of my *clives*, however, soon lightened my labour—more than half of them never struck root. I flung them into the fire. A fourth part of those that remained, after unfolding some little leaves, stopped there. Several assumed a blackish yellow tint, and gave me hopes of beautifying ! some flourished surprisingly, but only in leaves ; others to my great joy, were covered with buds ; but in a few days they always got that little yellow circle which the gardeners call the collar, and which is to them a mortal malady—their stalks twisted—they dropped—and finally fell one after the other to the earth—not a single bud remaining on my poor trees. This withered my hopes ; and the more care I took of my invalids, the more I hawked them from window to window, the worse they grew. At last, one of them, and but one, promised to reward my trouble. Thickly covered with leaves, it formed a handsome bush, from the middle of which sprang out a fine, vigorous branch, crowned with six beautiful buds that got no collar, grew, enlarged, and even discovered, through their calices, a slight rose tint. There were still six long weeks before the new year and, certainly, four, at least, of my precious buds would be blown by that time. Behold me now recompensed for all my pains : hope re-entered my heart, and every moment I looked on myauteous introducer with complacency.

" On the 27th of November, a day which I can never forget, the sun rose in all its brilliance ; I thanked Heaven, and hastened to place my rose tree, and such of its companions as yet survived, on a pedestal in the court. (I have already mentioned that I lodged on the ground floor) I watered them, and went, as usual, to give my philosophical lecture. I then dined—drank to the health of my rose—and returned to take my station in my window, with a quicker throbbing of the heart.

" Amelia's mother had been slightly indisposed : for eight days she had not left the house, and consequently I had not seen my fair one. On the first morning I had observed the physician going in, uneasy for her, I contrived to cross his way, questioned him, and was comforted. I afterwards learned that the old lady had recovered, and was to make her appearance abroad on this day at a grand gala given by a baroness, who lived at the end of the

street. I was then certain to see Amelia pass by, and eight days of privation had enhanced that thought. I am sure Madame de Belmont did not look to his party with as much impatience as I did. She was always one of the first: it had scarcely struck five, when I heard the bell of her gate. I took up a book,—there was I at my post, and presently I saw Amelia appear, dazzling with dress and beauty, as she gave her arm to her mother. Never yet had the brilliancy of her figure so struck me. This time there was no occasion for her to speak to catch my eyes; they were fixed on her, but hers were bent down: however, she guessed that I was there, for she passed slowly to prolong my happiness. I followed her with my gaze, until she entered the house; then only she turned her head for a second; the door was shut, and she disappeared, but remained present to my heart. I could neither close my window, nor cease to look at the baroness's hotel, as if I could see Amelia through the walls. I remained there till all objects were fading into obscurity. The approach of night, and the frostiness of the air, brought to my recollection that the rose-tree was still on the peristyle: never had it been so precious to me, I hastened to it; and scarcely was I in the ante-chamber, when I heard a singular noise, like that of an animal browsing, and tinkling its bells. I trembled, I flew, and I had the grief to find a sheep quietly fixed beside my rose-trees, of which it was making its evening repast, with no slight avidity.

"I caught up the first thing in my way; it was a heavy cane. I wished to drive away the gluttonous beast; alas! it was too late; he had just bitten off the beautiful branch of buds; he swallowed them one after another; and, in spite of the gloom, I could see, half out of his mouth, the finest of them all, which in a moment, was champ'd like the rest. I was neither ill-tempered nor violent; but at this sight I was no longer master of myself. Without well knowing what I did, I discharged a blow of my cane on the animal, and stretched it at my feet. No sooner did I perceive it motionless, and I repented of having killed a creature unconscious of the mischief it had done. Was this worthy the professor of philosophy, the adorer of the gentle Amelia? But thus to eat up my rose-tree, my only hope to get admittance to her! When I thought on its annihilation, I could not consider myself so culpable. However, the night darkened; I heard the old servant crossing the lower passage, and I called her. "Catherine," said I, "bring your light; there is mischief here. You left the stable door open (that of the court was also unclosed): one of your sheep has been browsing on my rose-trees, and I have punished it."

She soon came with the lantern in her hand. 'It is not one of our sheep,' said she; I have just come from them, the stable gate is shut, and they are all within. O, blessed saints! blessed saints! What do I see!—exclaimed she, when near: 'It is the pet sheep of our neighbour, Mademoiselle

Amelia de Belmont. Poor Robin! what bad luck brought you hear? O! how sorry she will be.' I nearly dropped down beside Robin. 'Oh Mademoiselle Amelia?' said I, in a trembling voice; 'has she actually a sheep?' 'O! good Lord! no, she has none at this moment—but that which lies there with its four legs up in the air: she loved it as herself: see the collar that she worked for it with her own hands.' I bent to look at it. It was of red leather ornamented with little bells, and she had embroidered on it in gold thread—'Robin belongs to Amelia de Belmont; she loves him, and begs that he may be restored to her.' 'What will she think of the barbarian who killed him in a fit of passion—the vice that she most detests? She is right; it has been fatal to her. Yet if he should be only stunned by the blow: Catherine! run, ask for some ether, or *Eau de Vie*, or hartshorn,—run. Catherine, run.'

Catherine set off: I tried to make it open its mouth:—my rose-bud was still between its hermetically-sealed teeth: perhaps the collar pressed it; in fact, the throat was swelled. I got it off with difficulty; something fell from it at my feet, which I mechanically took up and put into my pocket without looking at it, so much was I absorbed in anxiety for the resuscitation. I rubbed him with all my strength; I grew more and more impatient for the return of Catherine. She came with a small phial in her hand, calling out in her usual manner, 'Here, s'r, here's the medicine. I never opened my mouth about it to Mademoiselle Amelia; I pity her enough without that.'

"What is all this, Catherine? where have you seen Mademoiselle Amelia? and what is her affliction, if she does not know of her favourite's death?' 'O s'r, this is a terrible day for the poor young lady. She was at the end of the street searching for a ring which she had lost, and it was no trifle, but the ring that her dead father had got as a present from the emperor, and worth, they say, more ducats than I have hairs on my head. Her mother lent it to her to-day for the party; she has lost it, she knows neither how nor where, and never missed it till she drew off her glove at supper. And, poor soul! the glove was on again in a minute, for fear it should be seen that the ring was wanting, and she slipped out to search for it all along the street, but has found nothing.'

"It struck me, that the substance that had fallen from the sheep's collar had the form of a ring—could it possibly be?—I looked at it; and, judge of my joy!—it was Madame de Belmont's ring, and really very beautiful and costly. A secret presentiment whispered to me that this was a better means of presentation than the rose tree. I pressed the precious ring to my heart, and to my lips; assured myself that the sheep was really dead; and, leaving him stretched near the devastated rose-trees, I ran into street, dismissed those who were seeking in vain, and stationed myself at my door to await the return of my neighbours.

I saw from a distance the flambeau that precoded them, quickly distinguished their voices, and comprehended by them that Amelia had confessed her misfortune. The mother scolded bitterly; the daughter wept, and said, 'Perhaps it may be found.' 'O yes, perhaps,'—replied the mother with irritation, 'it is too rich a prize to him who finds it: the emperor gave it to your deceased father on the field when he saved his life; he set more value on it than on all that he possessed besides, and now you have thus flung it away; but the fault is mine for having trusted you with it. For some time back you have seemed quite bewildered.' I heard all this as I followed at some paces behind them. They reached home; and I had the cruelty to prolong, for some moments more, Amelia's mortification.—I intended that the treasure should procure me the *entrée* of their dwelling, and I waited till they had got upstairs. I then had myself announced as the bearer of good news; I was introduced, and respectfully presented the ring to Madame de Belmont; and how delighted seemed Amelia! and how beautifully she brightened in her joy, not alone that the ring was found, but that I was the finder! She cast herself on her mother's bosom, and turning on me her eyes, humid with tears, though beaming with pleasure, she clasped her hands, exclaiming 'O, sir, what obligation, what gratitude do we not owe to you.'

" 'Ah, Mademoiselle' returned I, 'you know not to whom you address the term gratitude.' 'To one who has conferred on me a great pleasure,' said she 'To one who has caused you a serious pain—to the killer of Robin.'

" 'You, Sir.—I cannot credit it. Why should you do so? you are not so cruel.'

" 'No, but I am so unfortunate. It was in opening his collar, which I have also brought to you, that your ring fell on the ground. You promised a great recompense to him who should find it; I dare to solicit that recompense; grant me my pardon for Robin's death.'

" 'And I thank you for it,' exclaimed the mother. 'I never could endure that animal; it took up Amelia's entire time, and wearied me out of all patience with its bleating. If you had not killed it, heaven knows where it might have carried my diamond. But how did it get entangled in the collar? Amelia, pray explain all this.'

" Amelia's heart was agitated; she was as much grieved that it was I who had killed Robin, as that he was dead.—'Poor Robin!' said she, drying a tear, 'he was rather too fond of running out; before leaving home I had put on his collar, that he might not be lost—he had always been brought back to me. The ring must have slipped under his collar. I hastily drew on my glove, and never missed it till I was at supper.'

" 'What good luck it was that he went straight to this gentleman's' observed the mother.

“ ‘ Yes—for you,’ said Amelia; ‘ he was cruelly received. Was it such a crime, sir, to enter your door ?’

“ ‘ It was night,’ I replied; ‘ I could not distinguish the collar, and I learned, when too late, that the animal belonged to you.’

“ ‘ Thank heaven, then, you did not know it !’ cried the mother, ‘ or where would have been my ring.’

“ ‘ It is necessary at least,’ said Amelia, with emotion, ‘ that I should know how my favourite could have so cruelly enragined you.’

“ ‘ O’ Mademoiselle, he had devoured my hope, my happiness, a superb rose-tree about to blow, that I had been long watching, and intended to present—to a person on New Year’s-day.’ Amelia smiled, blushed, extended her lovely hand towards me, and murmured—‘ All is pardoned.’ ‘ If it had eaten up a rose-tree about to blow,’ cried out Madame de Belmont, ‘ it deserved a thousand deaths. I would give twenty sheep for a rose-tree in blow.’ ‘ And I am much mistaken’ said Amelia, with the sweetest *naïté*, ‘ if this very rose-tree was not intended for you.’ ‘ For me ! You have lost your senses, child ; I have not the honour of knowing the gentleman.’ ‘ But he knows your fondness for roses ; I mentioned it one day before him, the only time I ever met him, at Madame de S.’s. Is it not true, sir, that my unfortunate favourite had eaten up my mother’s rose-tree.’ I acknowledged it, and related the course of education of my fifty rose-trees.

“ Madame de Belmont laughed heartily, and said, ‘ she owed me a double obligation.’ ‘ Mademoiselle Amelia has given me my recompense for the diamond,’ said I to her ; ‘ I claim yours also, madame.’ ‘ Ask, sir.—’ ‘ Permission to pay my respects sometimes to you !’ ‘ Granted, replied she, gaily. I kissed her hand respectfully, that of her daughter tenderly, and withdrew. But I returned the next day—and every day : I was received with a kindness that each visit increased : I was looked on as one of the family. It was I who now gave my arm to Madame de Belmont to conduct her to the evening parties : she presented me as her friend, and they were no longer dull to her daughter. New year’s day arrived. I had gone the evening before to a sheep-hold in the vicinity to purchase a lamb similar to that I had killed. I collected from the different hot-houses all the flowering rose-trees I could find ; the finest of them was for Madame de Belmont ; and the rose of the others were wreathed in a garland round the fleecy neck of the lamb. In the evening I went to my neighbours with my presents. ‘ Robin and the rose-tree are restored to life,’ said I, in offering my homage, which was received with sensibility and gratefulness. ‘ I also should like to give you a New-Year’s gift,’ said Madame de Belmont to me, ‘ if I but knew what you would best like.’ ‘ What I best like ! Ah, if I only dared to tell you.’ ‘ If it should chance now to be my daughter——’ I fell at her feet, and so did Amelia. ‘ Well,’ said the kind parent, ‘ there then is your New Year’s gift ready found. Amelia gives you her heart, and I give you her hand.’ She took the rose

wreath from off the lamb, and twined it round our united hands. And my Amelia," continued the old professor, as he finished his anecdote, passing an arm round his companion as she sat beside him, "my Amelia is still to my eyes as beautiful, and to my heart as dear, as on the day when our hands were bound together with a chain of flowers."

New Monthly Magazine.

WHEN Jack Jones discovered that he had polished his mate's boots instead of his own, he called it an aggravated instance of "labouring—and confoundedly hard, too—under a mistake."

"WHOSE pigs are those, my lad?"—"Whoy, they belong to that thero big sow."—"No, I mean who is their master?"—"Whoy," again answered the lad, "that little un, ho's a rare un to feight."

"WHERE is Mr. F.?" inquired an old lady.—"O, in some part of Austria, I believe," was the reply.—"Well, dear me," exclaimed the blessed old woman, "I'm so glad he is in Austria, for then he can bring me home an *ostrich* feather."

AN eccentric banker was eyeing with suspicious vision a bill presented to him for discount. "You need not fear," said the palpitating customer: "one of the parties keeps his carriage."—"Ay," rejoined the banker, "I shall be glad if he keeps his feet."

A GENTLEMAN, in conversation with Dr. Johnson, having, to some of the usual arguments for drinking, added this: "You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget what is disagreeable; would you not allow a man to drink for that reason?" Johnson replied, "Yes, sir, if he sat next you."

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavouring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter.—"Can't, say, sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give an account of himself.—"Of course not, said the other." "How can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

"Biddy, bring me some salt."—"Sure an I will, your riverence." Fortly with appeared Biddy with the article in her hand. "Never again bring n anything in your hand," said the master; "you should have brought it or plate." The evening meal being over, the bell was again rung, and a faithful domestic instantly appeared. "I want my slippers." Biddy w and returned, bearing in her hand a plate, upon which were the *pru* slippers.

SPEEDY JUSTICE.—"Guilty, or not guilty?" asked a Dutch ju
"Not guilty!"—"Den what do you want here? Go about your pising

*LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The song that makes her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That rain wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed, that bold and lovely knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade

There came and look'd hñ in the face
 An angel beautiful and bright ;
 And that he knew it was a hend,
 This miserable knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
 He leap'd amid a murderous band,
 And saved from outrage worse than death
 The lady of the land !

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees ;
 And how she tendod him in vain—
 And over strove to expiate
 The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
 And how his madness went away,
 When on the yellow forest-leaves,
 A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach'd
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty
 My faltering voice and pausing harp
 Disturb'd her soul with pity !

All impu'ses of soul and sense
 Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve ;
 The music, and the doleful tale,
 The crih and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
 And undistinguishable throng,
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherish'd long, —

She wept with pity and delight,
 She blush'd with love and virgin-shame,
 And like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stept aside,
 As conscious of my look she stept—
 Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
 She fled to me and wept.

She half-enclosed me with her arms,
 She press'd me with a meek embrace ;
 And bending back her head, look'd up
 And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love and partly Fear,
 And partly twas a bashful art,
 That I might rather feel, than see,
 The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin-pride:
 And so I won my Genevieve,
 My bright and beauteous bride,

Coleridge.

THE UGLY AUNT.—A FAIRY TALE, FROM THE NORWEGIAN.

There was a little maiden
Lived long and long ago,
(Tho' when it was, and where it was,
I'm sure I do not know,)
And her face was all the fortune
This maiden had to show.

And yet,—what many people
Will think extremely rare
In one who, like this maiden,
Ne'er knew a mother's care,—
The neighbours all asserted
That she was good as fair.

"Alack!" exclaim'd the damsel,
While bitter tears she shed
"I'm little skill'd to labour,
And yet I must be fed;
I fain by daily service
Would earn my daily bread."

And so she sought a palace
Where dwelt a mighty queen,
And when the royal lady
The little maid has seen,
She loved her for her beauty,
Despite her lowly mien.

Not long she served her majesty
Ere jealousy arose,
(Because she was the favourite,
As you may well suppose.)
And all the other servants
Became her bitter foes.

And so these false companions,
In envy of her face,
Contrived a wicked stratagem
To bring her to disgrace,
And fill her soul with sorrow,
And rob her of her place.

They told her royal majesty
(Most arrant liars they!)
That often, in their gossiping,
They'd heard the maiden say
That she could spin a pound of flax
All in a single day;

"Indeed!" exclaim'd her majesty,
"I'm fond of spinning, too;
So come my little maiden
And make your boasting true.
Or else your foolish vanity
You presently may rue!"

Alas!—the hapless damsel
Was now afflicted sore,
No mother e'er had taught her
In such ingenious lore;
A spinning-wheel, in all her life,
She ne'er had seen before!

But fearing much to tell the queen
How she had been bejeered,
She tried to spin upon the wheel,
And still in vain she tried:
And so 'twas all that she could do—
She sat her down and cried.

Now while she thus laments her fate
In sorrow deep and wild,
A beldam stands before her view
And says, in accents mild,
"What ails thee now, my pretty one?
Say, what's the matter, child?"

Soon as she heard the piteous case,
"Cheer up!" the beldam said,
"I'll spin for thee the pound of flax
And thou shalt go to bed,
If only thou wilt call me 'Aunt,'
The day that thou art wed."

The maiden promised true and fair,
And when the day was done,
The queen went in to see the task
And found it fairly spun:
Quoth she "I love thee passing well
And thou shalt wed my son!

"For one who spins so well as thee
(In sooth 'tis wondrous fine!)
With beauty too, so very rare,
And goodness such as thine,
Should be the daughter of a Queen,
And I will have thee mine!"

Now when the wedding-day had come
And, deck'd in royal pride,
Around the sumptuous table sat
The bridegroom and the bride,
With all the royal kinsfolk,
And many guests beside.

In came a beldam, with a frisk
Was ever dame so bold?
Or one so lean and wrinkled,
So ugly and so old,
Or with a nose so very long
And shocking to behold?

Now while they sat in wonderment
 This curious dame to see,
 She said unto the Princess,
 As bold as bold could be
 "Good morrow I gentle lady."
 "Good morrow, *Aunt!*" quoth she.

The Prince with gay demeanor,
 But with an inward groan,
 Then bade her sit at table,
 And said, in friendly tone,
 "If you're my bride's relation,
 Why, then, you are my own!"

When dinner now was ended,
 As you may well suppose,
 The Prince still thought about his *Aunt*
 And still his wonder rose
 Where could the ugly beldam
 Have got so long a nose!

At last he plainly ask'd her
 Before that merry throng,
 And she as plainly answer'd
 (Nor deem'd his freedom wrong)
 "Twas spinning, in my girlhood,
 That made my nose so long!"

"Indeed!" exclaim'd his Highness
 And then and there he swore:—
 "Though spinning made me husband
 To her whom I adore:
 Lest she should spoil her beauty
 Why, she shall spin no more

F. G. S.

PURCHASING A DEGREE.—Some years ago the University of St. Andrews, one of the most famous in Scotland, having rather a lean treasury, determined to replenish it by a new branch of commerce, and announced that it would sell its doctors' degrees at four pounds each. Many took advantage of this liberal offer, and among the rest a certain minister, who thought his services would be more acceptable to his flock were he possessed of a handle to his name. He put the required sum in his purse, and went up to St. Andrews to purchase the coveted honour. A man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master paid the fees, and was formally presented with the official parchment. On his return home, the Doctor sent for his servant, and addressed him as follows:—"Noo, Sandy, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me the Doctor; and gin ony body spiers at ye about me, ye'll be aye sure to say—'The Doctor is in his study;' or 'The Doctor's engaged;' or 'The Doctor you'll see in a crack,' as the case may be."—"That a' depends," replies Sandy, "on whether ye ca'me the Doctor, to." The reverend Doctor stared. "Aye it's just sae," continued the other, "for when I found it cost sae little, I e'en got a diploma mysel.' Sae ye'll just be good enough to say, 'Doctor, put on some coals;' or 'Doctor, bring me the whisky.' And gin ony body spiers at ye about me, ye'll aye be sure to say, 'The Doctor's in the party;' or 'The Doctor's digging potatoes,' as the case may be."

WHY ARE LADIES LIKE BELLS?—Because you can never find out their *metal* until you have given them a ring.

Colonel C—, who was head and ears in debt, was told by his servant that a person wanted to see him on particular business. Requiring a description of the announced, the reply was, "A man of colour."—"Oh, say no more," said the colonel, "I know what colour—it is a *dun*!"

THE BRIDAL PRAYER.

"Did you see the wedding yesterday? inquired a lady, who, herself guiltless of the sin of matrimony, was exceedingly apt at finding out every instance at variance with her example.

"The wedding?" responded the lively beauty to whom her remarks were addressed. "I never heard a word about it. Pray who are the happy pair?"

"Happy, indeed" said her companion; "well, they appeared happy: but the heart—ah! the heart is hidden from our view, and many a fair smile sits upon the countenance when the heart is riven with anguish."

But that lovely pair were happy—happy as worldly comfort and mutual affection could make them; and happy would they have been, even if worldly competency had not formed an ingredient in their blissful cup. The story may be briefly told; the lesson taught by their history should not however be readily dismissed from the reader's memory.

The bride was Caroline Whatmore—the bridegroom, my college chum and friend, Alfred Darton; and never did a nobler heart than his beat within human bosom. With a proverbial generosity of disposition he united a keen sense of personal responsibility; and when he gave the right hand of friendship, nothing but the clearest proof of unworthiness could induce him to withdraw it. He was a universal favourite, and yet modest within.

I shall not readily forget the first occasion on which he freely spoke to me about a passion which I plainly saw had taken deep hold of his heart. We were seated in my library, he having called upon me, no doubt with the intention of "opening his mind on the subject," and perceiving his abstraction I confess I felt very maliciously inclined, the more so perhaps from a ridiculous notion I then entertained that love, folly, and madness were synonymous terms; or that, at least, "falling in love" was a sort of voluntary submersion in the vortex of passion. I was young and inexperienced then, and might be pardoned for such heterodox views. Poor Darton's elongated physiognomy that evening provoked my mirth. He took a seat near the table, rested his head upon his hand, his elbow fixed upon the table, and was soon lost in a reverie. As this did not much tend to promote either intellectual improvement or social enjoyment I essayed to jeer him out of gloominess, and provoke him into a better spirit.

"You seem remarkably cheerful to-night, Alfred!" said I, ironically.

"You know better," he replied, in the most solemn tone; "I am not cheerful—I am not even contented, much less happy—I am falling out of love with the world—with everything."

"The secret of the matter being, I presume, that you have fallen in love with some goddess, or angel at the least, who has had too much discretion to reciprocate the folly. But who is this wise but cruel fair one? I asked, running over immediately the names of all the ladies who I knew were not on the list of those he at all admired, but being equally careful not to approach the neighbourhood where I easily surmised his affections were directed.

There was a pause, for my catalogue was nearly exhausted. Suddenly he looked up at me and asked, "Can you keep a secret?"

"Not at all," I replied; I never could keep a secret, and don't think I can learn." There was another pause, and I continued laughing at his embarrassment, though my admiration of his character inclined me to the opposite course. "But, come, Darton," said I, "you want to tell me all about the matter, and I am quite ready to hear. Perhaps I know more about your feelings toward Miss Whatmore than you think of; for I must have been blind indeed, associating so much with you, not to have known it."

After the usual protestations that he had never betrayed his feelings—a device on common to the incipient stages of the disease—the whole matter was discussed between us with a confidence that I shall not betray by repeating our conversation. Suffice it to say that we sat until near midnight without ever lighting a lamp, simply stirring up the fire every now and then, for Darton got so fairly under way that I could not find it in my heart to stop him, even to give the simple order for the lamp to be attended to. And, moreover, as I presume all men do who are affected with the same malady, he became occasionally so rhapsodical and absurd, that I felt he would prefer only the dim light to the fire. After many false starts he at length departed, promising to call again upon me as soon as he had formally made proposals for Miss Whatmore's hand, and received his answer. Well he proposed—was accepted—and the promise was sealed on each other's lips.

Perhaps the courteous reader may have had the same "hour of bliss," and if so he will remember the extreme complacency with which on that occasion he regarded every object, every person, and himself, how, as "homeward bound" he smiled, and chuckled, and congratulated himself, after that interview; how he gave the wall alike to the weak and to the strong, and even left the pavement for the roadway, rather than incommode the most humble pedestrian; and when the glance of recognition met his eye, how wonderfully complaisant he became, and how animated though somewhat incomprehensible in his friendly inquiries. Pursuing these reminiscences—agreeable or disagreeable as the issue of the affair was pleasant or otherwise—he will recollect how, on reaching his apartment, he indulged for hours in sweet memories, and built most magnificent (aerial) castles, the Protean forms of which defied all rules of architectural science.

And in this portrait of himself the reader has already drawn the picture of Alfred Darton when he called upon me that evening. Nor will I deny that I strongly sympathised with him in his novel and overflowing joy, for I knew that not only were the young couple mutually worthy of each other, but eminently calculated to promote each other's present and future happiness.

In the heart of Alfred Darton there was a strong current of religious feeling. It scarcely took the distinctive form often found where there exists a less powerful and controlling principle, but it operated to a great and beneficial extent upon his life, and often came to his aid when his impulsive and generous nature might have otherwise led him into temptation. And in Miss Whatmore he had found a friend whose example would be beneficial to him, for, with her, religion was a noble and ever active principle. By its precepts she regulated her conduct. But she loved religion for its benevolent character; to her it was the cement and the sweetener of all social enjoyments. Some minds are so constituted that they seem to see religion only in its prohibitory aspects—it is their constitutional misfortune to be ascetics and even piety does not entirely eradicate their constitutional infirmity. They would leave the world and seek seclusion in the cloister did circumstances favour their natural bias, and the only remedy for such spirits is to drink deeper into the benign, philanthropic spirit of Christianity. Without Christianity they would be misanthropes, and it takes much religion to make them philanthropists. Miss Whatmore was not of this class, and for my friend's sake I heartily rejoiced at it.

Now let me say something of her personal appearance. The all-conquering son of Venus is generally represented as being blindfold, and it is also said, that no sooner does his pointed dart take effect than his victim's vision also becomes partial and obscured, more particularly with regard to the object to whom his affections are directed. She who before was but a woman now becomes angelic and superhuman. What before was haughtiness and pride is now fitting dignity and proper independence; pusillanimity and weakness are transformed into gentleness and suavity; her defects are forgotten and overlooked—her excellences are magnified and extolled. Such is love; and were Alfred Darton about to sketch a portrait of Caroline Whatmore, the reader would almost intuitively make allowance for the perversion of his vision; and suppose her real loveliness to be the overdrawn picture of prejudiced feelings and biassed judgment. To me, however, cannot be attributed the same blindness, nor can I be accused of the like partiality; and I shall therefore claim the reader's confidence in the fidelity of my description.

Miss Whatmore was eminently attractive in person, and captivating in her manners. A connoisseur might not perhaps pronounce her beautiful and those who look not for an expression of soul in the face would perhaps

join him in the opinion; and the passing stranger, though he might be struck with some pleasing peculiarity both of features and deportment, might not perhaps yield to her the palm; which among those who knew her intimately was cheerfully awarded to her—yet beautiful she was, and lovely. Her eye alone spoke of exhaustless founts of feeling, and had a bewitchery in its glance all but irresistible. To read those expressive orbs was one of the most agreeable employments a man could desire. There seemed to be a depth behind them—in them—of truthfulness and intelligence which bespoke the presence of a pure and intellectual being. Her figure, too, without being commanding was pleasing, and all Mr. Darton's friends wished him joy of his blissful prospects. Had any doubted Miss Whatmore's fitness for the station on which she was about to enter, such doubts would have been entirely removed by a circumstance which took place on the bridal morning.

As the personal friend of the bridegroom, I had consented to fill the important and generally pleasant office of groomsman—always pleasant if the bridesmaid be at all after your heart's liking. We had assembled at the house of the bride's father, and were chatting in the drawing-room when some question arose on which it was adjudged to be most becoming to consult the taste and wishes of Miss Whatmore, when away ran the merry, laughing, bright-eyed maiden who was to venture with me so near the vortex of the matrimonial whirlpool—whether we subsequently steered clear is another matter, about which the reader can feel no possible curiosity—away she bounded, light as a fairy, though of more value to one heart than a thousand of those eccentric jades; but ere long she returned to us, sober and sedate, and her eyes suffused with tears. We felt a momentary anxiety lest something painful had occurred, but that was soon dispelled by an exclamation from the young lady—"Caroline deserves to be happy, and a happy wife she will be!"

Further explanation revealed a circumstance of the deepest interest and import. The bridesmaid, seeking her friend, had ascended to her chamber, and there had seen the bride kneeling devoutly before her "Father which was in heaven," and humbly supplicating His blessing upon the union, and upon their future path. "Oh," said the narrator, "my heart strongly prompted me to kneel down by her side—to blend my soul with hers in that solemn moment; but the scene was too sacred, and I retired unseen, and left her in converse with her Creator."

The reader will need no assurance that Mr. and Mrs. Darton lived in constant peace, and in the enjoyment of Heaven's blessing. This lesson let every heart learn for itself.

B. A. W.

MOTHER TO HER DEAD FIRST-BORN.

And thou art gone, my gentle boy,
 My only hope, my only joy,
 My bitter grief knows no alloy,
 When thou art gone.

Thou hadst not lived a single year
 Before they wrapped thee in thy bier,
 And I, thy doting mother, here
 Am left alone.

How oft my heart has joyed to see
 Thy little smiles all turn'd on me,
 When I have fondly play'd with thee,
 My darling boy!

Ah! little thought I then how nigh
 The hour was when thou shouldst die,
 And leave thy parents here to sigh
 For thee, my boy!

No more my eyes on thee shall gaze,
 As they were wont in bye-gone days,
 When thou thy little looks didst raise,
 To me, my boy!

And I alas! no more may trace
 Thy father's features in thy face,
 And watch with joy thy infant grace.
 My darling boy!

Ah! I who can tell the pangs I feel
 When at thy little grave I kneel,
 And pray to him my grief to heal,
 My only one!

They only know who've felt before
 Such loss as that I now deplore,
 My grief for thee, who'rt now no more,
 Who'rt dead and gone.

Yet will I bear against the blow
 And to the stroke submissive bow,
 For well I knew thou art happy now
 In Heav'n, my son!

I'll hope in him who even cheers,
 Who every weeping mourner hears,
 And trust that in a few short years
 We'll meet again.

A SAILOR AT A TEA PARTY.—While he moved about he was deep in conversation with the young sailor trying to extract from him any circumstances connected with the natural history of the different countries he had visited.—‘Oh! if you are fond of grubs, and flies, and beetles, there’s no place for ’em like Sierra Leone; I wish you’d had some of ours; we had rather too much of a good thing; we drank them with our drink, and could scarcely keep from eating them with our food. I never thought any folk could care for such fat green beasts as those, or I would ha’ brought you them by the thousand. A plate full o’ peas-soup would ha’ been full enough for you, I dare say; it were often too full for us.’—‘I would ha’ given a good deal for some on ’em,’ said Job.—‘Well, I knew folk at home liked some o’ the queer things one meets with abroad; but I never thought they’d care for them nasty slimy things. I were always on the look-out for a mermaid, for that I knew were a curiosity.’—‘You might ha’ looked long enough,’ said Job, in an under-tone of contempt, which, however, the quick ears of the sailor caught. ‘Not so long, master, in some latitudes as you think. It stands to reason th’ sea hereabouts is too cold for mermaids; for women here don’t go halfnaked on account of climate. But I’ve been in lands where muslin were too hot wear on land, and where the sea were more than milk-warm; and though I’d never the good luck to see a mermaid in that latitude, I know them that has.’—‘Do tell us about it,’ cried Mary.—‘Pooh, pooh!’ said Job the naturalist.—Both speeches determined Will to go on with his story. What could a fellow who had never been many miles from home know about the wonders of the deep, that he should put him down in that way? ‘Well, it were Jack Harris, our third mate, last voyage, as many and many a time telled us all about it. You see he were becalmed off Chatham Island (that’s in the Great Pacific, and a warm enough latitude for mermaids, and sharks, and such like perils). So some of the men took the long boat, and pulled for the island to see what it were like, and when they got near, they heard a puffing, like a creature come up to take breath; you’ve never heard a diver! No! well, you’ve heard folks in th’ asthma and it were for all the world like that. So they looked around, and what should they see but a mermaid, sitting on a rock, and sunning herself. The water is always warmer when it’s rough, you know so I suppose in the calm she felt it rather chilly; and had come up to warm herself.’—‘What was she like?’ asked Mary breathlessly.—Job took his pipe off the chimney-piece and began to smoke with very audible puffs, as if the story were not worth listening to.—‘Oh! Jack used to say she was for all the world as beautiful as any of the wax ladies in the barber’s shops; only. ‘Mary, there were one little difference, her hair was bright grass green.’—I should not think that was pretty, said Mary, hesitatingly; as if not liking to doubt the perfection of anything belonging to such an acknowledged beauty.—‘Oh! but it is when you’re used to it. I always think when first we get sight of land, there’s no colour so lovely

as grass green. However, she had green hair sure enough; and were proud enough of it too; for she were combing it out full length when first they saw her. They all thought she were a fair prize, and may be as good as a whale in ready money (they were whale-fishers you know.) For some folk think a deal of mermaids, whatever other folk do.' This was a hit at Job, who retaliated in a series of sonorous spittings and puffs.—'so, as I were saying, they pulled towards her, thinking to catch her. She were all the while combing her beautiful hair, and beckoning to them, while with the the other hand she held a looking-glass.—'How many hands had she?' asked Job—Two, to be sure, just like any other women,' answered Will, indignantly.—'Oh! I thought you said she beckoned with one hand, and combed her hair with another, and held a looking-glass with a third,' said Job, with provoking quietness.—'No! I didn't! at least if I did, I meant she did one thing after another, as any one but' (here he mumbled a word or two) 'could understand.' 'Well, Mary,' turning very decidedly towards her; 'when she saw them coming near, whether it were she grew frightened at their fowling-pieces as they had on board, for a bit o' shooting on the island, or whether it waz', she were just a fickle jade as did not rightly know her own mind (which seeing one-half of her was woman I think myself was most probable), but when they were only about two oars length from the rock where she sat, down she plopped into the water, leaving nothing but her hinder end of a fish tail sticking up for a minute, and then that disappeared too.'—'And did they never see her again?' asked Mary.—'Never so plain; the man who had the second watch one night declared he saw her swimming round the ship, and holding up her glass for him to look in; and then he saw the little cottage near Aber in Wales (where his wife lived) as plain as ever he saw it in life, and his wife standing outside, shading her eyes as if she were looking for him. But Jack Harris gave him no credit, for he said he were always a bit of a romancer, and beside that, were a homesick, down-hearted chap.'—'I wish they had caught her,' said Mary, musing.—'They got one thing as belonged to her, replied Will, 'and that I've often seen with my own eyes, and I reckoned it's a sure proof of the truth of their story; for them that wants proof'—'What was it?' asked Margaret.—almost anxious her grandfather should be convinced.—'Why, in her hurry she left her comb in the rock, and one o' the men spied it; so they thought that were better than nothing, and they rowed there and took it, and Jack Harris had it on board the *John Cropper*, and I saw him comb his hair with it every Sunday morning.'—'What was it like,' asked Mary eagerly; her imagination running on coral combs, studded with pearls.—'Why, if it had not had such a strange yarn belonging to it, you'd never ha' noticed it from any other small tooth comb.'—'I should rather think not,' sneered Job Legh.—The sai or bit his lips to keek down his anger against an old man. Margaret felt very uneasy, knowing her grandfather so well, and not daring to guess what caustic remark might come next to irritate the young

sailor guest. Mary, however, was too much interested by the wonders of the deep to perceive the incredulity with which Job Legh received Wilson's account of the mermaid: and when he left off, half offended, and very much inclined not to open his lips again through the evening, she eagerly said,—“Oh do tell us something more of what you hear and see on boardship. Do, Will”—“What's the use, Mary, if folk won't believe one. There are things I saw with my own eyes, that some people would pish and pshaw at, as if I were a baby to be put down by cross noises. But I'll tell you, Mary, with an emphasis on *you*, some more of the wonders of the sea, sin' you're not too wise to believe me. I have seen a fish fly!”—This did stagger Mary. She had heard of mermaids as signs of inns, and as sea-wonders, but never of flying fish. “Not so Job.” He put down his pipe, and nodding his head as a token of approbation, he said—“Ay, ay! young man. Now you're speaking truth.”—“Well now! you'll swallow that, old gentleman. You'll credit me when I say I've seen a critture half fish, half bird, and you won't credit me when I say there be such beasts as mermaids, half fish, half women. To me ~~was~~ just as strange as another,”—“You never saw the mermaid yoursel,” interposed Margaret, gently. “But love me, love my dog,” was Will Wilson's motto, only his version was ‘believe me, believe Jack Harris;’ and the remark was not so soothing to him, as it was intended to have been.—“It's the *Exocoetus*; one of the *Malacopterygii Abdominales*,” said Job, much interested.—“Ay, there you go! You're one of them folks as never knows beasts unless they're called out o' their names. Put 'em in Sunday clothes and you know 'em, but in their work-a-day English you never know nought about 'em.” “I've met wi' many o' your kidney; and if I'd ha known it, I'd ha christened poor Jack's mermaid wi' some grand gibberish of a name. Mermaidicus Jack Harrisensis: that's just like their new-fangled words. D'ye believe there's such a thing as the Mermaidicus, master?” asked Will, enjoying his own joke uncommonly, as most people do.—“Not I! Tell me about the”—“Well! said Will, pleased at having excited the old gentleman's faith and credit at last. ‘It were on this voyage, about a day's sail from Madeira, that one of our men—’—“Not Jake Harris, I hope,” murmured Job.—“Called me,” continued Will, not noticing the interruption, ‘to see the what d'ye call it—flying fish I say it is. It were twenty feet out o' water, and it flew near on to a hundred yards. But I say, old gentleman, I ha' gotten one dried, and if you'll take it, why I'll give it you; only,’ he added in a lower tone, ‘I'd wish you'd just gie me credit for the Mermaidicus.’—I really believe if the assuming faith in the story of the mermaid had been made the condition of receiving the flying fish, Job Legh, sincere man as he was, would have pretended belief he was so much delighted at the idea of possessing his specimen.”

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—“The happiest conversation,” says Dr. Johnson “is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered, but a general effect of pleasing impression.”

A COMMERCIAL LESSON FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—*The Pacific Advertiser*, a journal published at Honolulu, observes:—"A retail merchant, who advertises freely in our sheet, told us a day or two ago that, during his residence here, he never had a better run of business than during the past few weeks. No small share of this is owing to letting people know what he has on hand. It is a fact, which the experience of every successful merchant will attest, that money spent in advertising properly, yields a larger profit than any other investment known."

THE PINK SILK ; OR, DEBT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

CHAPTER I.

John Lacy was head clerk in the business establishment of Whitmore and Co., in the large manufacturing town of Storchester. From the time John first entered Mr. Whitmore's counting house, it had been his ambition to have a home of his own and a wife. For some years he had toiled on, living in dingy lodgings, and denying himself every thing but the bare necessities of life, to save the money requisite for furnishing the long dreamt-of little mansion, and starting life comfortably. His future wife's friends he knew could not do anything towards the expenses of their married life, for Emily Wilson was the only child of an old soldier, whose pension would die with him. She had received a good education from her mother, and was in a situation until such time as John could offer her a home of her own, Emily refusing to be a burden upon her parents, whose narrow income barely sufficed for their own comfortable support.

And now John's dream was realised. A cozy little house was taken, and furnished; a fortnight's holiday from the office was obtained, during which time Emily became Mrs. Lacy; a few days' sojourn at Brighton; and then back to the little house at Storchester, which was henceforth to be their home.

Home! how John's heart thrilled at the word! Yes he too, now, had a home; and more, he had the wife of his heart, for whom he had so long patiently waited and toiled.

John Lacy was eminently a man of figures; and as soon as they were settled in their new home, he proceeded to lay before his wife his plans for regulating their household accounts. All bills were to be settled every quarter and so, John said, they would know how they were going on. He then informed Emily that he wished her to have a certain annual sum for her own dress and expenditure; and he placed five pounds in her hands as her first quarter's instalment, cautioning her, with a smile, not to run into debt. Emily smiled too; she did not think the caution much needed, as

half the sum her husband allowed her had generally covered her wardrobe expenditure, and, like John, she had been carefully saving during the four years of their engagement, so as to provide, with a little assistance from her parents, a respectable outfit for her marriage.

Six months had passed happily away; the long winter evenings had seemed all too short to the happy pair as they sat by their own fireside, all the more enjoyed for occasional breaks, in the form of evening visits to their friends; for they had a pleasant circle of acquaintance, all of whom considered it necessary to show their respect for the newly-married pair by inviting them once, at least.

The Spring was rapidly advancing, and Emily began to consider how she could lay out her yet scarcely touched allowance to the best advantage, in the purchase of seasonable dress. She was pondering one morning on this all-important subject, when the door-bell rang, and her tidy maid announced that a person wished to speak with her.

"Show her in," said Emily; and a small dark woman made her appearance.

"I have taken the liberty of calling, madam," she began, "to inform you that I am now travelling with new Spring goods of all descriptions, mostly French. They are of the latest style; and, having imported them myself, I am enabled to offer them at a much lower price than you would usually purchase them in the shops. Will you permit me to show them to you?"

"Thank you," said Emily; "but I really do not know that I require anything."

"Only permit me to show you what I have," urged Mrs. Dennis, for that was the stranger's name. "You need not purchase if you do not wish it; but I should like you to see the contents of my cases."

"There can be no harm in looking," thought Emily; and the woman, seeing her hesitation, at once brought in a large leather case from the entrance where she had left it, and proceeded to exhibit sundry elegant dresses, shawls, mantles, &c.

"Remember, I have not promised to buy," said Emily, as she watched dress after dress unfolded, and laid out on the chairs and tables.

"Oh, dear no," said Mrs. Dennis, blandly; "it is a pleasure to me to show them to a lady of your good taste; and," she added, speaking in a more confidential tone, and moving nearer to Emily, "I take ladies cast-off wardrobes; if you have any old dresses or shawls you have done with, I will give you their full value in exchange."

This was a fresh inducement to Emily, who had already begun to cast very admiring glances at a pretty Spring silk, and a new style of shawl, which Mrs. Dennis had displayed; they were both more expensive than she wished

but she knew she had two or three articles of apparel which she had already decided were hardly worth putting away for another winter, and she hoped that with the help of these she might bring the price of the much-coveted articles within her reach.

Her countenance fell when Mrs. Dennis, after examining her well-worn dresses with a critical eye, mentioned a few shillings as the extent of their value; she hesitated, looked again at the shawl and dress, and at last consented to take them for five pounds, and her old winter garments. It was more, by a great deal, than she had thought of allowing herself to spend on these two items, but then she considered, they were a great deal handsomer than she could have got for the money at any of the shops.

In the evening Emily exhibited her purchases to her husband, who duly admired them.

"Paid for?" he asked, with a smile.

"Of course, dear John," was the ready reply; "they only cost me a part in money, for I exchanged some old dresses for them."

Somehow, Emily did not like to name the real sum she had given for them, though it would have been well and wiser had she told the whole truth.

Six months more rolled on, and a little one was expected. Emily was very busy in her preparation; John made her a liberal present to provide for the coming of the little stranger, but Emily taxed her own purse to the utmost to have everything very nice, as she considered.

The event was over, and Emily was rapidly recovering her usual strength and health. John, proud of his first-born, a fine boy, proposed that they should take advantage of his christening, and return their friends hospitality, by inviting a party on the occasion. Emily agreed, and the invitations were duly issued.

A few days before the expected party, Emily was nursing her boy, and considering whether he was most like John or her own father, when the door was opened, and Mrs. Dennis was introduced. She began by complimenting Emily on her looks, and the beauty of the child.

"May I ask his name?" said Mrs. Dennis.

"We think of calling him John Edward, after his father and mine," replied Emily.

"Then he is not christened yet?" said Mrs. Dennis.

"No," replied Emily; "it is to take place next Wednesday."

"Ah! then I am just in time; of course you will want a new dress," said Mrs. Dennis.

"No," replied Emily, "I cannot possibly afford it just now; I shall wear my wedding dress in the evening."

"What! at the christening?" exclaimed Mrs. Dennis. "Oh! pardon me my dear lady, but that would not be good taste. Besides, the dress cannot have worn as well as its wearer; she may look as fresh as ever, but the dress must have lost its freshness by this time. Now, if you will only allow me to show you, I have the most lovely thing; just suitable—there!" she said, taking, from its case a delicate rose-pink silk.

Emily could not restrain an expression of admiration, and she asked "What is the price?"

"Five guineas," replied Mrs. Dennis, "but to you I will make it four pounds, ten; it is so exactly what will suit your complexion."

Emily knew this, and she sighed as she said, "Totally impossible, I could not afford half that sum."

"Oh, I do not expect you to pay for it," said Mrs. Dennis. Emily stared, and the woman continued, "If it is not impertinent, what could you afford to give? You admire the dress so much, you really ought to have it."

Emily coloured as she replied, "I have only two pounds left of my quarter's allowance, and it will be two months before I have any more."

Emily felt that she was lowering herself in thus bandying words with the woman; but she admired the dress so much that she had not the resolution to say firmly and at once, "No."

Mrs. Dennis glanced at her companion for a moment, and then said, with a light laugh, "And then you say you cannot afford it, when you have a regular allowance to do as you like with! My dear Mrs. Lacy, of course you will have the dress; and see (you will have it made low, I suppose) you should have something to cover your neck, or you will be taking cold, and it will look in better taste for the occasion."

As she said this, Mrs. Dennis produced a small black lace cloak, trimmed and tied with pink ribbons that exactly matched with the dress.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Emily, as Mrs. Dennis laid the cloak lightly over the dress.

"Yes," said the shrewd saleswoman; "and you will look most lovely in them; and as to the price, that is the last consideration—they are only seven pounds both together; and to a lady like you I should never think of making any difficulty. If you like to pay me ten or twenty shillings on account, you can do so; as for the rest, twenty years hence will suit me, or you can pay me ten shillings at a time if you like; you will never know they have cost you anything then."

Emily listened to the tempting voice, and yielded. She paid a sovereign down, and took the dress and cloak.

Mrs. Dennis began to close her cases, and while so doing, she inquired if Emily had a suitable dressmaker.

"I ask the question, madam," she said, "because, you know, that dress should be made well, and I have a friend who makes for a very few ladies, just one or two I have mentioned to her; she certainly works and fits exquisitely, and if you would allow me, I will mention you to her. She works chiefly for amusement, so that her terms are really absurdly low; I should imagine they will not pay her for the materials."

Once more Emily was persuaded; she told Mrs. Dennis she would see her friend the next day; and the next day, accordingly, Mrs. Jacobs made her appearance.

Most suspiciously like her friend (?) Mrs. Dennis was Mrs. Jacobs. She took Emily's measure with professional rapidity, complimented her on her figure, and her taste in the selection of the dress, and departed, promising the dress in time for the party. It came; it fitted admirably; but Emily felt rather appalled at the handsome blacklace with which it was profusely trimmed.

"What would John say?" thought Emily; "would he suspect anything?" So much had Emily dreaded her husband's questions, that she had not yet even mentioned her purchase. However, the day came, and, summoning all her courage, she said in a careless tone, "John, dear, I bought myself a new dress for the party to-night."

"Very well, my love," said her husband; "I do not doubt you will look very nice."

John said no more; and even when the pink silk was on, he only remarked; that his Emily, somehow, always looked nicer than other woman.

Emily's heart misgave her at these kind, loving words; but even then she had not the courage to speak out and tell him the error her vanity had led her into. Alas! this was only the beginning of her sorrows.

About a month after these events, Emily's mother died; it was her first great grief; and though her husband's affectionate sympathy softened the blow, it fell heavily,

Six months more, and Emily's heart beat nervously every time the door bell rang. If Mrs. Dennis should want her money, what could she do? At last she came.

Although John had made Emily a present, mourning is very expensive; consequently, her purse was very light; two pounds were all she had saved

towards liquidating her debt. She began to explain this to Mrs. Dennis, who immediately stopped her.

"My dear lady," said she "why make needless apologies? I told you to pay me ten shillings at a time, if it suited you so to do: and you offer me two pounds, but see here, I have a lovely black silk for you.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Emily; "I must not buy any thing more to day; indeed, I shall not," she added firmly.

"I beg your pardon, I must have misunderstood you, then," said Mrs. Dennis; "you wish to close your account with me; I shall have to trouble you for four pounds more in that case. My bill against you is six pounds."

"But," stammered Emily, "I thought I was to pay as I could."

"Certainly, if you continue to deal with me," said Mrs. Dennis; "but not if you got your dresses elsewhere. You must have dresses, and if you do not buy of me, you must of some one else; it is only fair to settle one account before you begin another." Then changing her tone, which had been somewhat threatening, she added, in a coaxing voice, "Come, we must not quarrel so soon. I do not want to trouble you; take the dress; I shall never ask you for the money. Why bless me, many ladies take twenty pounds' worth of dresses, and not offer me what you have done,

Emily took the black silk, and a handsome mourning shawl besides.

"Shall I send Mrs. Jacobs for the dress?—or, if you like, I will take it to her," said Mrs. Dennis; "she has your measures."

Emily agreed; indeed, she dared not refuse. She felt she was in Mrs. Dennis's power, and she feared to contradict her; even when her dress came from Mrs. Jacobs's and she found that it was a very inferior silk to the one Mrs. Dennis had chosen and shown to her, she was silent. She could not appeal to her husband, for then she must have told her own folly and deceit. And so for the next two or three years it went on. Mrs. Dennis called regularly, and cajoled or threatened the unhappy wife into taking the most expensive articles of every description. In vain Emily struggled to free herself, but she only sank deeper into the mire, for at last she applied the money intrusted to her by her husband for the purpose of paying household bills to satisfying the demands Mrs. Dennis now frequently made for a few pounds on account. What was really owing, Emily at last did not know, but was completely at her creditor's mercy.

Poor Emily! her distress was great, and it told both on her health and temper, her husband often wondered what could have changed her so much, but the day of reckoning was at hand.

CHAPTER II.

One evening John returned home with a grave, sad face. Emily anxiously inquired the cause.

"Mr. Whitmore is dead," was the reply.

"Will that affect you, John?" asked Emily.

"I cannot tell yet," replied John; "but I fear it may."

And so the event proved. Many alterations were made in the arrangements, and among them John was a sufferer. He was summoned to the house of Mr. Blakey; and with many compliments on his industry and steadiness, he received a handsome present, in addition to his salary, and his dismissal.

"Never mind, Emmy," said John, cheerily to his wife; "with the handsome character Mr. Blakey gives me, I am sure to get employment again soon; meanwhile, I have saved enough to carry us on comfortably for the present. Thank God, we have no debts!"

Emily shrank, as though her husband had struck her, when she heard his last words. What should she do now?

"I must go back to the office for another day or two," said John, the next morning. "I have not quite finished every thing yet, as I should like to leave it."

Emily watched him depart. A painful feeling of coming sorrow weighed upon her spirits. The hours dragged slowly along; she could not employ herself; and when the hour for John's return approached, she listened, with a feeling akin to agony, for his step, but he came not.

Two hours later than his usual time John returned. Emily tried to shake off her nervous dread, and went to the parlour door to meet him.

"What makes you so late?" she would have asked; but, at the first glance at John's face, her voice failed. She had never seen him look as he now did, and she turned and followed him, trembling, into the cosy little parlour. John carefully closed the door; then drawing a packet of papers from his coat pocket, he put them into Emily's hand, saying, in a hoarse voice, "What do these mean?"

Emily opened the first; it was a bill from Mrs. Dennis, for goods supplied during the last three years and a half, forty-three pounds and some odd shillings! The paper fell from her trembling hands. One glance at the pale terrified face of his wife, destroyed the last faint hope John had cherished that some mistake had been made in the name.

"Look at them all," he said, bitterly, "and then tell me how they are to be paid."

The next was Mr. Jacob's account, thirty pounds; the others were tradespeople's bills, which John had given her the money to pay, and which money she had appropriated.

"Now, tell me the truth," said John. "How has all this happened? and how much more money do you owe?"

"That is all" sobbed the miserable Emily; and then, with many tears and sobs, she told the whole tale of her folly and deceit, and implored her husband's forgiveness.

"I forgive you, Emily," said her husband, "but you have brought a heavy punishment upon me as well as yourself. These bills came in this morning; at first I would not believe them; but I was soon obliged to do so. I have since been consulting your father, and we have agreed upon what we consider the wisest plan; indeed, I may say, the only course open to me. This morning Mr. Blakey offered me an appointment abroad, in one of their foreign houses. I at first intended to refuse; but now I have no choice, and I have accepted it. I cannot possibly take you and the boy; so you and he must go to your father, who has consented to take charge of you. This house must of course be given up; the furniture must be sold; and this, with what I have saved, will just pay those debts and my travelling expenses, and leave a small sum in your father's hands for the extra expense you will cause him. But remember," he added, sternly, "I can pay no more of your debts."

"How long shall you be away, John?" asked Emily, amid her tears.

"I cannot say," was John's reply; and his own voice shook as he said; "if I find it possible to make a home for you and the boy, I will send for you as soon as I can afford to pay the expense of your journey; at present it is impossible."

A month from that time found Emily and her child domiciled with the old soldier. The little home was gone; the pretty furniture, bought with such loving pride, and paid for with the hard-earned saving of many years, had been dispersed among strangers, and John was on his sad and lonely way to a foreign land.

CHAPTER III.

Four years had passed away, and Emily sat alone in comfortless little room in a dingy house, which bore on its front window a card, "Lodgings." She looked thin and old, for these four years had been full of deep, bitter sorrow to her. A few months after her husband's departure her father was struck with paralysis, which left him feeble as a young child, and fretful in the extreme. Emily was obliged to engage the services of a young girl to look after her little boy, while she attended to the many wants of her suffering parent, her narrow means not enabling her to engage a more efficient assistant.

One day Emily had sent her child out as usual under the care of this girl and was busily employed about her own duties, when an unusual noise and crowd in the street attracted her attention. They stopped before her own door; and in a few minutes the blood froze in her veins at the sight of her lovely boy, borne in the arms of a kind-hearted man, a mangled corpse. His careless nurse had stopped before a shop window, regardless of a rapidly advancing carriage, the horses of which had evidently escaped from the control of their driver. In a moment the little one had been knocked down and trampled to death. A passer-by picked him up; and, learning who he was from the frightened girl, carried him home to his distracted mother.

The old soldier lingered some time after the little one's death, but at last he died, and Emily was left alone. The loss of her father's pension obliged Emily to give up the little house in which she had lived, and to seek for lodging suited to her scanty purse. With some difficulty she met with what she required, and removed her few articles of furniture.

Emily was sitting alone in her little room, considering what would be the best course for her to pursue. She thought of all her past life, of her happiness the first year she was married, of all her subsequent folly, and the misery it had brought, then she thought of her child; and here memory became almost too painful. She covered her face with her hands, and the tears streamed fast down her cheeks. She had written to her husband after her father's death, but had received no answer, and in her misery she thought perhaps he, too, was dead—another victim to her misconduct.

Emily's melancholy reverie was here interrupted by her landlady, who suddenly opening the door, said, "A gentleman, ma'am, wants to speak with ye."

Emily started up. A tall man had entered the room, and stood gazing fondly and anxiously at her. She looked again; surely—could she be mistaken in the evening gloom?

"Emily, my wife!" said he.

It was John; and the next moment Emily was weeping tears of joy in her husband's arms.

"You will not leave me again, John?" she sobbed.

"Never, my darling, I hope," he replied, "I was preparing to come when I received your letter."

"Have you lost your appointment, then?" asked Emily.

"I have given it up," he replied. "Emily, I am a rich man."

"A rich man!" repeated Emily.

"Yes, my dear, a rich man," said John, as she stared at him in astonishment. "You may look," he added, "but it is true. Do you remember

Emily, I told you I lodged with an old Mr. Henkin? Well, he took a great fancy to me; and when he died, having no relations—at least, none that he ever acknowledged—he left all his property to me. I had always believed him to be poor; but I discovered, to my surprise, that he was worth nearly twenty thousand pounds. The first thing now to be done is to seek for a comfortable home, which we can once more call our own.”

“John,” said Emily, timidly, “can you ever trust me again?”

“Yes, my darling, fully and entirely,” he replied. “Otherwise we should have little happiness.”

“Then, John, will you please not give me an allowance,” said Emily. “I would rather ask you when I want anything, and then I shall not be so easily tempted to do wrong.”

“Very well, my dear, just as you please,” said John.

Emily never again gave her husband cause to regret his confidence in her. Even had she been disposed to err, the sight or the recollection of that little green mound, with its simple white head-stone, would have arrested her steps, by bringing to her mind the memory of those four sad years, during which she had felt so bitterly the consequences of her first debt.

M A B.

COOLNESS—A TALE ABOUT A HEAD.

Jake was a little buck negro who belonged to Dr. Taliaferro; and was said to have in his little frame a heart as big as General Jackson's—to say nothing of Napoleon Bonaparte and Zack Taylor. He didn't fear even Old Nick; and as for coolness—he was as cool as the tip-top of the North Pole.

One day, Dr. Taliaferro, upon occasion of the commencement of a medical College, of which he held the chair of Anatomy, gave a dinner. Among his guests was a well known ventriloquist. Late in the evening, after the bottle had done its work, the conversation turned upon courage, and the Doctor boasted considerably of the lion-heart of his favorite man, Jake. He offered to bet that nothing could scare him; and this bet the ventriloquist took up, naming at the same time the test he wanted imposed. Jake was sent for and came.

“Jake,” said the Doctor, “I have bet a large sum of money on your head and we must win it. Do you think you can?”

“Berry bell, marster,” replied Jake, “jest tell dis nigger what he's to do, an he'll do it, shore.”

“I want you to go to the dissecting room. You will find two dead bodies re. Cut off the head of one with a large knife which you will find there

and bring it to us. You must not take a light, however; and don't get frightened.'

'Dat's all, is it? inquired Jake. 'Oh! berry bell, I'll do dat shore for sartin; and as for being frightened the debbal herself aint a gwine to frighten me.'

Jake accordingly set off, and reaching the dissecting room, groped about until he found the bodies. He had just applied the former to the neck of one of the latter, when from the body he was about to decapitate a hollow and sepulchral voice exclaimed—

'Let my head alone!'

'Yes, sah,' replied Jake, 'I aint 'ticular; and tudder head 'll do jes as well.

He accordingly put the knife to the neck of the next corpse, when another voice, equally unearthly in its tone shrieked out—

'Let my head alone!'

Jake was puzzled at first; but answered presently.

'Look a yah! Master Tolliver sed I must bring *one* ob de heads, an' you isn't a gwine to fool me, no hew!' and Jake hacked away until he separated the head from the body. Thereupon half a dozen voices screamed out—

'Bring it back! bring it back!'

Jake had reached the door, but on hearing this turned round, and said—

'Now—now, see yah! Jes you keep quiet, you deuce ob a foal an' don't wake up de women folk. Marster's only gwine to look at the bumps.'

'Bring back my head at once!' cried the voice.

'Tend to you, right away, sha!' replied Jake, as he marched off with the head; and in the next minute deposited it before the Doctor.

'So you've got it, I see,' said his master.

'Yes, sha,' replied the unmoved Jake, 'but please be done lookin' at him soon, *kass de gemplin told me to fetch him back right away.*'—*American Sun.*

EGGITY.—A gentleman travelling in a gig in the vicinity of London, on coming to a turnpike, stopped for a ticket, and while the gate-keeper was procuring it he threw the toll-money down on the road. The gate-keeper with great coolness, took it up and placed the ticket upon the same spot, which the gentleman perceiving, and being anxious to proceed on his journey, requested him to give it up: but turning on his heels, he said, "No, sir, where I receives my money, there always leaves the receipt: and immediately left the gentleman to get out of the gig, and take it up himself.

ADVICE TO WIVES.—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weak-

nesses by working upon them ; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him ; never, if possible, to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language ; let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow such an indulgence, if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases ; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow to the irritated feelings of your husband — *The English Matron*.

A LEARNED DOG — On the Third Avenue there is a house where one family, residing on the third floor, takes one of the morning papers, while another family, who occupy the second floor, subscribe for two others. The carriers throw the three papers in the hall early each morning, and the family on the third floor send down their large dog for their copy. With the utmost regularity, this sagacious quadruped, who was reared on Prince Edward's Island, selects it from among the three journals, carries it up stairs in his teeth, and delivers it to his mistress, never at any time making a mistake as to the papers. Although the dog's movements have been carefully watched, during several mornings, no one has been able to offer any reasonable conjectures as to the means the dog uses to distinguish the journal his mistress subscribes for from others — *New York Tribune*.

THE FORSAKEN

Nay, dear sister, do not chide him !
 Tho' deeply he hath wronged me,
 I cannot bear to hear harsh words
 Against him spoke, tho' e'en from thee !
 For how can I forget the hour,
 The blessed hours, with him I past,
 The loving words I've heard him breathe,
 The smiles th' at o'er his face were cast !
 Should he e'er return, oh, tell him
 I lov'd, I lov'd but him alone,
 That no other image e'er dimm'd
 The worshipp'd beauty of his own !
 And say I ever thought of him,
 Yea, e'en when in the arms of death,
 And that I wish'd him every joy,
 And bless'd him with my latest breath !

SONG OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

TAKE EACH HAND IN FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis an honest love to love the land
 Our mother's step hath hallow'd made,
 For love each haunt, with truthful hand,
 In light enduring hath array'd:
 But, loving thus our native isle,
 Have we no share to give another,
 And, casting off our earthly guile,
 In every stranger own a brother?
 Let's take each hand in friendship ever,—
 For why should colour, clime, or name,
 Opinion, creed, or language, sever
 Warm hearts that beat with life the same!

The black-man toiling 'mong the canes,
 He hears the doctrine that ye tell;
 The red-skin o'er the western plains,
 He listens to your words as well:
 And much they wonder at the kind,
 Unselfish precepts that ye give—
 But marvel more to know and find
 So different's the way ye live.
 Then take each hand in friendship ever—
 For why should colour, clime, or name,
 Opinion, creed, or language, sever
 Warm hearts that beat with life the same!

The wild man feels his simple life,
 Though full of wrongs and much transgression,
 Is with the love ye preach more rife
 Than yours, with all your loud profession.
 He sees, in savageness refined,
 Ye bear strong anguish through the earth,
 To overcome and crush your kind,
 And much he doubts your preaching's worth.
 Come, take each hand in friendship ever—
 For why should colour, clime, or name,
 Opinion, creed, or language, sever
 Warm hearts that beat with life the same!

The faithful heart has love for all,
 And Good is yet but in its youth—
 Who would not aid to break the thrall
 That binds it from immortal Truth?
 To aid with deeds that will not fling
 Poor Truth about away-worn rover,
 But, throwing her in hearts, will bring
 More happiness the wide world over!
 Then take each hand in friendship ever—
 For why should colour, clime, or name,
 Opinion, creed, or language, sever
 Warm hearts that beat with life the same!

FREDERICK ENOCH.

A FRENCHMAN AT HIS ENGLISH STUDIES.

Frenchman. Ha, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How you call H-o-u-g-h?—*Tutor.* Huff.—*Fr.* *Trees bien, Huff*; and Snuff you spell S-n-o-u-g-h, ha!—*Tutor.* Oh, no; *Snuff* is S-n-u double f. The fact is, words ending in *ough* are a little irregular.—*Fr.* Ah, ver' good. 'Tis beautiful language. H-o-u-g-h is *Huff*, I will remember; and C-o-u-g-h *Cuff*. I have one bad *Cuff*, ha!—*Tutor.* No, that is wrong. We say *Kauf*, not *Cuff*—*Fr.* *Kauf, eh bien.* *Huff* and *Kauf*; and, *pardonnez moi*, how you call D-o-u-g-h—*Duff*, ha!—*Tutor.* No, not *Duff*.—*Fr.* Not *Duff*? Ah! *ow*; I understand—is *Dauf*, hey!—*Tutor.* No, D-o-u-g-h spells *Doe*.—*Fr.* *Doe*! It is ver' fine wonderful language; it is *Doe*; and T-o-u-g-h is *Toe*, *certainement*. My beef-steak was very *Toe*.—*Tutor.* Oh no, no; you should say *Tuff*.—*Fr.* *Tuff*? and the thing the farmer uses, how you call him P-l-o-u-g-h, *Pluff*? Ha! you smile: I see I am wrong; it is *Plauf*? No? Ah, then it is *Ploe*, like *Doe*; it is beautiful language, ver' fine—*Ploe*?—*Tutor.* You are still wrong, my friend: it is *Plow*.—*Fr.* *Plow*! Wonderful language! I shall understand ver' soon. *Plow Doe, Kauf*; and one more—R-o-u-g-h, what you call General Taylor; *Rauf* and *Ready*! No? *certainement* it is *Row* and *Ready*!—*Tutor.* No: R-o-u-g-h spells *Ruff*.—*Fr.* *Ruff*, ha! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is *Ruff*, and B-o-u-g-h is *Buff*, ha!—*Tutor.* No, *Bow*.—*Fr.* 'Tis ver' simple, wonderful language; but I have had what you call E-n-o-u-g-h! Ha! what you call him?—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

DISSERTATION UPON SHAVING.—Lord Allen, in conversation with Sam Rogers, observed, I never put my razor into hot water, as I am fully convinced that it injures the temper of the blade. No doubt of it, said the wit; show me the blade that would not be out of temper if plunged into hot water.

CONJECTURAL KNOWLEDGE.—The following trite but pithy dialogue occurred lately on the Epsom Road, between a Cockney and a countryman:—Cockney; I say, Bill, my good feller, vick is the vay to Epsom? Countryman; How did you know my name was Bill? Cockney; Vy, I guess'd it. Countryman; but how did you know I was a good fellow? Cockney; Vy, I guess'd it. Countryman; Then guess the way to Epsom.

SMOKING.—What harm is there in a pipe? sa, a young puff-well. None that I know of, replies his companion, except that smoking induces drinking, drinking induces intoxication, intoxication induces the bile, bile induces jaundice, jaundice leads to dropsy, dropsy terminates in death. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

CONFESSIONS.—A young Catholic lady was at confession. The confessor, after asking several questions relative to her confession, felt some curiosity to know who was the fair penitent: he asked her name: the lady not choosing to satisfy him, replied, Father, my name is not a sin.

AN APT ILLUSTRATION. A person asked how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden. A young friend of hers requested her to go into a cane brake, and get him the handsomest reed. She must get it once going through, without turning. She went, and coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked her if that was the handsomest she saw. Oh, no, replied she, I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on, in hopes of one much better, until I got nearly through; and then I was obliged to take up with any one I could find—and got a crooked one at last.

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND. I like the Bible, Prayer-book, in short, every thing but the *Companion to the Altar*, said a hen-pecked husband.

A GAUNTLET FOR THE MEN.

I maintain it; all the heroism of the present day is to be found among women. I say it to your beards. I am sick of such remarks as these—"Poor fellow! he was unfortunate in business, and so he took to drinking;" or "Poor fellow! he had a bad wife, and lost his heart." What does a woman do who is unfortunate in business, I should like to know? Why, she tries again; of course, and keeps on trying to the end of the chapter, notwithstanding the pitiful remuneration man bestows upon her labour—notwithstanding his oft-repeated attempts to cheat her out of it when she had earned it." What does a woman do who has a bad improvident husband? Works all the harder, to be sure, to make up his deficiencies to her household: works day and night—smiles when her heart and back are both breaking—speaks hopeful words when her very soul is dying within her—denies herself the needed morsel to increase her children's portion—and, crushed neither by the iron gripe of poverty nor allured by the Judas smile of temptation, hopefully puts her trust in Him who feedeth the sparrows.

She—"the weaker sex?" Out on your pusillanimous manhood! "Took to drinking because he was unhappy!" Bless his—big—Spartan—soul." How I admire him." Couldn't live a minute without he had everything to his mind—never had the slightest idea of walking round an obstacle or jumping over it—never practised that sort of philosophical gymnastics—couldn't grit his teeth at fate, and, defy it to do its worst, because they chattered so, poor fellow." Wanted buttered toast—had to eat dry bread; liked to ride, but had to go a-foot; fond of wine, but had to drink beer; couldn't smoke, though his chimney did; rushed out of the world and left his wife and children to battle with the fate that his coward soul was afraid to meet. Brave, magnanimous fellow!

Again—we are constantly hearing that the ext ravagance of women debars young men from the bliss of matrimony. Poor things; they can't select a wife *from out* the frivolous circuit of fashion; there are no refined, well educated, lady-like, practical girls and women, whom any man, with a man's soul might be proud to call wife, nobly struggling for an honest maintenance as writers, governesses, teachers, sempstresses, and milliners.

They never read such an advertisement as this in the papers:—"Wanted, by a young girl, a situation as governess. She can teach the English branches, French and Italian, and is willing to accept a small remuneration to secure a respectable home."

Fudge! None so blind as those who won't see. The truth is most of the young men of the present day are selfish to the backbone. "Poor," too—very poor!—never make up a bachelor party for a nice little game, supper, washed down with champagne at seven shillings a bottle; never smoke dozens of cigars a-day at threepence a-piece: never invite *themselves* to go to concerts, the opera, or the theatre! Wish they could get married, but can't, at least not till, as they elegantly express it, "they meet with a pretty girl who has the tin."

FANNY FERN.

THE FAULTY PORTRAIT.—All you sitters expect to be flattered, and very little flattery do you bestow. Perversely, you won't even see your own likenesses. Take for instance, the following scene, which I had from a miniature-painter:—A man, aged about forty, had been sitting to him—one of a little pretensions as you can well imagine; you would have thought it impossible that he could have had an homœopathic proportion of vanity—of personal vanity at least; but it turned out otherwise. He was described as a greasy bilious man, with a peculiarly conventional aspect—that is, one that affects a union of gravity and love. "Well, sir," said the painter, "that will do—I think I have been very fortunate in your likeness." The man looks at it, and says nothing,—puts on an expression of disappointment. "What, don't you think it like, sir?" says the artist. "Why—ye-ee-s, it is li-i-ke—but—" "But what sir? I think it is exactly like. I wish you would tell me where it is not like?" "Why, I'd rather you should find it out yourself. Have the goodness to look at me." And here my friend the painter declared, that he put on a most detestably affected grin of amiability. "Well sir, upon my word, I don't see any fault at all; it seems to me as like as it can be; I wish you'd be so good as to tell me what you mean." "Oh, sir I'd rather not—I'd rather you should find it out yourself—look again." "I can't see any difference, sir; so if you don't tell me, it can't be altered." "Well, then, with reluctance, if I must tell you, I don't think you have given my *sweet expression about the eyes*."—

Blackwood's Magazine.

LOVE AND INGRATITUDE.

The following anecdote,* though belonging to our own unpoetical and unromantic times, and though perfectly correct in all its details, will not, I trust, prove the less touching. It comes unaccompanied, it is true, by those glowing descriptions that gem the romances of the Great Unknown. In it will be found no wild and wizard forest, no well got up tempest, no monstrous dwarf nor fountain fairy; but lacking these advantages, it has—what the lovers in the Scottish novels have not—that fervid passion and heart-felt sentiment which made Mademoiselle Gellimert the most unhappy, the most amiable, and the most interesting of women.

A few years ago the minister who was at the head of affairs in France was a person of the most unblemished integrity, but his want of capacity and his ignorance were such as few, except those who had personal knowledge of the man, would be inclined to credit. I allude to the Duke de Richelieu, first minister to Louis XVIII. Two facts will give the measure of his mental acquirements—as to his bravery and probity they were universally acknowledged, and have never been called in question. One of the things that most annoyed him; particularly when he had to speak in the Chamber of Peers, was his incapability of reading fluently. He was so occupied with the operation of spelling when he endeavoured to read from the tribune, that he frequently forgot altogether the meaning of the words he pronounced. The following fact will show how little of a statesman he was. On one occasion he received a letter from the modern Nero, Ferdinand VII. This savage sovereign, in a paroxysm of outraged and impotent pride at the revolt of his colonies, wrote to him, “I wish for no agent between you and me. If you will give me twenty vessels of war, I will make over in full sovereignty to France for ever the Island of Cuba—a place that with four thousand French grenadiers you may render impregnable.” The Duke de Richelieu lost no time in peremptorily refusing this offer—an offer, which, if accepted and carried into execution, would, by flattering the national vanity, have reconciled the French to the Bourbons. This president of Louis XVIII’s Council seemed however to have formed a just estimate of his own capabilities, for the greater part of his time was passed in playing with a huge monkey, and in endeavouring to escape from the importunities of the Queen of Sweden, who it was said, had conceived violent passion for him. With these slender pretensions, he was, however ambitious of remaining first minister: to accomplish which not very easy task, he got about him some men of tried talent, such as M Meunier, who had been secretary to Napoleon. But amongst these the person whom I shall call M. Moranbert, was not the least remarkable. Between this gentleman

* This story will naturally recall to the reader’s mind the recent sacrifice of a virtuous, rich and lamented lady, to the same species of a vicious heartlessness, which here displayed.

and myself a considerable degree of intimacy, from a similarity of pursuits and frequent opportunities of meeting, existed. He lived in the Rue du Bac, close to the Minister's hotel; my abode was in the Rue de Varannes; and his mistress Mademoiselle Gellimert lodged in the Place du Corps Legislatif. I have no hesitation in naming her by her right name, first, because she is no more, and next, because many traits in her character cannot but secure to her memory the admiration and regret of every generous and feeling mind.

"But your voice falters as if you were going to weep?" said the philosopher Volney, to whom I was telling this anecdote. "True, I think I yet see those large, black and languishing eyes, and hear that touching voice resounding in my ear and troubling my heart. Charming, unique creature! You are no more? Years have passed since the grave has hid you from my sight, and yet the recollection of you still stirs my inmost soul.—"You loved her then?"—"No—Oh! Gellimert, oh! Moranbert! you were both prodigies—one of woman's tenderness—the other of man's ingratitude. Mademoiselle Gellimert belonged to a respectable family, which she quitted to throw herself into the arms of Moranbert. He had nothing, and the little property she was entitled to was entirely sacrificed to supply the necessities and even fantasies of Moranbert. She regretted neither her dissipated fortune nor her ruined reputation—her lover was all the world to her.—"This Moranbert must have been a most seductive irresistible sort of person?"—"On the contrary, he was a little, morose, taciturn and sarcastic-minded man, with a shrivelled countenance, a dark sallow complexion and a poor meagre figure; in a word, downright ugly, if a man can be called so, the expression of whose countenance announced intellect and sagacity."—"And it was such a being that turned the head of this charming girl?"—"Does that surprise you?"—"Certainly."—"You?"—"Me."—"You forget then your adventure with Mademoiselle D—, and the utter despair into which you fell when that creature forbid you her house."—"Let us not think of that, go on with your story."—"When I asked you if she were beautiful, you mournfully replied, no; if she were witty, you answered that she was a simpleton. It must be her talents or accomplishments then that enchanted you? You said she had but one—and on my asking what that rare, sublime and marvellous talent was, you replied, that it was that of rendering you a thousand times happier while in her society than you had ever been in that of any other woman. And why may not the warm hearted tender Mademoiselle Gellimert have imagined that in the society of Moranbert, a happiness await her similar to that which made you once exclaim, that if that creature D—persisted in refusing to see you, you would force your way into her presence and blow your brains out at her feet. Did you not say so?"—"I did, and even at this moment I cannot say why I did not do it."—"Acknowledge then."—"Oh, I acknowledge every thing you

wish—my friend, the wisest amongst us should thank his stars that he has not yet met with the woman, be she handsome or ugly, witty or silly, who may have the power of rendering him mad enough for chains and a dark room—But to our story."

The Duke de Richelieu, having on his hands the affairs of all Europe, which at that time were treated of in Paris, and being unable to do any thing himself but play with his huge monkey, threw the whole weight of business upon the confidential persons in his office. The health of M. Moranbert soon felt the effects of this incessant application. To render his task less laborious, Mademoiselle Gellimert learned two foreign languages, and while her lover reposed, she sat up the greater part of the night making extracts from the reports of French agents and spies at St. Petersburg and several of the German courts. But a still more painful labour was that of decyphering the voluminous despatches in cypher addressed to the Duke de Richelieu by the weak-headed personages whom he had sent to all the capitals of Europe with the title of ambassador or minister plenipotentiary of the King of France. These gentlemen, few of whom were capable of writing a sensible letter on their own private affairs, knew not how to make a selection of what was important, from what they heard themselves, or were informed of by their agents at the courts where they resided. They therefore wrote down every thing, no matter how trivial or indifferent, which came to their knowledge; and as they attached a wonderful importance to their communications, they wrote them in the most secret cypher, which was supposed to be known only to the ambassador and the minister. This cypher, which was a *chef d'œuvre* of mathematical calculation, and was the invention of one of the pupils of the celebrated Laplace, was changed from time to time. When poor Mademoiselle Gellimort had passed a whole night in transcribing in French thirty or forty pages, she had then to make an abstract of the contents in two or three. This was by no means an easy task as it was indispensably necessary to preserve the utmost respect towards the noble friend of the minister who wrote to him from St. Petersburg or Vienna. She was therefore obliged to give an air of importance to what in itself had neither weight nor value, for she dared not state simply that such or such a despatch contained only idle reports or useless intelligence. Mademoiselle Gellimert, to keep *ennui* from taking possession of her lover learned music, and took lessons in singing from one of the first Italian singing-masters. In a short time she was enabled to repeat all the favourite airs of the Opera Buffa, of which Moranbert was a passionate admirer. And often has it happened that after employing the whole night in translating Russian and German letters, and transcribing cyphered despatches, she passed the greater part of the next day in an effort to beguile the *sombre* humour of Moranbert, by singing Italian airs to him, till her voice failed her, and acute pains in

the chest warned her of the injury she was doing herself. In this statement there is nothing exaggerated. Doctor C. I. who attended her in sickness, and succoured her when in distress, is still alive to attest its truth. But I had almost forgotten to mention one of her first misfortunes—the persecution which she had to suffer from her family, who were indignant at the publicity of her attachment to Moranbert. Her relations, aided by the priests, pursued her from one quarter of Paris to the other, from house to house, so that for a considerable time she was forced, in order to escape their fury, to live at a distance from Moranbert, and to confine herself entirely to the house. During this time she passed all her days in translating or copying for her lover; and at night when we went to see her, the instant she beheld him, all her sorrows, her fatigue and her inquietude vanished, and she was happy, perfectly happy. Nor did she cease to be so till Moranbert became ungrateful.—“But it is impossible that ingratitude should have been the recompence of so many rare qualities, so many proofs of devoted tenderness, so many and great sacrifices.”—Ah! you deceive yourself, Moranbert was ungrateful. A day came when Mademoiselle Gellinert found herself alone in the world bereft of honour, of fortune, and of friends. On the morning of that day of agony and despair, she came to my lodgings. She was pale as death; and though it was but the night before that the cruel blow was struck, she had all the appearance of one who had suffered long and grievously. Her eyes were dry, but it was evidently from abundant weeping. She threw herself into an arm-chair. She tried, but in vain, to speak; and stretching out her arms towards me, she uttered a cry of anguish. “What is the matter,” said I; “is he dead?”—“Ah; worse than that; he loves me no longer, he abandons me.”—“He loves you no longer?”—“No.”—“He abandons you!”—“Ah, yes; after all that I have done and suffered. Ah, sir, my brain is troubled; have pity on me; do not quit me; above all, do not leave me to myself.” On pronouncing these words, she seized my arm with a strong convulsive grasp, as if some one was approaching to tear her away. “You have nothing to fear! Mademoiselle. What is it that I can do for you?”—“First save me from myself. He loves me no longer; my presence annoys him; he hates me; he abandons me! he leaves me! he leaves me!” To the repetition of these last words succeeded a profound silence which was followed by a burst of convulsive laughter, a thousand times more harrowing than the accents of despair or the screams of agony. After this came tears, sobs, and quivering lips, endeavouring but in vain, to give articulate expression to the “overfraught soul.” This torrent of grief I was careful not to check, nor did I address myself to her reason until I saw that her heart was exhausted and rendered torpid by the violence of its agitation. I then said to her, “And who has told you that he hates and abandons you?”—“He himself.”—“Come, Mademoiselle, you must have better hopes and more courage. He cannot be such a monster.”—“You do not know him;

but you will know him."—"I cannot believe it."—"You will see."—"Does he love any one else?"—"No."—"Have you given him any cause of jealousy or discontent?"—"None whatever."—"What then can be the cause?"—"My inutility. I have no longer any property; I am of no use to him. He thinks of nothing now but his ambition. You know he was always ambitious. The loss of my health, of my charms. I have suffered and fatigued myself so much; ennui, disgust."—"But in ceasing to be lovers you may remain friends."—"Impossible. I am become an insupportable object to him; my presence he looks upon as a misfortune. If you knew what he said to me, Sir!—he told me that if he were condemned to pass twenty-four hours in the same room with me, he would throw himself out of the window."—"But this aversion cannot be the work of a moment."—"How should I know? He is naturally so disdainful, so indifferent, so cold-hearted. It is so difficult to see to the bottom of such minds; and then one is so unwilling to read one's own death-warrant there. Of this however, he informed me, and in the harshest terms!"—"This I cannot by any means understand."—"I have come here to ask a favour of you; will you grant it to me?"—"Certainly, whatever it may be."—"As he respects you, and as you know all that he owes to me he will probably be ashamed to show himself before you as he really is."—"Yes, I do not think that he will have the effrontery or the power to do so. I am but a weak woman and he disregards me; but you as a generous, just and honourable man, will have some influence over him. Give me your arm, and do not refuse to accompany me. I wish to speak to him before you. Who knows what effect my grief and your presence may have upon him?" I immediately consented, and sent for a coach, for Mademoiselle Gellimert was too weak to go on foot. On reaching Moraubert's house, the coachman opened the door of the coach, but Mademoiselle Gellimert was unable to come out. She was seized with a violent fit of trembling, her teeth knocking together, and her knees quivered as if under the influence of a sudden attack of fever. "Pardon me, Sir; a moment; I cannot. What have I to do here? I have taken you from your business for no purpose. I am sorry for it; pardon me." I offered her my arm. She attempted to rise, but could not. At length recovering herself a little she rose and came forth saying in a low voice, "I must go in, I must see him. Who knows what may happen? I may probably die at his feet." Not without considerable difficulty she crossed the court-yard, and ascended the staircase to Moraubert's apartment. We found him seated at his desk, in a morning-gown and night-cap. He saluted me with a motion of his hand, and continued to write. In a few moments he rose and came towards me saying, "You must confess, Sir, that these women are extremely troublesome sort of persons. I have to make a thousand apologies to you for the extravagant conduct of this lady." Then turning to the poor creature, who was more dead than alive, he said to her, "Mademoiselle, what is it you now want of

me? It appears to me that after the clear and positive manner in which I explained myself, every thing should be at an end between you and me. I have told you that I love you no longer. This I told you in private, but it seems to be your wish that I should repeat it before this gentleman: so be it; Mademoiselle, I love you no more. I can no longer find in my heart a trace of the passion I had for you: and I will add, if that can in any way console you, that I feel a like indifference towards all other women.—“But tell me why you do not love me.”—“I am ignorant of the cause myself; all that I can say is that I began loving you without knowing why, and I now cease to love you with as little reason, and I feel that it is impossible my passion should ever revive. It is a malady I have got rid of, and I felicitate myself at being perfectly cured.”—“What faults have I committed?”—“None.”—“Have you any secret cause of objection to my conduct?”—“Not the slightest. You have been as constant, devoted, and affectionate a woman as any man could desire to possess.”—“Did I ever omit doing any thing that it was in my power to do for you?”—“Never.”—“Have I not sacrificed for you my family and friend?”—“Tis true.”—“My fortune?”—“Certainly, and I deeply regret it.”—“My health?”—“It may be so.”—“My honour, my reputation, my repose?”—“All that you wish to say.”—“And yet I am odious in your sight?”—“That is a harsh thing to say, and a harsher still to hear said: but since such is the fact, I must avow it.”—“Odious to him! oh God!” At these words a deadly paleness spread itself over her face; her lips became of an ashy hue, large drops of perspiration rolled down her cheeks and mingled with her tears; her eyes closed, and her head dropped helplessly on the back of the chair; her teeth became firmly fixed together, and a convulsive shuddering ran through her whole frame till exhausted nature sought refuge in a fainting-fit, which appeared to me to be the accomplishment of the hope she had expressed at the gate of the house—that she should die at his feet. She continued in this state so long that I became seriously alarmed. I took off her cloak, undid her robe, loosened the lace of her corset, and sprinkled some drops of the cold water on her face. After some time she half opened her eyes, and endeavoured to murmur “I am odious!” but could only articulate the last syllables of the fatal word, and sending forth a shrill but feeble scream, again relapsed into insensibility. During this agonizing struggle, Moranbert remained calmly seated in his arm-chair: his elbow resting upon the table and supporting his head. He looked on without the least emotion, and left me the care of recovering her. I said unto him repeatedly, “But Sir, she is dying. You should call for assistance.” To which he replied, smiling and shrugging his shoulders, “Women have a faster hold of life than you think. They do not die for such trifles; it is nothing; it will soon be over. You do not know them; they can do with their bodies whatever they wish.”—“But I tell you

she is dying." And in fact she appeared deprived of all animation, and would have slipped off the chair upon the floor had I not supported her. Moranbert now started up, and paced about the apartment muttering to himself in an impatient and ill-humored tone, "I should willingly have been excused this scene, but I trust it will be the last. What the devil does this creature want? I did love her, 'tis true, but I love her no longer. This she knows at present, or she never will know it. Every thing that can be said on the subject is now said." "No, Sir, every thing is not said. Do you suppose it to be the part of an honest man to waste a woman's property and then abandon her?"—"and what can I do? I am as destitute as herself:"—"You should at least share in the misery to which you have reduced her."—"That is an easy thing to say, but she would not be the better for it, and I should be much the worse."—"Would you have acted in this manner towards a friend who had sacrificed every thing for you?"—"A friend! a friend! I have no great faith in friendship; and after this experience of passion and sentiment I shall henceforth have little to do with them."—"I am sorry not to have known this sooner; but is it just that this unfortunate woman should fall a victim to the error of your heart?"—"And how do you know that a month, nay a day later, I should not have become a victim to the error of her heart?"—"Why, all that she has done for you and the state I now see her in, assures me it never could have been so."—Oh, as to what she has done for me, I take it fully balanced by the loss of my time."—"Oh, M. Moranbert, how can you for a moment put in comparison your time with all that this woman has sacrificed to you."—"I have as yet done nothing, I have yet no hold upon the world, I am now thirty years of age, and it is time for me to look to myself, and appreciate at their just value all these fooleries. I am only a clerk, and may be turned adrift to-morrow should a change in the ministry take place. The very confidence with which the Duke de Richelieu honours me would be a reason for his successor's dismissing me. And you must know, Sir, that notwithstanding this handsome apartment and the fine horses you see me ride, I have not this moment hundred louis in the world."—"Impossible," I exclaimed, "I know that some time back you were in possession of forty thousand francs."—"True enough; but, thinking from my knowledge of the minister's secrets that I might speculate safely at the *bourse*, I ventured the whole, and lost it. I must before six months become master of requests, and to accomplish that it is necessary to forswear women, their fainting-fits, and all such-like absurdities, about which I have already lost too much time." During this conversation, poor Mademoiselle Gellimert had a little recovered herself, and on hearing the last words, she exclaimed with great vivacity, "What does he say, the loss of his time? Did not I learn two languages for the purpose of lightening his labour? Have I not read hundreds of despatches and decyphered for a long period upwards of three hundred pages a month? Have

I not written, translated, and copied day and night for him? Have I not exhausted my strength, ruined my eyes, and dried up my blood with constant labour and application, and contracted a disease which will probably never leave me? That is the cause of his disgust, though he will not avow it, but you shall see it." As she said this, she bared her shoulder, and showed me an eruption bearing all the marks of confirmed erysipelas. "There is the cause of his desertion," said she; "there is the effect of the numberless nights employed in writing for him." At this moment we heard the noise of approaching footsteps, and a servant entered to say that the Duke de Richelieu was coming up stairs. Moranbert turned pale. I entreated Mademoiselle Gellimert to leave the Room. "No said she, I shall remain and speak to the Duke de Richelieu; I shall unmask before him this worthless being."—"And of what use will that be?"—"Of none," replied she.—"You are perfectly right, and you yourself would be the first to regret having done so. Let us leave him to his ingratitude; that is the only vengeance worthy of you."—"But not the only one that he deserves," she exclaimed, and then added, "but let us go instantly, for I cannot answer for myself what I may say or do." Mademoiselle Gellimert then quickly rushed out of the room. I followed her, and heard the door clapped too violently after us. I have since learned that strict orders had been given to the porter not to permit her to enter the house. I returned with her to her lodgings, where we found Dr. C. L. waiting to see her. The passion which he entertained for Mademoiselle Gellimert was almost as intense as that which she felt for Moranbert. I related to him what had taken place at the house of the latter; and amongst the signs of anger, grief, and indignation which escaped him, it was not difficult to discover something like satisfaction as no reconciliation having taken place. Such is mankind, even the best of the species. In consequence of the scene here described, Mademoiselle Gellimert was affected with a long and dangerous malady, during which the generous and devoted Doctor watched over her more assiduously than he would have watched over the first woman in France. While the danger was imminent, he slept in her chamber upon a mattress. During her convalescence we formed plans for the employment of her time. As she understood English, and wrote her own language with great purity and grace, I made an arrangement for her with a bookseller for some translations from English poetry, which were executed in such a manner as left me little to correct. I showed her a little opera which I had written some years before. She remodelled it, particularly the *dénouement*, and added a female character full of piquant originality. It was put into the hands of a composer, who unfortunately turned out to have no genius, but a world of science and a tolerable stock of hatred for Rossini. After a long course of the inevitable intriguing, manoeuvring, &c. the piece was brought out at the *Opera Comique*. The plot and dialogue were generally admired and praised; but thanks to the scientific and stupid music, our little opera had but twelve

representations. Mademoiselle Gellimert had for her share of the profits a thousand francs. The excitement of this, for her novel situation, restored somewhat of her former gaiety. Since the desertion of Moranbert, the passion of Doctor C. L. for Mademoiselle Gellimert had made wonderful progress. One day after dinner, as he was expressing the sentiments he felt towards her with the purity, tenderness, and *naïveté* of a child, and yet the *finnesse* of a man of talent, she interrupted him, and said with a frankness that did her infinite honor, "Doctor, it is impossible that the esteem I have for you can admit of any increase. I am indebted to you for a thousand good offices, nay for my life; and I should be as great a monster as he whom I shall not name, if I did not feel towards you the deepest gratitude. I entertain not only respect but admiration for your mind and talents. You speak to me of your love with so much grace and delicacy, that I should, I believe, regret your ceasing to speak on that subject. The idea alone of being deprived of your society, or losing your friendship, would render me miserable. You are a man of unalloyed worth, if any such there be; and I do not think that the heart of a woman could fall into better hands. I preach to mine from morning to night in your favor, but preaching is thrown away where there is not a true vocation. I am aware of your sufferings, and it pains me deeply that I cannot put an end to them. And yet there is nothing that I should not risk to render you happy—every thing that is possible for me to do, without exception. Nay, Doctor, if you will parry me, you have but to say so. This is doing all I can do; but you wish to be beloved, and that I cannot promise." The Doctor, who listened to her with his soul in his eyes, made no answer, but seizing her hand kissed it and covered it with his tears. As for me, I knew not whether to laugh or weep. Mademoiselle knew the Dr. well for the next morning, when I said to her, "But, Mademoiselle, if the Doctor had taken you at your word?" She replied, "I should have done as I said; but that could not have happened, for my offer was of a nature not to be accepted by a man of the Doctor's character."—"Why not? If I had been in the place of the Doctor I should have married you, and trusted to time for the rest." "Yes," she replied, "but had you been in the place of the Doctor, Mademoiselle Gellimert would not have made you the same proposition."

About this time Mademoiselle Gellimert seemed to have attained a state of apparent resignation, which led us to hope that before long she would recover altogether her health and spirits. Through the interest of Doctor C. L. she obtained a situation in a great cotton-manufactory near the charming valley of Montmorency. The proprietor, a wealthy man and fond of his leisure, finding that the zeal and assiduity of Mademoiselle Gellimert rendered his presence less constantly necessary, confided the management of the concern in a great measure to her care, and allowed her such a salary as would, with her frugal habits, have enabled her to lay up a handsome provision for her future years. About this time the Duke de Richelieu went

out of office; and Moranbert, as he had surmised, lost his situation. In the conversations we had upon this event, Mademoiselle Gellimert spoke with respect of his talents, but with contempt of his selfishness. This was a farther reason for our believing that she was thoroughly cured of her passion. Moranbert, on being dismissed, returned to his native province, where there are several extensive iron-works. The proprietor of one of the principal establishments of this kind, who was a distant relation of Moranbert, took him into his employment, and in a short time, from his activity, business-like habits, and useful knowledge (for he was a good chemist) he secured his entire confidence and good will, and was sent over to England to inspect the iron-works in that country, with a view to the adoption of any improvements they might suggest to him. On passing through Paris on his way to Calais, he made not the slightest inquiry relative to Mademoiselle Gellimert, though he met both the Doctor and me more than once. This circumstance seemed deeply to affect this unfortunate girl; for it appears that notwithstanding her apparent indifference and expressed contempt for his character, she had always looked forward with anxiety to the fall of the Duke de Richelieu's ministry,—hoping that, on a check being put to the ambitious projects of Moranbert, his heart might have reverted to her, and brought him a penitent to her feet. But when she learned that he was actively employed in his native province, and that his ambition, though it had changed its object, did not the less absorb all his thought, she appeared completely heart-struck, and sunk into a state of melancholy stupor that lasted several days. From this state, however, she aroused herself, but evidently by a great effort, and gradually assumed, at least outwardly, a philosophy of resignation, which in an ordinary character might have passed for good humor. The last time I saw her was at her lodgings in the Rue Monthlanc on a fourth story, which she made use of on her occasional visits to Paris. Doctor C. L. and two other friends were with her. She was speaking of her present fate and past happiness with apparent gaiety, when all of a sudden she exclaimed as if speaking to herself "This has lasted too long;" and before we could be aware of her intention, she sprang to a window at the other extremity of the room, got on the balustrade, pronounced the words, "*Adieu, adieu!*" and precipitated herself upon the pavement. Wild with horror we rushed down stairs, but on reaching the street found her lifeless. A crowd surrounded the body, from more than one of whom were heard the expressions "*Mon Dieu! Qu'elle est belle! C'est un desespoir d'amour.*"

In a will which was found in her desk, she left her furniture, books, and a few thousand francs, the all she possessed, to M. Moranbert, director of the iron-works at — I have heard, but I hope for the honour of manhood that it is not true, that M. Moranbert, showed not the slightest sign of emotion on learning the death of this devoted and interesting girl, "who loved not wisely but too well." *The Calcutta Literary Gazette.*

SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH.

O broad and limpid river
 O banks so fair and gay!
 O meadows verdant ever!
 O groves in green array!
 O if in field or plain
 My love should hap to be,
 Ask if her heart retain
 A thought of me!

O clear and crystal dews
 That in the morning ray,
 All bright with silvery hues,
 Make field and foliage gay—
 O if in field or plain
 My love should hap to be,
 Ask if her heart retain
 A thought of me!

O elms that to the breeze
 With waving branches play!
 O sands, where oft at ease
 Her careless footsteps stray!
 O if in field or plain
 My love should chance to be,
 Ask if her heart retain
 A thought of me!

O warbling birds that still
 Salute the rise of day,
 And plain and valley fill
 With your enchanting lay—
 O if in field or plain
 My love should hap to be,
 Ask if her heart retain
 A thought of me!

ANONYMOUS.

CHRISTENING.—A countryman, carrying his son to be baptized, the parson asked what the name was to be. Peter, my own name, an' please your reverence. Peter! that is a bad name: Peter denied his master. What then would your reverence advise? Why not take my name—Joseph; ah, he denied his mistress.

WOMEN and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted.

A LEVELLER.—My Lord B—had married three wives, who were all his servants! a beggar woman meeting him one day in the street, made him a very low courtesy. Ah bless your lordship, said she, and send you a long life; if you do but live long enough, we shall all be ladies in time.

A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE.—In 'every-day life, unobserved, or perhaps unheeded occur scenes of the most strange and improbable character, tinged often with a strong dash of what is called "the romance of reality," and sometimes having a *dénouement* of the most unexpected dramatic nature. One of these events, abounding in incident, and not without romantic interest, attracted public attention here during the week, under circumstances similar to the following:—Coachmen and guards—guards in particular—time out of mind, have been proverbial for their gallantry; and events certainly justify the conclusion that the modern race do no dishonor to their predecessors in this particular. It is not, therefore to be wondered at that Mr. Robert Moore, guard of the London and Holyhead mail, as he passed every day through the Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury, looked with some degree of interest, which probably displayed itself in his countenance, at the possessor of a pair of fine eyes which peered regularly from the window as the coach rattled through the street. The admiring look gradually expanded to a smile; and then he ventured on a bow of friendly recognition, which was coquettishly, but unmistakeably returned. This was in the month of April. A week or two of this pantomimic courtship passed, when an opportunity occurred which brought them into more immediate contact. As the coach dashed along the street the lady was absent from the window, but on the road stood a well-known female figure, which requested to be conveyed to Welsh Pool. She was invited to take her seat by the guard, and from that moment he was a doomed man. In the course of an interesting conversation she inadvertently let drop a few expressions, which showed that she was the widow of Colonel Tripp, allied to a noble family, and left with a very handsome maintenance. She was lonely however, and amused herself with her brother's children. Mr Moore naturally felt increased interest in the lady, was highly delighted with her manner and conversation, and parted with her with much regret. They met again: the favorable impression she had made on him at first was deepened; interviews were more frequent, and at length he asked the important question; and was after a considerable amount of hesitation, accepted. As was due to the lady of Colonel Tripp, Mr. Moore and his bride drove to Birmingham in handsome style; and on the 15th of June (about two months from the time they had first seen each other, they were married by license, at the Old Church, Edgbaston. After the ceremony they immediately started to London, and took apartments at the Euston-square Hotel. Here they resided for ten weeks in a continual round of gaiety; and Mrs. Moore took occasion while in London to visit some of her aristocratic acquaintances. A fashionable equipage was always at their services; the sparks were regularly visited; and Mr. Moore felt renewed delight and interest in the recognition by his lady of the nobility as they also lolled easily along in carriages scarcely more handsome than his own. As it was necessary, however, that some settlement with regard to her money should

take place, she expressed a wish to call on Glyn and Co., of Lombard-street; her bankers, to ascertain exactly in what condition her affairs were. She accordingly did so, and found that, instead of having 5,000*l.*, as she expected, Messrs. Glyn had not more than 2,000*l.*; but that 3,000*l.* were invested in a club at the Thatched House Tavern, which could be easily made available. Satisfied with the explanation, they had time to enjoy themselves. Mrs. Moore who was particularly acquainted with the Earl of Jersey, made frequent visits to his lordship's house, in Berkeley-square; called on the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House, visited at Lord Palmerston's and left her cards at the residence of many titled friends. Calling also at the Horse Guards respecting a military school Col. Tripp had established at Chatham, while there with his regiment, she ascertained that some further funds were at her disposal, amounting to some hundreds. Accordingly, finding that she was possessed of an ample fortune, she entreated Mr. Moore to give up his situation as guard of the mail, as not only was it unnecessary, as far as pecuniary matters were concerned, but derogatory to a lady of her birth and connexions. This proposition, however, he took time to consider, and, ten weeks having elapsed since they arrived in London, they returned to Birmingham. Then it was that whispers began to reach his ears that his wife was not exactly so nobly connected as he had imagined, and, although he did think it strange that, while visiting the houses of the nobility with his wife, he had to remain in the carriage, yet he gave no heed to the slander, and threatened actions against some of his friends who propagated it. Writing, however to Mr. Yates, of Pontypool, who had a sufficient sum of money of hers in his hands to defray incidental expenses—their trip to London being somewhat expensive, costing about 500*l.*, Mr. Yates returned an answer that he had not a farthing belonging to the lady. Subsequent inquiry made more alarming disclosures. It was found that the lady had not a farthing in the world, was neither nobly born nor aristocratically connected; was not the widow of Colonel Tripp; and, what was far worse, was no widow at all, but the wife of a commercial traveller, with four children. It further appeared, greatly to the chagrin of Mr. Moore, that her maiden name was Axon, and she resided with her parents at the time of her first marriage, which took place on the 3rd of April, 1834, at a cottage near Meole, called Moneybrook. She was married at Meole, to a Mr. Tripp, a commercial traveller, of Norwich, who was led to expect from her father a considerable sum of money on her marriage which not being forthcoming, Mr. Tripp commenced an action against Mr. Axon for the recovery thereof. The consequence was that Mr. Axon became insolvent; his son-in-law opposed his petition before the Commissioner, and he was remanded. Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, however, continued to live together for several years and four children were born; but from some cause or other they eventually about two years ago, separated, Mr. Tripp allowing his wife sufficient maintenance for herself and children. Here was a discovery for Mr. Moore—duped,

disappointed, cheated out of upwards of 500*l*., and married to another man's wife; we gave her into custody at Birmingham on the charge of bigamy. She was taken up on ~~Friday~~ (October 1, to Shrewsbury, in custody of Inspector Glossop; the marriages proved against her; and the fact of her first husband being alive satisfactorily demonstrated by his being in Shrewsbury. On Monday she was remitted to Birmingham, and brought up at the public office here, but no prosecutor appearing against her she was discharged; and so ended one of the most consummate pieces of deception, admirably contrived, and skillfully executed, which has taken place in this part of the country for some time.—*Birmingham Journal*.

WALKING.—Of all kinds of exercise walking is that which is the most universally attainable, and the same time the best. Calling so many muscles into action; and, especially those of the lower extremities, of which the circulation is apt to be more ^{slow} languidly and imperfectly performed, from the degree of resistance presented by the force of gravity of the return of the blood to the heart—calling moreover so much of the moving apparatus of the body into reciprocal and balanced action, flexor and extensor muscles being correspondingly exercised—walking is undoubtedly the best of all exercises, for the purpose of health, independently of its secondary, and by no means little useful effect, of carrying the respiratory organs into the freer and purer air, and exposing the system to the extraordinary and (at least in the colder and temperate countries of the earth) the healthful influence of the direct rays of the sun. The degree of the exercise must of course vary with the age, condition, and habits of the individual; but the degree of exercise, that is in most cases serviceable, is generally much underrated. Two miles a day is the minimum distance which a person of moderate health and strength ought to walk. If the powers of the system increase or are stronger to begin with, the minimum ought to be four miles. The object should be, in most cases, to walk the four miles in an hour; and the invalid, beginning, perhaps, by walking a mile, or a mile and a half, in an hour, might gradually increase his rate of walking until he had accomplished this end. Quick walking calls more muscles into action than slow walking does, and is therefore better. The muscles of the back and trunk, neck, and arms, are comparatively very little used in slow walking. A person can hardly walk quickly without using them to a very considerable degree. It is a maxim so sound and important, as to deserve frequent repetition, that the greater the number of the muscles used the more advantageous will be the exercise.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen*.

No women can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty by the help of speech.

"TIM TROTT AND BIDDY LOWE:—A BALLAD.

One Sunday to the village church
 Both old and young were flowing :
 Oh ! the belles were rigging merrily,
 And beau with belles were going

And Mister Trott was trotting there,
 When Biddy Lowe so smart
 Just pass'd—and tho' she only walk'd,
 Her eyes—ran through his heart.

Now Mister Trott began to leer,
 And throw his eyes about ;
 But, ah ! he felt a pang within,
 He fain would be without.

'For a snitor I might suit her well,
 And why should I not please ?
 For though I may have some locks,
 I've gold beneath my keys.

For o'er his head he'd sixty years,
 And more, if truth be told ;
 And, for the first time, now he thought
 'Twas frightful to be old.

The service o'er, Tim walk'd away,
 And o'er the fields did roam ;
 He sought her cot—and found it out,
 But Biddy was at home.

Tim made a bow and made a leg,
 And spoke with hesitation ;
 While Biddy frown'd upon his suit,
 And smiled at his relation !

But tho' so scornfully repuls'd,
 And all his vows proved vain,
 Tim Trott had lost his heart, and wish'd
 To prove his loss a-gain !

Miss Biddy met her ancient beau,
 And said with cruel glee,
 'Oh ! Trott, though you're a little man,
 You seem to long for me !'—

Tim stammer'd, hammer'd, hem'd, and sigh'd—
 He flutter'd like a leaf—
 With piteous look he eyed the maid,
 But couldn't hide his grief.

'Tho' I'm a man of substance, ma'am,
 I'm like a shadow-elf ;
 I've sigh'd and sigh'd until I am
 Like one beside myself !'

Quoth she, and with a killing smile,
 (Oh ! most unkind retort)
 'You know I've cut you, ay, for long,
 So now I'll cut you short !'

Ah! make not of my size a laugh,
 I would my limbs were stronger,
 But tho' you never lov'd me, ma'am,
 Say, could you love me longer?

But Biddy's heart was hard as stone,
 Tim's tears were shed in vain,
 And when she cried—"Go, ugly man!"
 He thought his beauty plain!

oth he, 'I go—farewell—farewell,
 I weep—for I'm resigned!
 Feel my heart that beat before—
 Left beating is behind!"

PROPHETCY FULFILLED.—Judge Barnet was once overturned in a very rough road, upon which the coachman pulled off his hat, and asked his master's pardon. Oh, returned the judge, never mind, John; you only made good the prophecy, that the judges shall be overthrown in stony places.

A TENDER MAID.—Counsellor Garrow, during his cross-examination of a prevaricating old female witness, by which it was essential to prove that a tender of money had been made, had a scrap of paper thrown to him by the counsel on the other side, and on it was written—

Garrow, submit; that tough old jade,
 Can never prove a tender maid.

WHICH WAY YOU LIKE.—"How many knaves do you suppose live in this street besides yourself?"—"Besides myself! do you mean to insult me?"—"Well, then, how many do you reckon including yourself?"

SIR T. MOORE'S SON.—Sir Thomas Moore for a long time had only daughters, his wife earnestly praying that they might have a boy; at last they had a boy, who, when he came to man's estate, proved but simple. Thou prayedst so long for a boy, said Sir Thomas to his wife, that at last thou hast got one who will be a boy as long as he lives.

THE BOOK-WORM AND HIS WIFE.

To a deep scholar said his wife,
 Would that I were a book, my life!
 On me you then would sometimes look.
 But I would be the very book
 That you would mostly wish to see.
 Then say, what volume should I be?
 An almanack, (said he) my dear;
 You know we change them ev'ry year.

THE TENDER MISTRESS.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF SOAVE.

DURING the winter of the year 1776, which, for the quantity of snow, and long and hard frosts, was so severe in Italy, and in the less temperate climates of Germany and France was hard in the most dreadful degree, so far as to freeze over the largest and most rapid rivers, and cause the death of several people; at Metz, in Lorrain, it happened, that on one of the most bitter nights, when a cutting north wind was blowing, a soldier was destined, to stand sentry at a post, which was completely exposed to the inclemency of the freezing wind; and as he had been for some time in bad health, he was ill calculated to bear the hardship of the duty he was ordered upon. There was a young woman, to whom he had been betrothed, and who loved him tenderly, that, upon hearing he was to be exposed to such bitter cold weather became extremely troubled at the news, fearing very much that he would not be able to undergo such severe hardship, in the delicate state of his health. Miserable as such distracting apprehensions made her, she not only could not close her eyes, but even go to bed; and her anguish increased when she thought his hour was come to stand sentry, and be exposed to the cruel rigour of the bitter cold, which she already supposed had benumbed and overpowered him. Being unable to endure longer this tormenting anxiety, she in the darkest time of the night, notwithstanding the hard frost, deep snow, and piercing wind, went courageously to the spot where he had been placed as sentry, which was not far off, and in reality found the unfortunate soldier so shivering and benumbed with cold, that it was not possible for him to hold out longer. She therefore begged and entreated him repeatedly, and earnestly that he would retire to her house, and warm himself at a good fire which she had prepared. but the soldier, who well knew what a crime it would have been considered, thanked her, and firmly refused to quit his post. "At least for a few moments," said she, "till the numbness which has seized you is dissolved." To which the soldier replied, that "nothing could save his life, if it should ever be known. The young woman replied, with vivacity, "that he would undoubtedly lose it by staying, and that death which was certain must be avoided first. Nor was it certain, or even probable, that the fact should ever be known to any one: and Heaven, that was so merciful, would not be so much against him."—"Although it should be unknown," said the soldier, "how could I dare forsake my post so vilely, and leave it defenceless? Neither my duty nor my honour would suffer it."—"Though you go," said she, with a determined voice, "I do not intend that the post should remain abandoned; for a few moments I shall have courage enough to supply your place. Come, then, no more words; give me those arms." She then said so much, and enforced her entreaties with her tears to such a degree, that the soldier, overcome by them, and also urged by pressing necessity, as he saw that

it would not be in his power to resist long, in the state in which he found himself, against such piercing cold, and likewise comforting himself with the hope that in a few moments he would be able to return to his post, and that the circumstance would never come to light; he therefore followed her advice, gave her his arms, cap, and great coat, entrusted her with the parole, and departed.

The pleasure of having saved her lover was the cause that the delicate young woman hardly felt the cold, although it was really intolerable; when, alas! soon after, the round made its appearance. Dismayed at the unforeseen event, instead of challenging the round, as usual in such cases, the affrighted young woman found her voice failed, and she kept silent. The round, on receiving no answer, thought that the sentry was asleep or gone; they ran immediately to the post, and found with astonishment in his place; and under his garb, a young woman, who, full of terror and confusion, could not find words to give an account of her coming there.

She was taken to the guard-house, and when recovered, related with a flood of tears, imploring pity for her lover, all that had happened. A party of soldiers was despatched without delay to her house, where the man was found, but so benumbed and stiff with cold, that they despaired of ever recovering him. They began to warm him, and continued their endeavours so long, that at last they brought him to himself.

The unhappy man found he had been brought back to life, only to suffer a more cruel and lamentable death, for the next day a court-martial was held, and, as he had foreseen, he was condemned. What words could express the anguish and sorrow of the unhappy young woman, who, besides being doomed to lose the sole object of her love in so horrid a manner, felt the remorse of having been the cause of his mournful end!—However, her grief, far from discouraging and overcoming her, gave her new courage and strength. With dishevelled hair and loud lamentations, she instantly ran wherever she thought to find pity and assistance for him. The unheard-of new case excited already by itself compassion for both, in the hearts of all who were informed of it, and in particular, admiration for the tender young woman who had given such singular proof of ardent and courageous love. Persons of all ranks, and especially those of the highest, were not slow, in interposing their good offices, that, in consideration of the extraordinary circumstances attending the case, the rigour of the law might be mitigated. The ladies in particular, considering her as a new ornament to her sex, employed such strong interest and prevailing entreaties, that the prisoner was pardoned freely, and the worthy young woman had not only the happiness of saving his life, but shortly after was united to him in marriage, with a handsome portion, according to her condition, by which she saw the fortunate accomplishment of all her wishes.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

ADDISON, upon being given over by his physicians, sent for a young dissolute nobleman to witness his dissolution; when he entered the chamber, Addison, who was extremely feeble, and whose life hung quivering on his lips, observed a profound silence. The youth, after a long and awful pause, at length said in low and tremulous accents, "Sir, you desired to see me; signify your commands, and be assured they shall be executed with religious fidelity." Addison took him by the hand, and with his expiring breath replied, "Observe with what tranquillity a Christian can die."

ROUSSEAU, feeling himself about to expire, desired his attendants to place him before his chamber window, that he might once more look upon the flowers, and bid adieu to nature, which had ever afforded him so much delight.

EPAMINONDAS, "first and best of men," received his mortal wound at the battle of Mantinea. In the agonies of dissolution he was solicitous only for his military glory and the success of his countrymen. "Is my shield safe?—Are the Thebans victors?" were questions that he repeated with the utmost anxiety. His shield was brought to him, and he was at the same time informed that the Spartans were defeated. A glow of brightness suffused itself over his countenance, even in the moment of death. In the midst of the general affliction, one of his most intimate friends exclaimed, "Oh Epaminondas! you are dying, and we shall lose you entirely, without a hope remaining of seeing you revive in your offspring; you leave us no children behind you." "You are mistaken," replied Epaminondas calmly; "I shall leave behind me two immortal daughters—the victory of Leuctra, and that of Mantinea." He then commanded the javelin, which was rankling in his side, to be extracted, knowing that it would occasion his immediate death, and gently expired in the arms of his surrounding friends.

ROSCOMMON, at the moment he expired with a peculiar energy of voice, uttered two lines of his own version of "Dies Irae."

WALLER repeated some lines from Virgil in his last moments.

CHAUCER, "upon his death-bede, lying in his grete anguysses," (to use his own remarkable words) composed a balade or moral ode, and thus bade farewell to the vanity of human wishes.

CORNELIUS DE WIT, who, as Hume says, "had bravely served his country in war, and who had been invested with the highest dignities," fell a sacrifice to popular prejudice. He was delivered into the hands of the executioner, and while suffering the severest tortures, repeated the 3rd ode of the 3rd book of Horace. "Junctum, et tenacem propositi virum," &c.

Of him that's steadfast to his trust,
 Firm in resolve, th' unshaken soul,
 N civic rage commanding what's unjust ;
 No tyrant's threatful frown can e'er control.

METASTASIO, after having received the sacrament, broke out with all the enthusiasm of religion and poetry into the following stanzas :

T'offro il tuo proprio figlio,
 Che già d'amore in pegno
 Racchinso in picciol seguo
 Si volle a noi donar.

A lui rivolgi it ciglio,
 Guardo chi t'offro, e poi,
 Lasci, Signor, se veroi,
 Lascia di perdonar.

The Philosophical departure of SOCRATES is well known.

LUCAN, when the monster Nero ordered his veins to be opened, died while reciting some lines from his own Pharsalia, in which he had described a dying wounded soldier.

The Spectator has translated the sonnet which the famous DES BARREUX composed in his parting moments.

JOUBERT, a brave French general, who fell, crowned with glory at the battle of Novi, in the moment of his dissolution, cried aloud to his fellow soldiers, *Marchez, marchez, mess enfans, je meure pour ma patrie.*"

The Chevalier BAYARD, for his great valour obtained the surname of *Le bon Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* : he accompanied Charles VIII into Naples, and performed the most incredible acts of heroism. Being mortally wounded in an action with the Imperialists in Italy, and perceiving his dissolution was at hand, it is said he recommended himself to God in fervent prayer, and then requested to be placed near a tree, with his face towards the enemy, at that time victorious, observing to those around him, "As in life I always faced the enemy, so in death I will not turn my back upon them."

WOLFE.—The death of this general, as related by Smollett, is equally animating. In the assault upon Quebec, he stationed himself where the attack was most warm, and as he stood conspicuous in the front of the line, he had been aimed at by the enemy's marks-men, and received a shot in the wrist, which however did not oblige him to quit the field. Having wrapped a handkerchief round his hand, he continued giving orders without the least emotion, and advanced at the head of the grenadiers with their bayonets fixed, when another ball unfortunately pierced the breast of this young hero, who fell in the arms of victory, just as the enemy gave way. When the fatal ball took place, General Wolfe finding himself unable to stand, leaned upon the shoulder of a lieutenant, who sat down for that purpose. The officer seeing the

French give way, exclaimed, "They run! they run!" "Who run?" cried the gallant Wolfe, with great eagerness; when the lieutenant replied, "The French!" "Then," said he, "I die happy." So saying the hero expired, in the 34th year of his age.

HALLER.—This celebrated physician perceiving his end approaching, kept feeling his pulse to the last moment; and when he found that his was almost gone, he turned to his brother physician and observed, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and almost instantly expired.

ADRIAN.—This emperor dying, made that celebrated address to his soul which Pope has so beautifully translated

CHATELAIN was one of the many unfortunate individuals who were sacrificed at the shrine of Mary's beauty. From historical records it appears that this youth, who was condemned to death for an improper attachment to his queen, met his fate with the greatest fortitude, and ascended the scaffold divested of every sentiment of fear. On the scaffold he made a very laconic address to the spectators, the subject of which is not recorded in history, and turning towards the window of the chamber usually occupied by the queen, and which commanded a view of the spot, he still professed his unalterable passion, and gloried at meeting his fate in such a cause; he then repeated some lines from the works of Ronsard, which were very applicable to his situation, and with a dauntless demeanour gave his head to the block, which was severed by the executioner at one blow.

LOVE, HOPE, AND FORGIVENESS.

Love, hope, and forgive;—there's a charm yet unbroken,
Whose radiance was not enkindled to die;
The rose 'reft of blossom, though shorn, leaves a token,
Outliving the frowns of a winterly sky.
And why should the heart o'er its failings be brooding?—
The spirit so lofty, give homage to strife?
Though care be oppressing, ambition deluding,
Love, hope, and forgive;—'tis the watchword of life.

Oh, Love is the symbol of Heaven's high dower,
Gemm'd by angels, for mortals to wear;
Like a beautiful sunbeam that follows the shower,
Illuming each impulse, and drying the tear;
And Hope hath a shield against weapons of sorrow,
A balm for the wound of each thorn by the way;
Forgiveness!—we know not who'll need it to-morrow,
Though walking erect in the right path to-day.

J. M. L.

I FANCY the proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country is to reside some time in a foreign one.

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas;
 Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
 Upon the strength of a chance hit,
 Amid a thousand flippancies,
 And his occasional bad jokes,
 In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
 Ridculing, and maltreating

Women or other timid folks,
 In a late cause resolved to hoax
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
 Who by his uncouth look and gait,
 Appear'd expressly meant by fate
 For being quizz'd and play'd upon.

So having tipp'd the wink to those
 In the back rows,
 Who kept their laughter bottled down
 Until our wag should draw the cork,
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,
 And went to work.

"Well, farmer Numscull, how go calves at York?
 "Why—not, sir, as they do with you,
 But on four legs instead of two."
 "Officer!" cried the legal elf,
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,
 "Do, pray, keep silence down below there.
 Now look at me, clown, and attend,—
 Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"
 "Yees—very like—I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
 The counsel cried, with grin sardonic;—
 "I wish I'd known this prodigy,
 This genius of the clods, when I
 On circuit was at York residing.—
 Now, farmer, do for once speak true,
 Mind, you're on oath so tell me, you
 Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
 In the West Riding?"
 "Why no, sir, no; we've got our share,
 But not so many as when *you* were there."

New Monthly Magazine.

CONNUBIAL BLISS.—I once met a free and easy actor, who told me he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of——, without any invitation, convinced (as proved to be the case) that my lord and my lady, not being on speaking terms, each would suppose the other had asked him.—*Reynolds's Life and Times.*

THE great art of life is to play for much, and stake little.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

An elderly lady, who lived in one of the small streets of the Faubourg St. Jacques, sent to Brittany for a young girl to wait upon her. She was far from being rich; an income of 2,000 francs (about £30) was her whole revenue; and she had to exercise no little economy to make this small sum last her the whole year through. The young girl, sent her by a relative in Brittany was named Perine, and she came with an excellent character. The old lady was every day more pleased with Perine, for every day showed the young girl to be economical, tidy, careful, and most industrious. Twelve months passed away without so much as an unkind word being said between them. One morning the old lady returned home in a state of great agitation, and said to Perine, "You must leave this house. Look out for a place this very day."

"Do you send me away, madam?" exclaimed Perine, bursting into a flood of tears.

"No, I do not dismiss you," replied the old lady, mingling her tears with those Perine shed so fast; "I do not dismiss you, but I can keep you no longer, for I am ruined."

The old lady had heard a few minutes before that her little capital had been lost by the bankruptcy of one of her kinsmen, to whose hands she had confided it.

"If that's all, madam," said Perine, "that's no reason why I should leave you; at your age you require somebody to serve you."

"But my poor girl," exclaimed the old lady deeply touched, "you do not understand what it is to be ruined. I can neither pay you nor feed you."

"If that's the case, madam, I shall not ask you to feed or to pay me; but as you have been a mother to me, I will treat you now as a daughter should treat her mother. I will work for you and for me."

The old lady protested against Perine's doing any such thing—but in vain. Perine obtained a situation in the neighbourhood as a maid-of-all work, but she retained the right to give one hour every day to the old lady's service, when she would make the latter's bed, sweep out the room, and cook the breakfast; and every night she slept in the old lady's chamber. She would every day bring the latter some fruit or fowl; in short she acted towards the decayed gentlewoman as if the latter had been indeed her mother.

This patient self-suffering lasted two years without an hour's intermission when a brother of the old lady's died—a brother she had quarrelled with years ago, and had lost sight, if not remembrance of, for many a month. He died a wealthy bachelor, leaving his whole estate to his sister. As soon as the old lady came into possession of her property, she adopted Perine for her daughter

and heiress, and placed her in one of the best boarding-school in Paris, that she might receive an education suited to her new position, and marry as well as the heiress of several thousand francs a-year might hope to do.

THESE are women who do not let their husbands see their faces till they are married. Not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly that part of the sex who paint.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

LINES ON THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.

Oh, sweet my baby! liest thou here,
So low, so cold, and so forsaken?
And cannot a sad father's tear
Thy once too lovely smiles awaken?
Ah, no! within this silent tomb
Thy parents' hopes receive their doom!

Oh, sweet my baby! round thy brow
The rose and yew are twined together;
The rose was blooming—so wast thou—
Too blooming far for death to gather.
The yew was green,—and green to me
For ever lives thy memory.

I have a flower, that press'd the mouth
Of one upon his cold bier lying,
To me more fragrant than the south,
O'er banks of op'ning violets flying;
Although its leaves look pale and dry,
How blooming to a father's eye!

Oh, sweet my baby! is thine head
Upon a rocky pillow lying,
And is the dreary grave thy bed—
Thy lullaby a father's sighing;
Oh, changed the hour since thou didst rest
Upon a mother's faithful breast!

Oh! can I e'er forget the kiss
I gave thee on that morn of mourning,—
That last sad tender parting bliss
From Innocence to God returning!
May'st thou repay that kiss to me
In realms of bright eternity!

It is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and dress is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections.

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.

CAUDLE LECTURES.

We happened the other night to overhear the following Dialogue, or certain Lecture which brought us so much in mind of Mrs. Caudle, that we imagined a *verbatim* statement of it might be entertaining to those who hold the opinion, like ourselves, that the noblest study of man, is woman:—

"O, yes, Mr. Codling, *only taking a turn!* that's always what men say they are doing when they go out of a night! What does taking a turn mean, I should like to know? does it mean that you have been turning up a tumbler? or turning up the odd trick? or turning round the billiard table? eh? Mr. Caudle?" "No." "What sort of turn were you taking, then?" and why do you come home so sleepy and stupid; not even speak to me,—me that has been toiling and working for yourself and children the whole weary day? Didn't I put wristbands and buttons on all your shirts, besides mending other articles, that no wife but myself would be seen handling? didn't I let out the tucks in all Selina's white muslin frocks? poor darling! she will soon have no frocks to put on, I fear, if her father is tired of being a domestic man." "Tut, stuff!" "O, Codling, Codling!" this time six years ago, you did not use me so very cruelly; but it's the way with all you men; you forswear yourself every day and hour that passes. What do you promise to us when you are on your knees begging, praying, weeping, and beseeching, that we should become your wives? do you take turns of an evening then? don't you sit by us like slaves, and swear before heaven that you would feel blest if all the evenings of your lives were passed in our society? Yes, of course you do; but now you are tired of me,—base, un-grateful, (sob), o, ho ho!" "For heaven's sake, my dear Dorcas, stop! I am neither base, nor am I tired of you; I was only taking a walk with my friend Popjoy along the beach,—the moon is so fine" "Oh, Codling, so it used to be six years ago,—so fine. You would not have me lose it for the world." You never think of me, or my dear Paulina or Amelia; oh! no it's all Popjoy now. I don't like to walk on a moonlight night, — my little dears don't like to dance about on the white sand, chased by the glittering surf,—not they! but Popjoy likes it! We'll see how all this will end. Just look at your extravagance since you got acquainted with that fellow—never a day passes but something new comes home from the tailor's; and look how many pairs of patent boots are in the passage. Every time I look at them, I declare I can't help thinking of Mr. Joseph's advertisement,—besides all the others in the chalet in the corner, which are good enough for my husband though it seems they'd never do for the friend of Popjoy." "Do let me sleep!" "No, I won't. I'm determined you shall know your folly, I will ring it in your ears during the day, and hush you to sleep with it at night, as I do now, so that you may have horrid nightmares of toils and starvation; for, depend upon it, the sure symptom of approaching ruin is deserting your wife and family, to take up with such rakes and puppies as Popjoy. What

attraction do you find in him? or did you ever receive any useful information from his conversation? Then, you may fancy him good looking! no man could be good looking with such an odious pair of red whiskers. It is true, he keeps a horse and rides so like a dragon, and, no doubt, it is a proud moment for you, when you meet him to be able to say, 'how do, Popjoy!' as he ambles along." "Dorcas!" Faugh! don't attempt to kiss me. What fumes of brandy and tobacco! I couldn't have believed it, to make your poor innocent wife breathe the atmosphere of taverns and tobacco; the curtains will steam of it for a month. O, Codling! little did I think that this was the happiness of a married life, or that my fond hopes when a girl should have been sadly realized. Alas! I cannot recall the past, but will try my utmost to prevent young girls, such as I was, from being led away by these wolves in lamb's clothing, called lovers. O, Codling! why am I so neglected now?" "My dear Dorcas, do not take on so. I beg your pardon; and to make up for it we will go to the Circus to-morrow night. I daresay the little ones would enjoy it. "That's my own dear old C,—how I love you now."

"A sound of kissing and commotion was all we heard further, till sleep seemed to calm the storm of ruffled passions, and all was hushed within the halls of Codling—[a-hem!] *The Cape 18th January, 1848.*

THE DICTATES OF EXPERIENCE.—The greater part of the mankind are charged with falsehood; honesty is scarcely known; for people in general carry two faces under one hood; to your face men will speak like friends, while there is deceit in their hearts. Formerly the face was an index of the mind; but now the chief study of mankind is to hide from each other what is passing in their hearts. The greatest enemies will meet each other with a smiling face, and the man that embraces you in the day will stab you to the heart in the night; for their speech is deceit, and their actions demonical; and virtue is no recommendation in this world. Rulers are becoming daily more oppressive and tyrannical. Females are in general lost to all sense of shame; children are disobedient to their parents; brothers have no confidence in each other; friendship is only a name; compassion is seldom to be found with masters; servants are unfaithful and idle, and all mankind talk nothing but an unmeaning jargon. Their words are sweet as honey; but their meaning more bitter than gall; even the soil is becoming unfruitful, but it yields not the fourth part of what it did in former ages.

To buy books, as some do who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer, is much as if a man should buy clothes that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous tailor.

He who loves to that degree, that he wishes he were able to love a thousand times more than he does, yields in love to none but to him who loves more than he would wish.

LAW—is like a fire; and; those who meddle with it, may chance to “burn their fingers.”

LAW—is like a pocket with a hole in it; and those who therein risk their money are very like to lose it.

LAW—is like a lancet, dangerous in the hands of the ignorant; doubtful even in the hands of an adept.

LAW—is like a sieve, you may see through it, but you will be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

LAW—is to the litigant what the poulterer is to the goose; it plucks and it draws him; but here the simile ends, for the litigant, unlike the goose, never gets *lost* although he may be both *roasted* and *dished*.

LAW—is like an *ignis fatuus*, or Jack o' Lantern; those who follow the delusive guide too often find themselves inextricably involved in a bog or a quagmire.

LAW—is like prussic acid, a dangerous remedy, and the smallest dose is generally sufficient

LAW—is like justice, even as copper gilt is like gold, and the comparative worth of the two is about the same.

LAW—is like an eel trap, very easy to get *into*, but very difficult to get *out of*.

LAW—is like a razor, which requires a “strong back,” keenness, and an excellent temper.

N. B.—Many of those who get once “shaved with ease and expedition,” seldom risk a second operation.

LAW—is like a flight of rockets; there is great expense of “powder;” the *cases* are usually well “got up;” the *reports* are excellent; but, after all, the *sticks* (*q. d.* the clients,) are sure to come to the ground.

LAW—is, like a window of stained glass, giving its own peculiar tint and hue to the bright rays of truth which shine through it.

A GENTLEMAN observing an Irish servant girl, who was left-handed placing the knives and forks on the dinner-table in the same awkward position, remarked to her that she was laying them left-handed. “Oh, indade!” said she, so I have—be pleased, sir, help me to turn the table round.”

WE see in needle-work and embroidery it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

A LOVE-LETTER IN RHYME.

DEAR MAGGIE,—I've read your epistle,
Of your good health I am happy to learn;
Thank's, thanks for the ring, hair and kisses—all,
The last I, with interest return.

You knew I was ardently waiting
Intelligence early from you;
And my pen is unequal to stating
My thanks for the dear *billet-doux*.

My gratitude is too deep for language,
At least I must rhythm employ,
I fear I must order a bandage
To keep me bursting with joy (*jaury*)

But jesting aside, I'll not pun you,
After all the good things you indite;
Webster's Dic. have I fruitlessly run through,
For a word to express my delight.

At those "showers of pearls" that you scattered,
And I feel I'm unworthy by far;
(Don't you fancy that picture is flattered
In the simile touching the "star.")

Heigho! well well, well,—I must scribble
Though my *note* prove rough as a cough,
I must make a *report* though I fancy
The game (not the gun) will "go off."

For my muse I'm afraid, is fast failing
From a phthisical feeling of waste,
And, alas, my Pegasus, is ailing!
Perhaps they are starving the baste!

But there by Olympus, you're yawning!
But no wonder—such boring & smooth,
Would drive would be M. C.'s to fawning
And papers to publishing truth

Did I mention the heat of the weather?
A julep would *take* I should think,
The wind wouldn't flurry a feather,
And old Sol looks at best for a drink.

My love, like the weather, is torrid
But to cool it somewhat there's a way.
For, from dear pensive, girls grow most horrid
Ex-pensively dear, I should say.

Good gracious! the hoops are inflating,
And "my dear" must come down with the dust;
'Twould be (pardon me) most elating
Were the hoops (not the husbands) to "bust."

I suspect *entre nous*, that this weaving
Of doggerel rhyme, my sweet fair,
But amounts to the writer's pining
His sweetness on the desert air.

However as long as thy docket;
Holds my dear judgment note, done in pink;
My heart will not will-like my pocket
Now my hopes grow as pale as my ink.

Good-by my dear Maggie! God bless you,
The *jeu* you must not fail to send:
Write soon and much—that is, unless you
Regard me no longer your friend

P. S.—Of ideas I'm most stripped
(Though this item I must not omit)
For a letter without any postscript
Proves one flatly deficient in wit.

And deny if you can that this letter
Has weight—that the post ge will show:
I will send, if you say so, one *really*,
Like this—full of nice *jeu des mot*.

N. B.—You can bolt this by doses
For the dose will be large (come confess)
To pull-O'S! At least it disposes
Your's truly—write soon C. H. S.

But as soon as skirts take to contracting,
Thus leaving less bills to contract.
I will go to Love's Court, and extracting
My judgment note, lift it—a fact.

You think, don't you, what in creation
Can ail my *mal apropos* mine,
And from quantity, kind appellation,
Poolecap is the stuff I should use.

But here is the Sheet, full of nonsense,
So for sense (good excuse) there's no room;
Please pardon this letter's *ham* contents
The next will improve—I presume.

PACK YOUR THOUGHTS.—Do not assume that, because you have something important to communicate, it is necessary to write a long article. A tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass—made as solid as a cannon ball, and, like the projectile, cut all down before it. Short articles are generally more effective, find more readers, and are more widely copied than long ones. *Pack your thoughts closely together*, and though your article may be brief, it will have weight, and be more likely to make an impression. ‘Ye who write for this busy age,’ says a late writer, ‘speak quick; use short sentences; never stop the reader with a long or ambiguous word; but let the stream of thought flow right on, and he will drink it like water.’—*How to Write*.

Men are every day saving and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, what has no root whatever in their serious nature.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at first, because one cannot hold out that proposition.

THE DEFENCE.

Oh ! tell me not that she is false,
 For falsehood ne'er could rest,
 Within her sparkling, speaking orbs,
 Or in her lovely breast ;
 That seraph form, that angel face,
 An angel's spirit share,
 It is too fair, too pure a place,
 No falsehood harbours there.

Oh ! say not that her heart is cold
 And that she knows her power ;
 For she is innocent as faith
 And humble as a flower.
 There is a charm where she doth tread
 That circles all around,
 And vice dare never lift its head
 Within the hallowed bound

Say not another's gair'd her love,
 For I could ne'er believe,
 The tender vows I've heard her lisp,
 Were uttered to deceive.
 For tho' 'tis said that women's frail,
 And that they love to range,
 Yet sure 'tis but an idle tale,
 For she could never change.

Yet, if she were all you have said,
 The guilty, heartless thing,
 I could not pluck her from my heart,
 For there she'd firmly cling.
 Tho' torn for ever from my sight,
 Still memory backward thrown,
 Would hold her up the pure and bright
 Creation I had known.

WERE a man not to marry a second time, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust to marriage ; but by taking a second wife he pays the highest compliment to the first, by showing that she made him so happy as a married man that he wishes to be so a second time.

Love reposes in the bosom of a pure soul, as a drop of dew in the cup of flower.

THERE is a time when men will not suffer bad things because their ancestors have suffered worse. There is a time when the hoary head of inveterate abuse will neither draw reverence nor obtain protection.

TIME is the most paradoxical of all things : the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past while we attempt to define it.

HUMAN LEARNING; AN APOLOGUE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

DABSCHELIN, king of the Indies, possessed a library so large, that it required a hundred Bramins to revise and keep it in order, and a thousand dromedaries to carry the books. Having no intention to read all that it contained, he commanded his Bramins to make extracts from it, for his use, of whatever they judged most valuable, in every branch of literature. These doctors immediately undertook to form such an abridgment, and, after twenty years labour, composed, from their several collections, a small encyclopaedia, consisting of twelve thousand volumes, which thirty camels could scarcely carry. They had the honour to present this to the king, but were astonished to hear him say he would not read a work which was a load for thirty camels. They then reduced their extracts, so that they might be carried by fifteen, afterwards by ten, then by four and then by two dromedaries. At last no more were left than were sufficient to load a mule of ordinary size. Unfortunately, Dabschelim had grown old while his library was abridging, and did not expect to live long enough to read to the end this masterpiece of learning. The sage Pilpay, his vizier, therefore thus addressed him: Though I have but an imperfect knowledge of the library of your sublime majesty, yet I can make an analysis of what it contains; very short, but extremely useful. You may read it in a minute, yet it will afford you sufficient matter for meditation during your whole life. At the same time the vizier took the leaf of a palm tree, and wrote on it, with a pencil of gold, the four following maxims:

I. In the greater part of sciences there is only this single word—*perhaps*; in all history but three phrases:—*they were born—they were wretches—they died.*

II. Take pleasure in nothing which is not commendable, and do every thing you take pleasure in. Think nothing but what is true, and utter not all you think.

III. O ye kings! subdue your passions, reign over yourselves, and you will consider the government of the world only a recreation.

IV. O ye kings! O ye nations! listen to a truth you never can hear too often, and of which sophists pretend to doubt: there is no happiness without virtue, and no virtue without the fear of the gods.

M.

Those that wish for what they have not, forfeit the enjoyment of what they have. Set a just term to your wishes, and when you have touched it, make a stand; happiness only begins when wishes end, and he that hankers after more enjoys nothing.

Old sciences are unravelled like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.

COURT OUT OF TOWN, IF YOU CAN.

The sweet relaxation of courting
 All agree to be good for a man,
 But take my advice, ye blithe wooers,
 And court out of town, if you can.

Not alone for the joy of receiving
 So often a kind *billet doux*,
 Breathing hopes, scented hopes, on pink paper,
 And vows to live only for you;

But the deeper delight on a Sunday—
 The station, when reach'd by the train—
 (Out of sight of indifferent gazers)
 To see some one wait in the lane;

To be taken to church by the darling,
 The pew and her prayer-book to share,
 And modestly ignore the whispers,
 "Jala! won't they make a nice pair!"

Then the dairy-fed pork at the dinner!—
 The puddings—the raspberry wine!
 Taken singly, are simply delicious,
 But, taken with Emma, divine!

Then the rambles in Summer, where only
 The birds, who peep out of the trees
 Can quiz your her waist you are spanning,
 Or be shock'd when her fingers you squeeze

Should it rain—pash! the pattering noise,
 That fidgets you so in the street,
 Falls softly on grass and on gravel,
 As if it were fairylike feet;

And its murmur in Winter is pleasant
 When the fire blazes brightly and clear—
 Besides, who would mind it when Emma
 Is saying soft things in your ear?

Then the parings at eve in the moon light,
 The tender "Ah me's!" and the sighs
 The quotations from Shakespeare and Byron,
 The tear that you kiss from her eyes!—

The remembrance grows quite over powering—
 Ah! love's the best line of life's plan—
 So neglect not to trace it, dear comrades,
 And love out of town, if you can.

L. C.

WOMEN never truly command till they have given their promise to obey, and they are never in more danger of being made slaves, than when they are at the feet of men.

THE Admiral of Castile said, that he who marries a wife, and he who goes to war, must necessarily submit to every thing that may happen.

NEW ART OF CRITICISM.

RULE I.

Find fault, at first sight, with every thing that is published.

This is the first and fundamental rule of all good criticism; and is itself founded upon solid reasons. For

1st. It is ten to one but you are in the right; there being at least ten bad productions published every day for one good one.

2dly. Because finding fault implies a plain superiority of genius.

And what a fine light is a man seen in, when his genius is asserting to itself a bold superiority over every other! the very claim is a good foundation of eminence. Claim boldly, then, for criticism hath, in this respect, some resemblance to calumny; and, indeed, is so like it, in some hands, that none but an adept can distinguish them; and you know the rule, *calumniare fortiter* (in English *criticise boldly*) and something will certainly adhere, both to yourself and to your author.

Besides this, such a conduct is a strong presumption of right; for, who can be imagined so impudent as to claim, without some colour of justice? and, therefore, the bolder your claim is the better; if you are importunate and persist, it is ten to one but the world and the author too, will be glad at length to compound the matter with you, upon the foot of an Irish reference, and give up one-half to secure the rest.

It is a clear consequence from this rule, you should always censure those works most, which are thought most to excel.

For, since criticism is a claim of superiority, what have you to do; but to raise your claim as high as you can, since your right must always rise with it? no man ever arrived to any great eminence above others, from the back of an ass, or the shoulders of a dwarf.

A true critic is a true emblem of that stately, majestic animal, who never fails to raise his crest, burnish his gills, distend his dewlap, and swell his breast with a becoming indignation, at the first sight of that proud colour that should pretend to glow with more glory than his own: and, no wonder if, in consequence of such a presumption, he assault it with a just degree of rage; and, if possible, trample it under foot.

Obj. But, here it may be objected, what if you should be in the wrong?

Ans. 1. To this it is obvious to answer; 1st. That, if you are early in your outcry, it is ten to one but you damn the thing at once; and then you can never be in the wrong.

2dly. If you should be found so in the end, it is ten to one but the discovery comes too late. For the author may be dead, or undone long before; and so may you too.

3dly. It is time enough to retract, when the rest of the world are convinc'd. Your delay will be plac'd to the account of your delicacy.

And, in the last place, if the worst comes to the worst, singularity has a thousand advantages to balance every thing that can be said against it. There are instances wherein one man has been known to be in the right against all the rest.—*Athanais contra mundum*—is a glorious situation.

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

RULE II.

If you find it too adventurous to pronounce any Writing stuff and nonsense, at first sight; yet you may, safely enough, shrug your shoulders, and cry, "There's nothing in it."

Reason may be answered with reason, and disputes are dangerous, it is impossible to say where they will end; but, a shrug is a short decision; a shrug can never be baffled; a shrug is absolutely unanswerable.

Suppose, for example, that the question were about the merits of a dialogue just published, and your adversary should insist, that it had every thing requisite to the beauty and perfection of that kind of writing: and should talk to you of politeness, and ease, and elegance, and God knows what—let him talk, and do you shrug. If he should grow noisy and pedantic upon you, and pretend to quote examples from Plato, and authorities from Aristotle; let him quote on, and do you shrug. If he should persist in his impertinence, why then you have nothing to do, but to shake your head, and echo his last words: "Ay, ay, Plato, Aristotle, ease, elegance," &c.—then smile a little, and by degrees laugh out loud—my life for your's, his business is done at once. He hangs his ears and you hear no more of him.

I consider a critic as a creature with what physicians call a strong acid upon his stomach: which, though it helps digestion, in general, yet it is too apt to turn some of the noblest foods and perfect nourishments of nature into choler and indigestion. And therefore, when critics censure any performance whatsoever as empty and insignificant, all that can be fairly inferred from thence (if they should chance to be mistaken) is only this, that there is nothing in it to their taste, or nothing but what they dislike and disrelish: and under this distinction a good critic may, very often, with a good conscience pronounce upon the best performance in its kind, that *there is nothing in it*.

RULE III.

If your own authority is not sufficient to quell opposition, and carry your point; why then, two or three of you join forces, and call yourselves the world—and the work is done.

This is every day experienced with wonderful success. Lady A. tells her friend, "That the world makes very free with Mrs. M.'s reputation: that Lady L. was seen to slip into her house in the dusk of the evening, and steal out again at one in the morning." The friend tells the same story to her cousin, the cousin to her sister; and all four hurry to all their visits that very evening, to tell the news, under the strongest ties of secrecy. And, in four-and-twenty hours, Lady A. is justified in every syllable she said: for, by that time, the world does really make very free with Mrs. M.'s reputation: and she is infamous from that moment.

But suppose people should be provoked, and tell you plainly, "That any one of those things, which you vilify, hath more wit and sense, and fine thinking in it, than all the critics in the world could extract from all the writings of you, and all your associates put together."

Why, the answer is easy. What is that to the purpose? What have critics to do with wit and excellence in writing? a critic is a judge; and every one knows, the business of a judge is, not to draw up pleadings, but to pronounce sentence.

RULE IV.

Write nothing but Satire,—and satirize none but persons of eminence.

Satire is the pino-apple of wit; it hits every taste; and contains every flavour of every other fine fruit of the mind. The vicious and the worthless are glad to see others brought down by it some degrees nearer to their own demerit or insignificance: the wise and virtuous, unhurt, take a secret pleasure in the untarnished lustre, and untainted purity of their own perfections; and the rabble are delighted with it, because it humbles their betters, and brings them nearer to their own level. And indeed, satire is, next to death, the greatest leveller in this world: and, like that too, can rob every man living of every ability, every beauty, and every blessing of life, and not only so, but can convert them all into deformity and filth; and by that means make the most amiable creatures alive, the abhorrence of their best friends.

The lustre of an high reputation diffuses such a light round the owner, as gives the satirist (together with the aid of his own obscurity) all possible advantages of wounding him wherever he likes. In vain does the mangled wretch roar out, like furious Ajax in Homer, for *day* and the *enemy*: he, safe under the protection of Nox and Nemesis, his guardian doities, slinks, like Milton's hero to his covert, after he hath wrought his vengeance; and waits the result of his bold achievement in security and silence.

RULE V.

*Whatever head you satirise any man under, before you have done with him,
be sure you charge him home upon the head of VANITY.*

For this is a vice which is sure to render every man living obnoxious to every other. And, as every man living hath a competent portion of it, every man will admit your charge with ease, and join in it with eagerness.

If the vanity you censure is ill-founded, it will raise the more indignation in your readers; if otherwise, the merit of the author will make it easier credited, especially if he be a candidate for fame, or honour, or preferment of any kind; for then, the whole crew of competitors will be sure to join in the cry against him. And indeed, nothing more infallibly incenses any number of men against the most deserving man in the world, than the least appearance or suspicion of a claim of merit; as nothing can be more provoking than to boast one's wealth among a brotherhood of beggars.

RULE VI.

*Whenever you censure any man's works or abilities in one character, be sure, if possible,
to praise him and them in another.*

For example; if the same man should rise to reputation both in preaching and in poetry, when you censure his poetry, be sure to praise his preaching at the same time; for this will give your criticisms the character of candour and your censure will, by that means, carry more weight: add to this, that there are twenty good judges of preaching, for one that pretends to any judgment in poetry; so that, an attempt upon him that way, where you might meet a thousand people, in every quarter of the town, to contradict you, would but destroy your own character, instead of hurting his.

And what greater injury does a good critic to any man, in denying him different excellencies, than what nature herself hath done to almost all mankind. Are not different talents, almost always, draw-backs upon one another? is not a fine imagination often observed to hurt the judgment? and wit to impair the memory? how unreasonable is it in any man to pretend to excel in many things, when so few excel in any one! Will it be any imputation upon any man now alive, to say that of him which was undoubtedly true of Cicero? I own indeed, that the warmth and elegance, and elevation, of a true poetic spirit are some of the noblest ingredients in the composition of a Christian orator: what then? are not many men deemed good preachers without them? what have you to do then, but to follow nature, and good qualities as sparingly as she uses to do.

If it should be still urged, "That some of this man's poetic works are allowed to excel; and that he hath received high compliments on that head from one of the greatest geniuses of the age, &c."—What is all that to you? Do you still follow nature, and bestow with a wise frugality. But above all, be sure you never bestow, but under this prudential direction: let the bounty of your praise always go first, like Pharaoh's years of plenty; and then, let the frugality of your criticism follow fast after, like the years of famine, even though it should be thought to devour all that went before it.

Give and take, is the great critical aphorism; that is, *give all that you cannot take away, and take away all that you can.*

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE HON. MRS. PERCIVAL WITH MR. HUTCHESON'S
TREATISE ON BEAUTY AND ORDER.

Th' internal senses painted here we see,
They're *born* in others, but they *live* in thee,
O were our author with thy converse blest,
Could he behold the virtues in thy breast,
His needless labours with content he'd view,
And bid the world not read, but copy you.

ON THE ART OF PRINTING.

By MR. GRIESON.

Hail mystic art, which men like angels taught
To speak to eyes, and paint embody'd thought!
The deaf and dumb, blest skill, reliev'd by thee,
We make one sense perform the task of three.
We see, we hear, we touch, the head and heart,
And take or give what each but yields in part;
With the hard laws of distance we dispense,
And without sound, apart, commune in sense;
View, though confin'd, nay, rule this earthly ball,
And travel o'er the wide-extended ALL.
Dead letters thus with living notions fraught,
Prove to the soul the telescope of thought.
To mortal life immortal honour give
And bid all deeds and titles last and live
In scanty life—Eternity we taste,
View the first ages, and inform the last.
Arts, history, laws, we purchase with a look,
And keep, like fate, all nature in a book.

THE COMFORTS OF UGLINESS.

Is it a comfort to be free from all the petty solicitude and toil which the consciousness of personal beauty subjects one to? To comb the eye-brows twenty times a day, to watch perpetually the changing lustre of the eyes, and the fluctuations of colour in the complexion? An ugly fellow is free from all these cares. Beautiful faces are often unmeaning, and fine persons deficient in ability and vigour. It is ugliness, or something very near it that is compatible with strong manly expression in a countenance; and it is the thickest, broad, coarse form that is usually the most remarkable for active strength. Personal elegance and beauty are flowers which quickly fade; and the memory of them is pain to the subsequent life of him who has lost them. The fading of ugliness is but the withering of a thistle, the decay of a nettle;—he, to whom this chance comes, has the pleasure to discover that the difference between the ugly face and the handsome one is every day diminished. Was he but little concerned about the cast of his phiz? He can, however, suffer no uneasiness on account of any effect of growing years upon it, unless it become by growing years more powerfully comic. It is curious to observe that an ugly face is generally the sign hung out over a witty and humorous mind: it suggests innumerable exhilarating witticisms to the wearer himself, and is the cause of wit to others. There is scarce a merry, shrewd, witty fellow, even in fictitious history; but has the honour of ugliness attributed to him. *Æsop* was a very ugly, little crouch-back: uglier still was *Socrates*, not less a wit, and a man of humour, than a philosopher. The heroes of *Rabelais* were famous for personal ugliness. *Sancho Panza*, his master, and *Rosinante* were, in their several conditions, absolutely patterns of this interesting qualification. *Hudibras* and *Ralpho* were still more conspicuously ugly. *Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, ancient *Pistol*, and almost every character of wit and humour in the whole drama of *Shakspeare*, were eminently ugly. *Scarron*, the favourite wit of France, was the most deformed little figure that ever a lovely woman allowed herself to be coupled to. What amusement is there not to be derived from any thing peculiar in the nose? Is your nose excessively long? Comfort yourself that you have fared as well as if you had been to the promontory of noses—it is the proboscis of the elephant—it is the *suspensus nasus* which the Romans held to be so remarkable an indication of acute delicacy in the perception of the ridiculous. A short nose is like every thing that is little, smart, and pretty; in any dangers and hair-breadth escapes of the face, a humble little nose is not much more exposed than your cheek or your chin. A pimple, a wart, a polypus by enlarging, only beautify it: it is ever brisk, alert, erect, and upon the *qui vive*; it affords a shortened passage to the brain. It is a perfection in nature to accomplish all her ends with the smallest possible means. Such noses are well known to have been much valued by the Romans, as a sure proof that the wearer was a person of shrewd discernment, and of a lively sarcastic wit.

A prodigious deal of comfort in a hump-back ! Who more chatty, who more conceited of his personal appearance, who more lively in wit and desecumment than the little "my lords ?" The hump appears to the little fellows, who bears it as if it was a knapsack, in which he had bundled up all his cares, his follies, his absurdities, his ugliness, and cast them behind him. He who can earn nothing with his hands, may get a fortune by lording out his hump if he has one, for a portable writing-desk. It is well known what wealth a little "my lord" got at Paris during the famous Mississippi rage, by putting his hump to advantageous use in this way.

A peerage conferred by the king has, perhaps, nothing more gratifying in it than the address of *my lord* ; but he whom nature has honoured with a hump back, needs no royal creation to enable him to have his ears constantly saluted with this high and flattering address.—*Polyphemus*.

LEGAL DIFFICULTY.—A young man happened to be present at the trial of some causes of no kind of intricacy where the proof was full, and where law as well as equity lay clearly on one side. The judge of course decided without hesitation as any man of common sense and honesty would have done. "Of all professions," said the young man to the judge, "certainly yours is the easiest ; any body who has eyes may be a judge ; all that is necessary is to distinguish black from white"—"But that is a very difficult matter," replied the judge, "when the cause is gray."

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "LADY."—Formerly when the affluent lived all the year round at their mansions in the country, the lady of the manor distributed to her poor neighbours, with her own hands, once a week, or oftener, a certain quantity of bread, and she was called by them *Leff-day*, that is, in the Saxon the bread-giver. These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it ; yet it is from that hospitable custom that, to this day, the ladies of this kingdom alone serve the meat at their own table.

AN excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie ; for an excuse is a lie guarded.

If some men died, and others did not, Death would indeed be a most mortifying evil.

ALL philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means.

A POET hurts himself by writing prose, as a race-horse hurts his motion by condescending to draw in a team.

WHEN ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbour, keep it to yourself.

DRINKING SONG.

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good ;
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.
 Though I go bare, take ye no care,
 I am nothing a cold,
 I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.
 Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold ;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

I have no roast but a nut-brown toast,
 And a crab laid in the fire ;
 A little bread shall do me stead,—
 Much bread I not desire.
 No frost, no snow, no wind, I throw,
 Can hurt me if I wold,
 I am so wrapt, and thoroughly lept
 Of jolly good ale and old.
 Back and side go bare, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
 Loveth well good ale to seek,
 Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
 The tears run down her cheek :
 Then doth she troll to me the bowl,
 Even as a malt-worm should,
 And saith, " Sweetheart, I took my part
 Of this jolly good ale and old."
 Back and side go bare, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
 Even as good fellows should do ;
 They shall not miss to have the bliss
 Good ale doth bring men to :
 And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls,
 Or have them lustily trou'd
 God save the lives of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or old.
 Back and side go bare, &c.

STILL.

A FOR, who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much justice as himself.

A LADY's face, like the coat in the " Tale of a Tub," will wear well, if left alone ; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments you destroy the original ground.

FOOLS with bookish knowledge are children with edged weapons ; they hurt themselves and put others in pain *Un demi savant est plus sot qu'un ignorant.*

OUTRAGED NATURE AVENGED.

In queen Anne's reign, a soldier belonging to a marching regiment, that was quartered in the city of W——, was taken up for a deserter, and, being tried by a court martial, was sentenced to be shot. The colonel and lieutenant-colonel being both in London, the command of the regiment had devolved in course to the major, who was accounted a very cruel and obdurate man. The day of execution being come, the regiment, as usual upon those occasions, was drawn up to witness it; but when every one present who knew the custom at these executions, expected to see the corpora's cast lots for the ungracious office, they were surpris'd to find it fixed by the major upon the prisoner's own brother, who was also a soldier in the regiment, and was at the moment taking his last leave of the unfortunate culprit.

On this inhuman order being announced to the brothers, they both fell down upon their knees; the one supplicated in the most affecting terms that he might be spared the horror of shedding a brother's blood; and the other brother, that he might receive his doom from any other hand than his. But all their tears and supplications were in vain, the major was not to be moved. He swore that the brother, and the brother only, should be the man, that the example might be the stronger, and the execution the more horrible. Several of the officers attempted to remonstrate with him, but to no purpose. The brother prepar'd to obey. The prisoner having gone through the usual service with the minister, knecled down at the place appointed to receive the fatal shot. The major stood by, saw the afflicted brother load his instrument of death, and, this being done, ordered him to observe the third signal with his cane, and at the instant to do his office, and despatch the prisoner. But behold the justice of Providence! When the major was dealing his fatal signals for the prisoner's death, at the last motion of his cane, the soldier, inspired by some superior power, suddenly turned about his piece, and shot the tyrant in a moment through the head. Then throwing down his piece, he exclaimed, "He that can show no mercy, no mercy let him receive. Now I submit; I had rather die this hour, for this death, than live a hundred years, and give my brother his." At this unexpected event nobody seem'd to be sorry; and some of the chief citizens, who came to see the execution, and were witnesses of all that pass'd, prevail'd with the next commanding officer to carry both the brothers back to prison, and not to execute the first prisoner until farther orders, promising to indemnify him for the consequences, as far as their whole interest could possible go with the queen. This request being complied with, the city corporation, that very night, drew up a most pathetic and moving address to their sovereign, humbly setting forth the cruelty of the deceased, and praying her majesty's clemency towards both the prisoners. The queen, upon the perusal of this petition, which was presented to her majesty by one of the city representatives, was pleas'd to promise that she

would inquire a little farther into the matter. On doing so, she found the truth of the petition confirmed in all its particulars; and was graciously pleased to pardon both the offending brothers, and discharge them from her service. "For which good mercy in the queen," says a chronicle of that period "she received the very grateful, and most dutiful address of thanks from her loyal city."

MELANCHOLY FATE OF A PEASANT.

FROM BEAUMONT'S TRAVELS.

This unfortunate mountaineer, in the course of an excursion on those stupendous mountains, by chance discovered the vein of a mine containing particles of gold. Delighted at this unexpected treasure, he hastened to his wife, and disclosed the secret, under an injunction that she should not divulge it, lest he should be taken up by order of government. He visited his mine daily, and at first only brought away small quantities of ore, which his wife disposed of at Genoa. His wealth at length accumulated sufficiently to enable him to purchase a spot of land, whereon he built a hut, and continued his exertions, at the hazard of his life, till he had obtained enough to render his situation easy and comfortable.

The only method by which he could gain access to the mine, was that of laying himself on his belly, and pushing himself on through an opening formed between the strata of the rock, which was scarcely wide enough to admit his body; when he had procured the ore, he slid back in the same way. But, unfortunately, one evening, during that operation, a stone detached itself from the interior of the cave, and dropped on his shoulders though not with sufficient force to occasion instant death, but enough to prevent his extricating himself either one way or the other; and he was left to perish in this horrible situation!

His wife, not seeing her husband return at the accustomed hour, took with her a friend, who had long had a suspicion of these mysterious excursions, and proceeded to the fatal spot, on approaching towards which she imperfectly heard the groans and lamentations issuing from the dreadful cavern—the inevitable tomb of her wretched husband! Every endeavour to extricate him was tried in vain—and he lived in this deplorable situation five days! The unfortunate woman's grief was beyond description. When dead his body was forced to be taken from the rock limb by limb: his remains were collected, and buried near his hut, and a wooden cross erected over his grave.

Having died without confession, according to the custom of the country, numberless masses have been said for his soul; and the weary traveller often turns aside out of his way to prostrate himself on the stone which covers him, and drop a tear to his memory and his misfortune!

LOVE LETTER,

Which was actually written by a young man in the vicinity, to a very handsome young woman, to whom he was afterwards married, to the great joy of all the parish.

"MY DEAREST NANNY,

I write this with the quill of a virgin goose, on paper almost as snowy as your breast. This is a compliment justly due to your maidenhood and innocence. It is now so long since I saw you, that I begin to think you have entirely forgotten me. If your lovely image treated me as unkindly as you do yourself, I should die of despair; but, it does not desert me, sleeping or waking, in or out of company. My companions cannot conceive what it is that makes me so pensive, they little know the cause, and, perhaps, if they did, they would only laugh at me; for, if your finger aches, there are a thousand remedies prescribed for it in an instant; but, when your heart is consumed in all the tender flames of love, not one can be found to sympathize with you. I think I have already given you many proofs of the sincerity of my passion; I don't want your pity; the beggar lives on pity—I want your hand and your heart along with it; it is this alone that can make me happy, and restore my mind to that tranquillity which it knew till those unfortunate eyes of mine first met your's. A line will revive my drooping spirits, and give my soul a holiday, which it has not enjoyed since you left this place.

I am, my dearest Nanny,

Your sincere Lover,

T—D—Y."

"COUSIN William," said a merry mischievous young girl, "what do you think I heard a pretty young lady say of you?" "I don't know—something good I hope. Who was it coo?" "Shan't tell you! but it's the truth: a very pretty girl *did* say something about you." "Well, tell me what it was." "I shan't, unless you will give me that annual that I wanted." "Well, agreed—you shall have it—now tell me?" "Well now—don't blush so—she said you were the *ugliest looking* man she ever laid her eyes on."

A CLERGYMAN in Virginia, writing to some friends, says "Yesterday, at half-past three o'clock, I preached the funeral sermon of a man; and to-day at the same hour, I married his widow to another man!"

LAUGHING IS BEST.—Democritus, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years: Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty.

THE more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.

"A MOTHER'S WISH.

By MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

"Sweet smiling cherub! if for thee
Indulgent Heaven would grant my prayer,
And might the threads of destiny
Be woven by maternal care,—
No golden wishes there should twine,
If thy life's web was wrought by me,
Calm, peaceful pleasures should be thine,
From grandeur and ambition free!

"I would not ask for courtly grace
Around thy polish'd limbs to play,
Nor Beauty's smile to deck thy face,
(Given but to lend some heart astray.)
I would not ask the wreath of Fame
Around thy youthful brow to twine;
Nor that the statesman's envied name,
And tinsel'd honours should be thine!

"No'er may War's crimson'd laurels bloom,
To crown thee with a hero's wreath—
(Like roses smiling o'er a tomb,
Horror and death lie hid beneath;)
Nor yet be thine his feverish life,
On whom the fatal Muses smile
The Poet, like the Indian wife,
Oft lights his own funeral pile.

"No!—I would ask that Virtue bright
May fix thy footsteps ne'er to stray;
That meek Religion's holy light
May guide thee through life's desert way.
That manly sense, and purest truth,
A breast Contentment's chosen shrine,
May through the slippery paths of youth,
Unstain'd, untarnish'd still be thine!"

"That love's chaste flame—that Friendship's glow
May kindle in thy generous breast:
That peace (which greatness ne'er can know)
Be thy calm pillow's nightly guest.
Sweet smiling infant! if for thee
Indulgent Heaven would hear my prayer,
Thus should the web of Destiny
Be woven by a mother's care!"

THE ART OF BEING A BORE.—L'art d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.

The world may be divided into people that read people, that write people, that think, and fox-hunters.

Looking out of his window one summer evening, Luther saw, on a tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that fellow preaches faith to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him."

THE LOOK OF HAIR.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."—SHAKESPEARE.

—"WELL, take it, Henry!" said a lovely girl, as she cut a tress of hair from her amber locks, and which, as she twined it around her ivory fingers, appeared like gold contending for beauty with alabaster—"But how long will thy love for her who once owned it continue?" and she faintly smiled, as Friendship does when smoothing the pillow of suffering, while her heart whispers, it is in vain. "Nay, nay, Ellen, has not that love been the orb which has cheered my morning of life; and think you that I will forsake its beams amidst the difficulties which may impede my noon-day path? Ah no! on the bright current of pleasure, and on the storm-tossed waves of adversity, thou shalt be the polar star to guide me from destruction."—"Be it so, Henry, and remember that death must arrest the pulsations of faithful woman's heart, ere it will cease to love!"

Months rolled on, and saw Henry established in a subordinate mercantile situation, exposed to the temptations of a dissolute metropolis, and far from the scenes consecrated by the pure feelings of a first affection. Still Ellen was gladdened by the continuance of his love, still she perused with delight the repeated, the ardent declaration of his affection. But, alas, too soon did those declarations become less and less frequent; too soon was their tone chilled by estrangement; too soon did their total discontinuance dash into a thousand atoms the de'ences erected by hope for the preservation of the heart's peace of Ellen: happily for her, she knew not the cause. The infatuated votary of dissipation, for this phantom Henry had sacrificed every virtuous principle; at the gaming table, time, fame, fortune, all were squandered; and finding his resources unequal to his wants, he had determined to forge a draft in his father's name, hoping to replace the money before the act was discovered. To imitate the signature with exactness, he had recourse to one of his father's letters; it was the first which Henry had received on his arrival in the capital, and contained all the admonitions to virtue, all the dissuaves from vice, which a parent's heart could dictate. Though buried in the silence of night and in the solitude of his chamber, still the consciousness of his purpose paralysed his hand: he falteringly opened it, but started on discovering that it held his still-loved Ellen's tress of amber hair. The sight of it revived all the recollections of joy and innocence connected with her image: he paused even upon the threshold of crime; he perused the admonitions of his father, and virtue conquered. But too transient, alas! was her empire: Henry, impelled by vanity, and lured by the fascinations of a beauty who, bound to no authority but that of passion, prepared to fly from a husband only too indulgent, from children whose only fault was, that their helplessness and innocence reproached their mother. The day previous to that had arrived on which Henry had resolved to separate from innocence

for ever; the arrangements for his departure were completed, except packing the few valuables he possessed, which were contained in an antique cabinet; and he proceeded with hurried abstraction to remove them into a small casket. One ring only, and that the most valuable, was missing; there still remained a small box unexamined: with a mind absorbed in the contemplation of one idea, he mechanically opened it; the ring was indeed there, but with it was the hair of that once-loved one, whose image had gradually faded from his soul, as the bright rainbow of heaven retires from the approach of the whirlwind and the storm. He remained for a few minutes rivetted to the spot: but in those minutes the electric spark had flown through memory, and the pictures of early happiness and love appeared glowing as the sea when it blushes a welcome to the morning. Distracted by remorse, he instantly resolved to abandon his present design, and wrote an eternal farewell to her whose loveliness had seduced him from the path of honour. He then remembered with agony the time which had elapsed since he had last written to Ellen; and resolving to tell his tale of penitence in person, he trusted the persuasions of love would obtain his pardon. On arriving at her cottage, he found the roses blooming as when he left it, and the brightness of a summer's day diffusing loveliness and animation over nature. With a heart vibrating between hope and fear he entered the cottage, and there found all that remained of Ellen. Exhausted by disease, she was reclining on a sofa, pale as the snow-drop, which, rearing its gentle head to meet the sunbeam which it loves, is withered by the winter's blast, then drops and dies. After recovering the shock which Henry's presence gave her, she calmly listened to the recital of his errors and his repentance; then fixing her mild eyes upon him, "Henry," she said "I feel that my very hours are numbered. Believing that you had trampled on a heart which only beat for you, death has long appeared as the best gift of Heaven. How much, how dearly I have loved, my grave will tell you! May God bless you for soothing with your presence my dying moments! and oh! may he doubly bless you, for cheering me with the hope that we shall meet in a better world: that has extracted the last thorn from thy death-pillow: that has"—she clasped her hands as if in prayer,—she looked up to heaven, and expired!—*European Magazine*.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

"Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm."

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than counterbalances all the calamities and afflictions which can befall us. We know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

A LOVE LETTER.

MADAM,

Struck by the coruscation and the brilliant lumination,
Of your optic radiation and obtaining information
Of the great reputation you possess in the nation,
I've a great inclination to become your relation,
And were this communication, to receive your approbation
And my earnest declaration to meet the animation
Of your cheering acceptance, it would be a coronation
Of my brightest expectation, with the fullest augmentation
Of my soul's exhilaration, and a soothing mitigation
Of its deep tumultuation; then with joy exultation
And replete with gratulation, I would make a neat translation
Of your lovely appellation to a sweet consociation
And a lasting combination, both in form and intonation
With my own cognomination. Now have commiseration
On my dreadful situation, and give alleviation
To my present tribulation and the fearful palpitation
Of my vital fluctuation, and, with speed festination
Send a blest rogermination to my earnest declaration,
For in doubt and calligation, and suspensive desperation
I await your replication to my earnest obscuration.
Do reflect that mystication or a cooling crastination
Will be a dread prostration to my dearest aspiration,
While decided abnegation will be annihilation
Of my hopes dear sustentation; but then, your assentation
Dearest creature of creation, will be a consummation
And complete realization of my fancy's fabrication,
And with love's dear catenation, till life's latest circulation,
Bend your slave to deliriation,

HARRY PHRENO, FERMENTATION.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE:

SIR,

I received your narration with excessive trepidation
And astounding consternation, at your long conglomeration
And strange enumeration of words of the same termination,
While you press your adulation with an earnest protestation
Which, after rumination and serious ponderation,
In my sober opinion, seems to give an indication
Of some wild hallucination, or mental aberration.
So with prudent hesitation and controlling refrenation,
I would wait an explication of this seeming mystication
And without prevarication or a wish for evitation
Seek a new communication, ere I give my assentation
And to fix my destination. But if your application
With a fixed continuation, display the regulation
Of your black and white relation, nor give signs of oscillation
With an aiming at mutation, then I have no reluctance—
As I have no fixed prelation for another in the nation—
To declare my acceptance of your life association;
And, abjuring affectation, to avow my approbation
Of the free and kind oblation of your gallant adoration,
While with true reverberation to your love and admiration,
I remain, with tremulation and timid expectation,
Your devoted through duration,

MARY MENTE MODERATION.

GENIUS.—Self-communion, and solitude are its daily bread; for what is Genius but a great and strongly-marked individuality—but an original creative being, standing forth alone amidst the undistinguishable throng of our every day world? Genius is a lonely power; it is not communicative; it is not the gift of a crowd; it is not a reflection cast from without upon the soul. It is essentially an inward light, diffusing its clear and glorious radiance over the external world. It is a broad flood, pouring freely forth its deep waters; but with its source for ever hidden from human ken. It is the Creator, not the creature: it calls forth glorious and immortal shapes; but it is called into being by none—save God.—*Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century.*

TIME, the most precious of all possessions, is commonly the least prized. It is, like health, regretted when gone, but rarely improved when present. We know it is irrecoverable, yet throw it wantonly away. We know it is fleet, yet fail to catch the current moment. It is the space of life; and while we never properly occupy its limits, we nevertheless murmur at their narrowness. It is the field of exertion, and while we continually leave it fallow, we yet sorrow over our stunted harvest.

In trifles, infinitely clearer than in great deeds, actual character is displayed.

EVERY man living in a state of grace is a perpetual miracle.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.—The firefly only shines when on the wing. So is it with the mind; when once we rest, we darken.

THE following, from one of the old poets, was addressed to a lady, upon whose bosom a flake of snow fell and melted:—

“The envious snow came down in haste,
To prove the breast less fair,
But grieved to see itself surpassed,
And melts into a tear.”

Dr. Adam says, that one reason why the world is not reformed is, because every man is bent on reforming others, and never thinks of his own ways as in need of mending.

THE greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest luxury is health; the greatest comfort is sleep; and the best medicine is a true friend.

MEEKNESS.—A boy was asked what meekness was. He thought a moment, and said, “Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions.”

A TRUE Christian is the only selfish man in the world: all others are not self-lovers, but self-destroyers.

Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults of our pity; but affectation appears to be the only true source of the ridiculous.

DANCES OF OUR ANCESTORS.

As many of our fair readers, who delight to "trip it on the light fantastic toe," may be pleased to receive some information with respect to the dancing of their ancestors, we have made, from Dr. Drake's "Shakspeare and his Times," the following extracts for their use.

"Dancing was an almost daily amusement in the court of Elizabeth; the queen was peculiarly fond of this exercise, as had been her father, Henry the Eighth: and the taste for it became so general during her reign, that a great part of the leisure of almost every class of society was spent, and especially on days of festivity, in dancing.

To dance elegantly was one of the strongest recommendation to the favour of her majesty; and her courtiers, therefore, strove to rival each other in this pleasing accomplishment; nor were their efforts, in many instances, unrewarded. Sir Christopher Hatton, we are told, owed his promotion, in a great measure, to his skill in dancing; and in accordance with this anecdote, Gray opens his "Long Story" with an admirable description of his merit in this department; which, as containing a most just and excellent picture, both of the architecture and manners of "the days of good Queen Bess," as well as of the dress and agility of the knight, we with pleasure transcribe. Stoke-Pogeis, the scene of the narrative, was formerly in the possession of the Hattons.

"In Britain's Isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands;
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands.

"To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

"Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danced before him.

"His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
"His high crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

The brawl, a species of dance here alluded to, is derived from the French word *braule*, "indicating," observes Mr. Douce, "a shaking or swinging motion. It was performed by several persons uniting hands in a circle, and giving each other continual shakes, the steps changing with the time. It usually consisted of three *pas* and a *pié-joint*, to the time of four strokes of the bow; which being repeated, was termed a double brawl. With this dance balls were usually opened."

Shakespeare seems to have entertained as high an idea of the efficacy of a French brawl as probably did Sir Christopher Hatton, when he exhibited before Queen Elizabeth; for he makes Moth, in *Love's Labour Lost*, ask Armado, "Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?" and he then exclaims, "These betray nice wenches." That several dances were included under the term brawls, appears from a passage in Shelton's *Don Quixote*: "After this there came in another artificial dance, of those called brawles;" and Mr. Douce informs us, that amidst a great variety of brawls, noticed in Thoinot Arbeau's treatise on dancing, entitled *Orchesographia*, occurs a Scotch brawl; and he adds, that this dance continued in fashion to the close of the seventeenth century.

Another dance of much celebrity at this period, was the *pavin*, or *pavan*, which, from the solemnity of the measure, seems to have been held in utter aversion by Sir Toby Belch, who, in reference to his intoxicated surgeon, exclaims, "Then he's a rogue! After a passy-measure, or pavin, I hate a drunken rogue." This is the text of Mr. Tyrwhitt; but the old copy reads—"Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measure's pavyn," which is probably correct; for the pavan was rendered still more grave by the introduction of the passa-mezzo air, which obliged the dancers, after making several steps round the room, to cross it in the middle in a slow step, or *cinqe pace*. This alteration of time occasioned the term *passa-mezzo* to be prefixed to the name of several dances; thus we read of the *passa-mazzo galliard* as well as the *passa-mozo pavin*; and Sir Toby, by applying the latter appellation to his surgeon, meant to call him not only a rogue, but a solemn coxcomb. "The pavan, from *pavo*, a peacock," observes Sir J. Hawkins, "is a grave and majestic dance. The method of dancing it was, anciently, by gentleman dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for this step, in the *Orchesographia* of Thoinot Arbeau. Of the *passa-mezzo* little is to be said, except that it was a favourite air in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Ligon, in his *History of Barbadoes*, mentions a *passa-mezzo galliard*, which in the year 1647, a padre in that island played to him on the lute; the very same, he says, with an air of that kind, which, in Shakespeare's play of *Henry the Fourth*, was originally played to Sir John Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet by Sneak, the musician there named."

Of equal gravity with the "doleful pavin," as Sir W. D'Avenant calls it, was the measure, to tread which was the relaxation of the most dignified characters in the state, and formed a part of the revelry of the inns of court where the gravest lawyers were often found treading the measures. Shakespeare puns upon the name of this dance, and contrasts it with the Scotch jig

in *Much Ado about Nothing*, where he introduces Beatrice telling her cousin Hero, "The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink, into his grave."

A more brisk and lively step accompanied the canary dance, which was likewise very fashionable. "I have seen a medicine," says Lafen, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, alluding to the influence of female charms,

"That's able to bring life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With spritely fire and motion."

And Moth advises Armado, when dancing the brawl, to canary it with his feet.

The mode of performing this dance is thus given by Mr. Douce, from the treatise of Thoinot Arbeau: "A lady is taken out by a gentleman, and after dancing together to the cadences of the proper air, he leads her to the end of the hall; this done, he retreats back to the original spot, always looking at the lady. Then he makes up to her with certain steps, and retreats as before. His partner performs the same ceremony, which is several times repeated by both parties, with various strange fantastic steps, very much in the savage styles."

Besides the brawl, the pavin, the measure, and the canary, several other dances were in vogue, under the general titles of corantos, lavoltos, jigs, galliards, and fancies; but the four which we have selected for more peculiar notice appear to have been the most celebrated.

DR. DRAKE.

THE SUN HAS NEVER SEEN A SHADOW.—If you wish to enjoy health, go in for fun and exercise. The sun looks as fresh and vigorous to-day as it did three thousand years ago. What wonder? In all that time it has done nothing but chase shadows around the pyramids. The sun looks at the bright side of all things. The sun is one of the oldest planets in the heavens. He has existed six thousand years, and yet he has never seen a leaden-coloured day or a low-spirited piece of landscape. There is one thing more which he has never seen and never will see, and yet it is in the fields every day. The sun has never seen a shadow. How little affliction there would be in this world if we could only say the same! Let us pause, and dwell on that fact for a moment.

He that hath buffeted with stern adversity,
Best knows to shape his course to favouring breezes.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.—*Richardson v. Steele*.—This was an action for damages for a breach of promise of marriage.—Mr. Serjeant Byles, in opening the case, said the plaintiff was the daughter of a tradesman in Messing, near Kelvedon, in Essex. In 1842 and 1843 the plaintiff and the defendant lived together at the house of Mr. Waugh, a chemist in Regent-street, the one as an assistant, the other as a house maid. The plaintiff became ardently attached to the defendant whilst at Mr. Waugh's. Fortunately, although the defendant had destroyed the letters the plaintiff had written to him, she had preserved those she had received from him, and they should be laid before the jury. Although he would not read all the letters, he would refer to two or three, to show the term on which the parties were contracted to each other. The first letter was as follows :—

“ Friday, June 2, 1845.

“ My heart is fixed,
I cannot range ;
I love my choice
Too well to change.”

“ First impressions (carefully made) of those we find some in to admire, esteem, and love, are seldom, if ever, effaced from our memory, and stand proof against the slander of our most secret enemy.”

“ Love has many doubts, but without proofs should cherish none.”

The learned Serjeant then read several long and rather tedious letters, in which, mixed up with allusions to business and other matters, were occasional expressions of attachment. One letter mentioned “ sending a newspaper” to the plaintiff, which “ contained three cases of murder ;” another mentioned sending her “ *Humphrey's Clock* ;” and most of these letters concluded “ Yours truly and affectionately, Stephen,” “ Your affectionate Stephen, with love,” “ Your absent lover,” and so on. During the whole of this long courtship, the defendant had been looking out for a settlement in life. The opportunity at length presented itself, and he was set up by his father in a very flourishing business at Brighton. After this period the learned surgeon showed that the defendant's letters were in a very different tone ; he eventually returned all the presents he had received from the plaintiff, and positively refused to marry her, alleging as his reason that they disagreed in several little points.—William Henry Richardson, a boot-maker, the brother of plaintiff, whom he stated to be twenty-eight, proved that the defendant had, in May, 1843, avowed his intention of marrying her, which, in March, 1846, he refused to do.—Cross-examined by Mr. Serjeant Wilkins : His sister was in court, in the gallery, in a blue shawl. He had made boots for the defendant. He knew nothing about the art of distilling, and never proposed to supply defendant's employers with spirits of wine.

His sister after leaving Mrs. Waugh, went to live with a friend of his at Islington, then to Kilburn, then to Kensal-green, then to his aunt's, and resided amongst different friends, until she took a situation, in which she stayed a few months. Then she went to her father's unwell with a bad leg, and then went to live with a lady named Marsh, in Wales, and went with her to Paris and then came to London. She then went to live with Mr. Birch, in Vere-street, Oxford-street, an Irish linen repository, as shopwoman, where she now was.—Re-examined by Mr. Serjeant Byles. His father had nine children and did not send them all to boarding-schools; but his sister was competently educated. Witnesses had been 10 years in business as a bootmaker in London.—Mr. John Cook (examined by Mr. Serjeant Byles) lives in Crawley-street, Oakley-square. Knows St. James-street, Brighton, and had seen the defendant's shop there. It was a good-sized and very respectable shop. The defendant was in a very excellent way of business, from what he had seen.—Cross-examined by Mr. Serjt. Wilkins: What are you?—A gentleman.—Were you ever in business? Yes.—What business? No answer.—Were you a draper's assistant? No answer.—Were you one of those gentlemen who stand behind a counter in a draper's shop, rub their hands and ask "If they can show the ladies and gentlemen anything else?" (Laughter). Was in the employment of his brother, who was a drapper. Had been in business since on his own account, but it did not answer.—What took you to Brighton? Went there when he was married.—Oh, married! What! had you to go to the druggist's shop after you were married? (Laughter).—What did you want? A few little things. He knew nothing else about the defendant or his shop.—Mr. Serjeant Wilkins then addressed the jury for the defendant. An inquiry of this kind was calculated to set the feelings of the jury at war with their judgments. It was one of those cases which engaged the best feelings of our humanity, and which required the strongest exercise of the mind and judgment to keep those feelings in control. They had had a strange *melange* read to them, composed of love, murder, physic, *Humphrey's Clock*, and last not least about "the man with the white hat of asinine qualities." Never before that day, though having some experience in love correspondence, had he heard read such a correspondence as this. His learned brother had talked of the plaintiff being broken-hearted—it was a phrase which often meant nothing—and when he heard it said of the buxom young woman in the gallery, he could not help thinking of the Irishman who went blubbering out of court after hearing his counsel's statement of the injuries done him crying out, "By the mother of Moses, I did not think I was half so badly treated as I am." Laying aside his learned brother's poetic effusions, let them turn their attention to the plaintiff and the defendant in 1843, when the attachment spoken of began. His learned friend had spoken of the plaintiff's humble circumstances. The plaintiff and the defendant were living in the same house, and the defendant then wrote to her a kind of Valentine:—

"If you loves I
 "As I loves you,
 "No knife shall cut
 "Our loves in two."—(Laughter.)

What sort of love that was every boy knew. The learned Serjeant then argued that this was a case requiring a minimum of damages, and that it had not been shown that the defendant was worth 1s.—Mr. Justice Williams summed up, and the jury, after a short consultation, found a verdict for the plaintiff; damages, 250*l.*—*Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*, June 19.

SONG—THE SPRING.

I know where by Life's wayside
 There is a crystal spring,
 Where sometimes I sit down and sigh,
 But oftener sit and sing;
 None tarry there so long as I,
 Or there so often be;
 For it for none outward flow
 As it flows out for me.

In the driest days of summer
 Its current sweeps along;
 The winter brings no ice to freeze
 The measure of its song;
 And like a good thought of the soul
 That wanders out to bless,
 It every day but deeper grows,
 Instead of growing less.

Ask you where by Life's wayside,
 On what enchanted ground,
 This crystal spring, so sweet and rare,
 Is ever to be found?—
 Look down into your heart, my Love,
 And I into your eyes,
 As while I trace the outward flow,
 You may behold the rise!—*New York Literary World.*

"O DEAR!" yelled out an urchin, who had just been suffering from the birch: "Oh my! they tell me about forty rods making a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story than that. Let 'em get such a plaguy licking as I've had, and then they'll find out that one rod makes an *acher*."

"BOBBY, my love," said a silly, mother to her darling whom she had been cramming with tarts and other good things, "can you eat any more?"
 "Why, y-e-s, mamma," was young hopeful's hesitating reply, "I think I could if I stood up!"

THE good are better made by ill,
 As odours crush'd are sweeter still

LABOUR.

A BALLAD FOR OUR MINES AND MANUFACTORIES.

Fair work for fair wages! it's all that we ask,
 An Englishman loves what is fair,—
 We'll never complain of the toil or the task,
 If Livelihood comes with the care;
 Fair work for fair wages! we hope nothing else
 Of the mill, or the forge, or the soil,
 For the rich man who buys, and the poor man who sells;
 Must pay and be paid for his toil!

Fair work for fair wages—we know that the claim
 Is just between master and man,
 If the tables were turn'd, we would serve him the same
 And promise we will when we can!
 We give to him industry, muscles, and thews,
 And heartily work for his wealth,
 So he will as honestly give us our dues,
 Good wages for labour in health!

Enough for the day, and a bit to put by
 Against illness, and slackness, and age:
 For change and misfortune are ever too nigh
 Alike to the fool and the sage;
 But the fool in his harvest will wanton and waste,
 Forgetting the winter once more,
 While true British wisdom will timely make haste
 And save for the "basket and store!"

Aye; wantonness freezes to want be assured,
 And drinking makes nothing to eat.
 And penury's wasting by waste is secured
 And luxury starves in the street!
 And many a father with little ones pale,
 So racked by his cares and his pains,
 Might now be all right, if, when hearty and hale,
 He never had squandered his gains!

We know that prosperity's glittering sun
 Can shine but a little, and then
 The harvest is over, the summer is done,
 Alike for the master and men:
 If the factory ship with its Captain on board
 Must beat in adversity's waves,
 One lot is for all! for the great cotton lord
 And the poorest of Commerce's slaves.

One lot! if extravagance reign'd in the home.
 Then poverty's wormwood and gall;
 If rational foresight of evil to come,
 A cheerful complacency in all:
 For sweet is the morsel that diligence earn'd
 And sweeter, the prudence put by;
 And lessons of peace in affliction are learn'd,
 And wisdom that comes from on high!

For GOD in his providence ruling above,
 And piloting all things below,
 Is ever unchangeable justice and love
 In ordering welfare or woe :
 He blesses the prudent for heaven and earth,
 And gladdens the good at all times—
 But frowns on the sinner, and darkens his mirth,
 And lashes his follies and crimes !

Alas for the babes, and the poor pallid wife
 Hurl'd down with the sot to despair—
 Yet—GOD shall reward in a happier life
 Their punishment, patience, and pray'r ?
 But woe ! to the caitiff, who starved by his drinks,
 Was starving his children as well—
 O Man ! break away from the treacherous links
 Of a chain that will drag you to Hell !

Come along, come along, man ! it's never too late,
 Though drowning, we throw you a rope !
 Be quick and be quit of so fearful a fate,
 For while there is life there is hope ;
 So wisely come with us, and work like the rest.
 And save of your pay while you can,
 And Heaven will bless you for doing your best
 And helping yourself like a man !

For Labour is riches, and Labour is health,
 And Labour is duty on earth
 And never was honour, or wisdom or wealth,
 But Labour has been at its birth !
 The rich—in his father, his friend or himself,
 By head or by hand must have toil'd,
 And the brow, that is canopied over with pelf
 By Labour's own sweat has been soil'd !

M. F. T.

POETRY is ever tuning her lyre, and singing of that beautiful state to which the human race is capable of rising. Hope is ever pointing her telescope to the better time coming.

A MAN shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest restricted, and the youngest ruined by indulgence ; but in the midst, some that are, as it were, forgotten, who many times, nevertheless, prove the best.

THE weakest living creature, by concentrating his power on a single object can accomplish something : the strongest, by dispersing his powers over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock ; the hasty torrent rush over it with hideous uproar, and leaves a less trace behind.

THE BEGGAR'S DOG.

A SKETCH.

"They are honest creatures."—ORWAY.

"And so we must part, my old friend, my poor Rover!" was the exclamation addressed by a very aged man to his dog, who looked wistfully into his face, as if conscious that there was something more than usually melancholy in the countenance of his master.

"And so we must part!"—The poor man wept as he leant upon a long staff, gazed down upon, and patted the animal, who licked his hand, and seemed to know that he had some share in his master's sorrows.

There are few who have not known abundant instances of the fidelity of the dog. Providence has evidently intended them to live in social intercourse with man, whom they regard as their natural protector, to whom they must render good service in return—Every one with whom this animal has been domesticated, has some story to tell of its kindness, its intelligence, and its worth; and those who seek amusement in contemplating the "lower world," find a especial delight in noticing the dog. He attends to all the motions, watches every turn and change of the countenance, and appears to understand even the language of his master. Is he glad?—the dog is happy. Is he sorrowful?—the dog sympathizes in his sorrow. Faithful and devoted to death—and often when the grave closes over the body of his master, the dumb servant is the only earthly being that seeks no where else for hope or comfort. Man has many calls and many duties to wean his memory from the dead; and woman, even woman, soon ceases to think of the departed; but the dog seldom forgets the first object of its attachment. Absence, (which is death without death's hopelessness,) be it of ever so long a duration, scarcely ever weakens the affection of the animal; and the long-remembered voice of kindness awakens to its full vigour, the devotion of the dog.

"And so we must part, Rover!" repeated the old man, and the dog asked as plainly as a dog could ask, why was his master sad.

The story of this aged man was not of the every-day order. Near the place where he now stood was the cottage in which his parents had dwelt; in which he had himself passed many happy years, and in which four children had been born to him. Fifteen years ago, he had committed a crime for which he had been obliged to leave his country; that crime, although one which the law punishes with peculiar severity, is not in one which, in a moral point of view, can be considered of a very heinous nature. He had been a preacher, and, like many sturdy Englishmen, had considered the

game that passed over his own fields, as his own property. Having persevered, notwithstanding frequent warnings and minor punishments, in a course which the law had forbidden, he was at length tried as an incorrigible roacher, and transported from his country for fourteen years. The term having expired, he had now again entered his native village: his wife had been dead several years, and his sons were scattered no one knew whither. The only information he could obtain was, that one had enlisted into a regiment of the line; that another had been pressed into the navy; that a third had left the village in the service of a gentleman, who was a temporary resident there; and of the fourth, no one knew any thing, except that he was a wild, mischievous boy, who had not been seen after the death of his mother.

His former cottage was now without inhabitant, and the weeds covered the little garden that, in his time, was so neat and beautiful. In the village there were a few who recognized him, and of those few, there were none to welcome him to a place from which his memory had almost passed away, and which had long ceased to be the home of any of his kindred.

From the parish only he could obtain relief, and there his claim had been acknowledged. But by a late regulation, no pauper was suffered to keep a dog; and this was the sorrow that now pressed so heavily upon him.

"And so we must part, Rover!" he repeated a third time. "They will not give your master food, if he shares it with his dog. And there is no one else to give me bread. I told them I would ask no allowance for you, but would give you part of mine; and they cruelly asked me, what did a beggar want of a dog? What do I want of you, Rover! My companion, my friend, my only child—my poor, poor dog!"

And the old man sat down on the steps before his once happy home, and wept bitterly. The animal whined, and licked his master's cheek.

"If I could even find a master for you, Rover, who would be kind to you as I have been, I should be almost satisfied, but it would take time to know your worth, and me time to know the worth of him to whom I gave you; and we must part to-day, for we are both hungry; yet happy would be the master of such a servant. My poor, poor, dog!"

The aged man covered his cheek with his hands, and the big tears fell upon his tattered garments.

While he continued in this attitude of deep sorrow a gentleman alighted from his horse at the cottage-gate, and gazed around him, as if upon a scene to which he was not a stranger. The old man rose,—their eyes met,—and in an instant the father and the son were locked in each other's arms. It was his fourth son, the wild, thoughtless boy, of whom no one knew any thing.

When the first expression of astonishment were over, and the father had related his tale,—which was merely that he had spent his years in bondage and had returned to seek support from his parish; he pointed to his dog, and spoke of the agony he had just felt in the fear of purchasing existence by the loss of his long-tried companion and friend.

The animal shared in his joy, and capered to show that he felt it, while the son patted the faithful animal, and said:

"The world has prospered with me, father, God has given me enough, and to spare; and I came to this place to purchase this little cottage and the piece of land that was so dear to my remembrance. You shall see my wife, and my dear children, and we will live here happily once more. Give thanks to the God who gave me the means."

"Blessed be the name of the Almighty! he would not suffer a repentant sinner to be desolate,—but my dog, my son, my dog!"

"He shall never want a friend, father, and you shall keep him till he dies."

The old man again wept, but his tears were now tears of gratitude and joy as he turned to his old companion, patted him, and said, "We will *not* part, Rover, we will *not* part."

Rover whined, wagged his tail, and followed them proudly into the village —*The Amulet.*

AN UNHAPPY HOME—Amidst this opulence of comfort, there is something in the general air that is not well. Is it that the carpets and the cushions are too soft and noiseless so that those who move or repose among them seem to act by stealth? Is it that the prints and pictures do not commemorate great thoughts or deeds, or render nature in the poetry of landscape, hall, or hut, but are of one voluptuous cast—mere shows of form and colour—and no more? Is it that the books have all their gold outside, and that the titles of the greater part qualify them to be companions of the prints and pictures? Is it that the completeness and the beauty of the place is here and there belied by an affectation of humility, in some unimportant and inexpensive regard, which is as false as the face of the too truly painted portrait hanging yonder, or its original at breakfast in his easy chair below it? Or is it that, with the daily breath of that original and master of all here, there issues forth some subtle portion of himself which gives a vague expression of himself to everything about him?—*Dombey and Son.*

STEELE says:—"I know of no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise and closing it with an exception."—[This is a vicious habit of certain cold-water critics of the day.]

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MY GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.

The Law-suit.

"WELL met!" I exclaimed, joyously, as I encountered my old college friend, Charles Morton, one morning in Oxford-street: "Why, Charles, looking on your happy countenance recalls the gladstone days of youth and merriment?",

"Is mine indeed a happy countenance?" asked Morton, as, after a hearty shake, he withdrew his hand from mine; and he uttered the question in such an accent of bitter heart-brokenness, that I involuntarily paused to look on him. There were still the same fine features—deep eyes, aquiline nose, and lofty brow, which had gained for him in his youth the appellation of 'the handsome Morton'; but care had paled his cheek, and after I had gazed at him for a moment, I almost imagined that it had bowed his tall and graceful figure.

"Charles," I uttered painfully, "you are ill."—"Yes, my friend," replied Morton with mournful earnestness, "I am indeed ill—sick at heart—a disease which knows no remedy."

I asked the cause of his unhappiness. He felt that the question was one of friendship, not curiosity; and he told me of his sorrows like a man who had the miserable satisfaction of feeling that although unfortunate he was not deraded.

He was an orphan, dependent on a rich and parsimonious relative. On leaving college he had induced the only daughter of a wealthy baronet to elope with him, and her father had resented the action even to his death hour. Morton's uncle, with the caprice incident on avarice, bequeathed to him but a poor pittance, almost inadequate to the support of nature, and thus Charles in a few short months beheld the woman of his heart in all, save his affection, —a beggar! He had been induced to mortgage his slender annuity, and to dispute the will of the lady's father. "I have done it," concluded Morton in a hollow tone; "I have become the victim of a lawsuit. Alicia and my boy are the sacrifices of my credulity—but till to-day I madly clung to a hope, wild and chimerical enough to satisfy the raving fancy of a lunatic—and to-day, one more merciful than his fellows, told me that there was—no hope. In a few hours the fiat goes forth, and I am taught that utter ruin will be the result. For myself I care not—but Alicia, bred in affluence, the child of luxury and indulgence,"—and he smote his brow, and trembled with the excess of his emotion.

"Do not despair while even a shadow of trust remains," I urged, gently, "Charles; for Alicia's sake—for your son's you must hope on; let us return to your wife, if you are thus moved, what must be her suffering?"

A flush of the deepest crimson overspread the countenance of Morton, then, bursting into a hysterical laugh, he himself directed my attention to it as he exclaimed bitterly: "Do you not see how my impotent pride rushes to arms, when a friend would look on the wretchedness that will ere long be food for the cold eye of an unpitying world?—and yet—" and he held me back a moment, and the glow of memory brightened his countenance and flashed in his dark eyes: "You will not see Alicia as I have seen her—as she once was—as—she will be no more!" The vision of present wretchedness darkened the tablet of memory, and with an expression of subdued feeling, he led me in silence to an obscure street, and finally to his miserable lodging: the creaking stairs gave notice of our approach to the young and heart-stricken wife, and on our entrance her eye at once eagerly sought and rested on her husband. Fair and beautiful as the Mahomedan houri, there was a cast of thought upon her fine face, that pictured to the heart the deprecating sadness of the recording angel when noting down the trespasses of man—her dress was homely, even to wretchedness, but what had dress availed to such a face and form? The long braids of raven hair that pressed her forehead, were lost beneath a close cap of the purest white; her child played at her knee, plump and rosy, unconscious of present troubles, and thoughtless of those to come. Never did I bow so low before a titled beauty on a first meeting as I did to before the wife of Morton! On our entrance, Charles had thrown himself upon a chair, and with his face buried in his hands sobbed aloud. Alicia was beside him—her white arms encircled his neck—her lips prest his brow—I was forgotten!

At length Morton raised his head, and his eye fell on me as I stood in the centre of the apartment. "Alicia, speak to him," he murmured in a unearthly tone, "our own sorrows are enough: why should we spread their pestilence abroad?" She approached me, and at the moment Morton's child playfully clung to his knees—hurriedly he grasped the little innocent, and raising him up at arm's length, he exclaimed. "Charles, unhappy victim of father's weakness—you are a beggar!" Pleased with the rapidity of the motion, and the emphatic accents of his father, the import of which he guessed not, the child laughed gaily in his face. Morton could not bear this:—In a frenzy of emotion he would have rushed from the room; Alicia, like his guardian angel, held him back.—She had not shed a tear; her bosom heaved wildly, and her cheek was deathly pale, but still she spoke with fearful calmness.

"Alicia," said the unhappy Charles, as subdued by the violence of his own emotion, he remained passionately in her embrace, "why do you cling to me? have I not drawn the world of scorn down upon you?"

"If the world indeed scorn us, my love," said the young wife tenderly, "let us be every thing to each other, and the sting will be unfelt."

At this moment a quick step was heard upon the stairs—the door yielded to the pressure of a heavy hand, and with a smile of honest joy upon his countenance, a man in a mean habit entered the room. "You have gained your cause, Mr. Morton," he uttered hastily—and I heard no more.—A wild laugh burst from the lips of Charles, and he strained the senseless form of his wife to his breast, with frightful violence.

I was slowly sauntering in Pall Mall, but three days ago, when from the window of a handsome chariot a fair hand motioned my approach. For a moment I looked incredulously at the lofty brow, kissed at intervals by a superb, snow-white plume; at the raven hair hanging in glossy and luxuriant ringlets; at the mild dark eyes, gleaming with tempered brightness;—but in the next instant, a large tear swelled in them. I was in doubt no longer; it was Alicia; and as I extended my hand her boy twined his little fingers around one of mine, and I drew my hat over my eyes to conceal my weakness.

—m. Lit. Gaz.

MY HEART.

BY EDITH KINNIARD.

My heart, I bid thee answer!
 How are love's marvels wrought?
 "Two hearts by one pulse beating,
 Two spirits and one thought!
 And tell me how love cometh?
 "Tis here unsought—unsent,"
 And tell me how love goeth—
 "That was not love which went."

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

O, DEATH! thou strange, mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood but by the uncommunicative dead, what art thou?

THE person whose clothes are extremely fine I am too apt to consider as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who are found to wear all the gold they have in the world in a bob at the nose.

ALL clouds of sorrow are but the voices of angels, which are attuned to the deaf in ear and the hard in heart, that they may touch and make vibrate the chords of the inmost soul.

We all of us have two educations—one of which we receive from others; another, and the most valuable, which we give ourselves. It is this last which fixes our grade in society, and eventually our actual value in this life, and perhaps the colour of our fate hereafter.

AN ACCOUNT.

By A YOUNG GERMAN, OF HIS OWN COURTSHIP ;

From Furide and Franck, an Auto-Biographical Sketch.

"My love for Amelia was too strong to be easily subdued. I knew that I had a rival; but I fancied that he was not favored, and that my charmer would be ready to elope with me, to avoid that marriage which her uncle had arranged for her. I therefore resolved to write a letter, declaring my passion and offering my immediate aid in her rescue. Pen and paper, as if providentially sent, being on a side-table, I began the momentous despatch—with a large ugly blot, besides minor opaque satellites—bad omen—fresh sheet."

"My dear Miss Waldheim."

"Farther this deponent said not. All mental emissions seemed hermitically sealed; not a rational idea for a beginning! And how can a letter be penned without a beginning?"

"Pardon the boldness of one—Here the bell rang below; a pair of boots and clattering spurs were heard stalking out of the house; my unpardonable boldness had scarcely time to slink to the pocket of his owner, before Amelia opened the door."

"Excuse my making you wait, Mr. Franck, but I had a beau of mine to receive—major Dornhoff, whose attention are too marked and constant to be treated with neglect. He pays his respects daily and most chronometrically just an hour before parade: but to-day he was behind his time, owing to an illness in his family; his Camilla has passed a very restless night; 'much fever—not eaten a morsel these four and-twenty hours,—the groom obliged to sit up with her all night; and, though somewhat composed this morning, the farrier still considers her in danger.'—'Poor beast! don't you sympathise Mr. Franck?'—'I envy the man whose very charger can awaken the sympathies of Miss Waldheim.'—'No more than natural, Mr. Franck, as in duty bound: for the major, as the world will have it, is my intended.'—'Heaven forbid!'—'Forbid, Mr. Franck? and what can be your objections?'—'Because the union must render Miss Waldheim unhappy for the rest of her days. Affection, I should apprehend, can have no share in it.'

"Whatever foibles the major may possess, I assure you, he is a very good sort of a man; quite likely to make a woman comfortable in his way."—"If he treat her but half as well as his horses. But when there's no love Miss Waldheim——"—"Well, and what then? I don't see why a woman should be over head and ears in love with a man before she marries him. This love, to be sure, must be a strange thing: something like the gout, I suppose,—nobody can fancy what it is till he has felt it: I wonder if ever I shall have a touch of the complaint. Just for a day or two, by way of knowing a little about it, I

should not care,'—'Miss Waldheim, then, has never experienced what it is?—'Not that I know of: you, no doubt, have felt it, Mr. Franck?'—'And I feel it deeply, intensely, at this moment, when the heavenly object of my pure, of my—*Amelia*' (shutting my lips with her hand, which I kissed fervently). 'Not another word, Mr. Franck! We are growing too serious by half. Come, we were to try some songs against the *fete*. Here's one to begin with: Mozart's divine air, *Porgi Amore*—a favorite of my uncle's. That's the *tempo*, exactly!'

'Every note of *Amelia*'s beautiful voice was a killing dart, in my situation. Totally absorbed, I was unconscious what or how I played;—Wretchedly no doubt; for she stopped short in the midst of the air, and after a minute's pause, burst out laughing:—'So, Mr. Franck, you want me to sing *Porgi Amore* to the tune of *Ah Perdona!* for, without once looking at the notes, you have most skilfully contrived to slip from one air into the other.—'Pardon me; my feelings were little calculated for the task when I began: and the air, and the intense expression which you infused into every word and note, completed the work of destruction—unnerved, overwhelmed me.'—The noble creature man, the lord of the creation, unnerved by woman, a second edition of himself overwhelmed by a mere song!—'By sounds of heavenly sweetness, uttered with an emotion which—I cannot suppress the thought, Miss Waldheim—deeply shook my faith in your previous declaration. What! a stranger to love and yet depict it with a feeling so true, so intense? Ah, no! your heart feels it too well; feels—'or another more happy than——' 'As if the chubby well-fed friar could not preach an excellent sermon against good living. All matter of imitation—study and taskwork. But since you doubt my sincerity, Mr. Franck, it would be better to end a discussion which, I fear, has been already carried too far. Allow me to withdraw.'—'Stay! for Heaven's sake! grant me but another moment to save me from despondency. The rash avowal of a passion I cannot control has justly drawn upon me your displeasure. Your forgiveness is all I ask. Your anger would for ever seal my wretched doom.—'Anger!—how can you think of such a thing? I do not see why a woman should be offended with a man for loving her. The utmost she is warranted in doing would be to decline the offer courteously, without being obliged to state why. But even upon this point you have had all the information I can give.'—'You are right; a happier rival!—'You are wrong, Mr. Franck; there is no rival in the case.'—'Major Dornhoff?'—'The poor major seems to haunt you as much as he does me. His courtship is preserving, it is true and sanctioned, moreover, by my uncle. But, to give you another proof of the sincerity you so much doubt, I frankly tell you my heart is free—free as the air which I breathe.'—'These balmy words, Miss Waldheim, restore me to life. A fresh ray of hope gladdens my heart. But yet the major's assiduities——'—'Are tolerated, not encouraged. Not that he might out, for aught I

know, make a very passable husband. He is a man of correct principles, and generally esteemed ! but he loves himself, and next to himself, his cattle, too dearly to have much affection to spare for a wife. He was to have come to take my uncle and me to town in his equipage ; but when the time drew near, his whole equine establishment was pronounced unfit to venture, without serious risk, a journey of a few German miles. Not to speak of poor Camilla, the valetudinarian, Vesta had sore eyes, and Lucretia a running at the nose, which rendered it impossible for the dear creatures to encounter the bleak easterly winds.'—'Monstrous ! unpardonable ! Ah Miss Waldheim ! how I should have flown to the delightful task ! My life, my last breath, I am ready to resign for your sake.'—'That would be a sad thing too, on both sides, I should imagine ; but jesting aside, Mr. Franck, you must think of some other choice. In the first place, I have no inclination whatever to submit to the bonds of Hymen. My heart is disengaged, but free as I myself may feel, and certainly do feel, from any thing bordering upon aristocratic notions, my uncle's ideas are quite the reverse ; to none but an union with a noble-family will his consent ever be obtained ; and he is too good an uncle—he has too scrupulously discharged a father's duty—not to render it mine to comply with his wishes in that respect. Let me, therefore, beg it as a favour.'—

At these words, the arrival of two female friends was announced. I took my leave reluctantly ; for I would fain have asked one more question, fain have prolonged the interview for ever. As I withdraw, Amelia, in a playful way, tapped my shoulders, and said, 'Now mind you behave well, Mr. Franck, and do not pine like a woe-begone knight-errant. We remain friends, I hope ; why should there not be friendship between the sexes, without rings and bans.

MARRIED AND SINGLE OR MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY CONTRASTED. *By T. S. Arthur.*—'The Bachelor of the Albany' gave us the comedy and the cure of lonely selfishness. Here is the morality thereof : a pleasant preaching-up of Matrimony—an assurance that any "olive branches," even though their fruits be poor, are better round the parent tree than none at all. "Go, marry !" cries Mr. Arthur. We would turn him over to Miss Martineau's 'Ella of Garveloch,' for his answer :—had we not some idea that all the world is agreed in the importance of the lesson intended, though the manner of wording the same varies with every preaching man or teaching maid. That to avoid duties, responsibilities, sympathies, because of the cares and disappointments "ravelled up" with them, is a sore and destructive mistake—is Life's great truth. Let us, however, point out that there *have been* such things as exaction and selfishness in paternal affection—as generosity and self-sacrifice in the single and the unwedded. If this be capable of proof (and whenever we shall have nothing better to do we will be ready to prove it by apologue, homily, and apostrophe), the real doctrine would seem to be,—*Marry if you can :—if you can't, there's no need for you to make a stone of yourself.*

MY YOUTHFUL DAYS.

I was born on the mountain—
 I was nursed in the wild wood—
 Like a clear rushing fountain
 Were the days of my childhood.

I was gay as the bird
 That's abroad with the dawning
 Whose carol is heard
 At the first flush of morning.

My life was a dream
 A fanciful vision,
 Like a silvery stream
 In meadows elysian

The present was bright,
 And unclouded with sorrow,
 I lay down at night,
 But to dream of the morrow.

On the brink of some river
 I loved to lie dreaming,
 And see the waves quiver
 Where the sun-light was gleaming.

At the glittering starlight
 I loved to lie gazing,
 Or the glimmering light
 From the hut window blazing.

I delighted to hear
 Beauty's fair daughters,
 Their voice to my ear,
 Was like music o'er waters

But the charm is now over
 Adieu my loved wild wood !
 I ne'er can recover
 The glad hours of childhood.

" How much I regret to see so generally abandoned to the weels of vanity that fertile and vigorous space of life in which *might be planted* the oaks and fruit trees of enlightened principle, and virtuous habit which going up would yield to old age an enjoyment, a glory, and a shade "

Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring
 Ye birds that, left by Summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade, when autumn heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love ?

MEN do less than they ought, unless they do all that they can.

Of every noble action, the intent is to give worth reward—*viz.* punishment.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

SAUNDERS v. HARRIES —This was an action brought to recover damages against the Rev. Percy Bysshe Harries, rector of the parishes of Corby and of Deene, both in the county of Northampton, for a breach of promise of marriage. Damages were laid at 1,000*l*.

Mr. Serjeant Jones, in stating the case, said the plaintiff was a Miss Mary Saunders, daughter of the late Rev. John Saunders, vicar of the parishes of Llantrissant and Llanhowell. He was no more, and his daughter was an unprotected female, since she had lost her parents, and never had any brothers or sisters. The Rev. defendant, who had recently become a widower, had for the last eight or ten years been an inhabitant of Aberystwith, whither he had repaired to recruit his shattered health. The plaintiff being in delicate health was directed by her medical adviser to visit that fashionable resort. She induced a young lady of the name of Jones to accompany her, and also a young lady named Smith. The latter left in the course of a month, but Miss Saunders extended her stay at Aberystwith. In October last her appearance attracted the attention of the Rev. defendant, who frequently met her in the course of her walks. He then, influenced by an attraction which he could not resist, having been impelled by that inexplicable problem, love at first sight of the young lady, resolved to visit her. He accordingly sent her the following epistle:

MADAM,—If parlor can be conceded for intrusion, may I venture to ask it of you? There is a general principle among strangers at watering-places of introducing and being introduced to each other. I shall plead this privilege in my behalf, and all to it the impossibility of becoming introduced to you by participation in the public amusements, and also I have no knowledge of a fit person to act as a friend in the case. Having premised thus far, I beg to place in your hands a *carte blanche* of introduction, and await your pleasure in making use of it, and I trust that this mode of giving power to the lady cannot offend against delicacy, although it may perhaps appear at first sight to encroach rather too much upon the bounds of etiquette.—I beg to remain madam, your devoted servant, P. B. HARRIES.—Alfred-place, Aberystwith, October 23, 1847.

The learned Serjeant then remarked that this letter was delivered on the Saturday, and the plaintiff took no notice of it. On the following Tuesday the Reverend defendant presented himself at the young lady's lodgings, and was admitted to an interview with her in the presence of Miss Jones. An intimacy then commenced between the parties, and he paid her daily visits, and a few days afterwards he sent her the following letter, in which he tendered her his hand and fortune:

MY DEAR Miss SAUNDERS,—In personal attraction, in ease, and elegance and accomplishments, in kindness and cheerful temper, and if there be any other social qualities requisite to constitute domestic happiness, I believe that you possess them in an eminent degree. Let me now, in my own straight forward way, place my situation before you, that you may at once see what prospect you may have of continuing that happiness you so well deserve. It has ever been my wish to keep a good establishment rather than an empty show. Comfort before elegance, and utility rather than fashion. My income is church property, and therefore departs with my life. Excuse me if I look on the dark side for the future. I assure you that such anticipation is calculated rather to make the bright look brighter, and, with God's blessing, there may be golden days and much real unmingled bliss in a rich competency. If, in God's providence, he should call me hence, I should wish to leave you in no worse circumstances than I find you at present. I have now done with preaching, and Paul and Barnabas shall succumb to Lady Mystery and the charities of domestic life:—The produce of two livings, 708*l*.; curates taxes, repairs and general expenditure, 334*l*.: leaving an annual income for me, 374*l*. I have placed this so, that you may find it better than what now appears in figures. If it be worth your acceptance unencumbered, I say with Mother Church, "With all my wordly goods I thee endow."—I am yours devotedly, PERSY BYSSHE HARRIE, Alfred-place, Oct. 27, 1847.

He (Mr. Serjeant Jones) would here remark that, during his frequent visit, the plaintiff abstained from giving him any encouragement as a suitor, and he read another warm epistle, written by the defendant to her which tended to prove what he had stated. Without wearying the jury, however, he would briefly mention that the defendant, by his assiduity and incessant application, succeeded in persuading the plaintiff to an engagement. He then increased his attentions. When it was fine they walked out together, when it was wet they played chess, or read in company. The defendant occasionally indulged in poetry to induce the plaintiff to yield to his solicitation. The following was a specimen:—

"Mary, plight thy love to me,
I will pledge my faith to thee;
Good or ill, whate'er betide,
Let us never more divide."

On another occasion he sent her a long effusion, commencing:

"Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee,
Kind and gentle as thou art;
How declare my love unto thee,
How bear the secret of my heart."

Time wore on, and the defendant became exceedingly anxious that the marriage should be celebrated forthwith; but Miss Saunders, with great propriety, would not suffer it to take place until twelve months had elapsed from the

death of his first wife. At length the wedding day was fixed for the 5th of April, and matters progressed harmoniously till the 26th of February, when the tender swain became metamorphosed into a determined enemy. On the faith of anonymous letters he charged the plaintiff with being head over ears in debt, with being drunken, old, and ugly. On one occasion he snatched from her some presents he had given her, a gold watch and chain, and other things, and made his escape. He returned in the course of half an hour, conducted himself very violently, and intimated his determination not to marry her; nor had he done so.

Miss Eliza Jones and several other witnesses were called, who proved the learned Serjeant's statement.

Mr. Evans, Q. C., addressed the jury for the defendant. He said there was no doubt the defendant had made an engagement, and had broken it, and he must take the consequence. At the same time, he considered it to be most indelicate to admit the addresses of this old gentleman in the way the plaintiff did, leaving the levity with other gentleman out of the question. Mr. Harries had at last been scared by an anonymous letter, and it was said his conduct was very disgraceful and rude; but when they came to details, this alleged disgraceful conduct amounted to nothing. It had come out in evidence that plaintiff owed a bill of 17l. 10s. for sherry and brandy from August to February. He should like to know who drank that? the defendant did not, for he drank port. The chief cause of the breaking off of the match was the anonymous letter, for defendant says he could hope for no comfort with a person of extravagant habits, and as his first wife had been intemperate he shunned a repetition of the calamity.

His lordship having summed up the jury retired for a short time, and then returned a verdict for the plaintiff damages, 100l.

This case concluded the business.

Anecdote of Pope Pius VII.—During the forced residence of Pope Pius VII in France, he showed himself in all his actions pious, charitable, temperate, and firm. After his repeated refusals to accede to the proposals of Buonaparte, before coming to the last extremity, it was thought prudent to try one more effort, and accordingly a person was appointed to wait upon him for the purpose. The individual charged with this mission, forced his way into the house, and entered with an air of insulting violence, into the apartment of the holy father, where he found the venerable pontiff supping off two small dishes of fish. His holiness, after listening to what he had to say, made no other reply than by these words: "Sir, a sovereign who only requires a crown a day to live upon, is not a man to be easily intimidated."

TO MARY BRUCE.

Air—"THE GROVES OF BEARNY."

Oh, Mary Bruce, dear,
There is *no* use, dear,
To thus refuse me,
Or look so shy—
And unless you take me,
And your husband make me,
And ne'er forsake me,
I'll surely die!

Oh, now take warnin',
Or some co'd mornin'
I'll be adornin'
Yon bendin' tree:
So be up and sturin',
And have no demurrin',
(Or 'tis at my berrin'
You'll groaning be!

Oh, Mary, dear love,
There is no fear love,
Where'er we'll steer love,
We'll poorer be—
For with love to warm us,
And with hope to charm us,
Oh, what can harm us.
Ma Gra-ma-cher!

What are poorhouses
But dreary risons—
What dismal visions
They bid arise!
Oh, the desperation!
Of separation,
Which crushes Nature's
Most holy ties!

The fields and wild woods
Whose greeting smiles could
Recall our childhood's
Most happy years;
All youth's connections,
And fond affections,
Are recollections
Embalmed in tears.

This Bastile gloomy,
So cold and roomy,
A living tomb is,
Where flesh and blood
Becomes stagnated—
Deteriorated,
And degenerated
On pauper's food.

All lofty feelings,
All grand revelations,
All sublime thrillings,
Of genius fly
The soul the minute
One enters in it;
Than pine within it,
'Twere better die!

So come, my Mary,
From scenes so dreary;
The love I bear you
Small, like the fire
That guided Moses,
Burn on before us,
All bright and glorious,
'Till we expire.

London &erry Sentinel.

How precious a thing is youthful *energy*; if only it would be preserved entirely *englobed* as it were within the bosom of the young adventurer till he can come and offer it forth a sacred emanation in yonder temple of truth and virtue; but, alas! all along as he goes toward it he advances through an avenue, formed by a long line of tempters and demons on each side, all prompt to touch him with their conductors, and draw this Divine electric element, with which he is charged, away!

THERE is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth, for this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speak without any intention to deceive.

AN ESSAY ON GENIUS.

By THE REV. F. A. COX.

An idler, in crossing a valley, or wandering along the sea-shore, strikes his foot against a stone. He allows it to occupy his attention no longer than while corporeal suffering reminds him of the accident; then quietly pursues his journey. This may often have occurred to the individual in question, without his being chargeable by the generality of mankind with any particular defect of mental power or of moral sentiment; stones are every where strewed in our path, and he sees nothing to impede his progress or excite his curiosity.

A similar accident occurs to another traveller, going in the same direction. He, however, possesses an inquisitive and philosophic turn. The circumstance, simple as it is sets in motion the intellectual machinery: and its movements will continue till he has elicited some general truth, or obtained clue to some future discovery. He pauses, looks around him, reflects, inquires, combines, and soon finds himself lost amidst the wonders of creation with which he stands in close, but hitherto unsuspected connection.

The question naturally arises—what constitutes the distinction between the first traveller, who regards the stone only as the cause of a momentary pain, and passes on with vexation or contempt, or who, examining it, is incapable of pursuing its relation,—and the second, who takes it as the text-book of knowledge, and makes it the nucleus of a system? Is it not the absence or the possession of—GENIUS? In the former, we observe nothing but the operation of an instinctive faculty; in the latter, the highest exercises of rationality and intellect. In the former, we have the concentrated history of the million; in the latter, the rare and splendid exhibition of here and there an individual mind.

Will it be alleged, that if all this could be accomplished by one person, in one continuous train of thought, it would be a proof of extensive *knowledge*, but not of *genius*? The reply is obvious, that although, when the system is framed, it bespeaks large and varied acquisitions, yet the inquiry respects the *capacity* of framing it, by means of that process of thought and of rationalization which renders the accumulation of facts subservient, and, as it were, tributary to the mental power that compares, combines and arranges them.

Every one forms at once some conception of genius, as soon as the word is uttered; but, if that conception were analysed, it would be found perhaps in few cases to be very definite. This arises from the very nature of the subject, which, in whatever light it is contemplated, seems to be encircled with a kind of cloudy grandeur and indefinable magnificence, like the castles and giant forms of romance. It has something of an intangible and ethereal substance, inviting yet retiring from approach,—visible, yet not palpable, like the dushes of the morning, or the rainbow of heaven, —

having the power of incantation, yet of earthly mould. We pronounce a warm eulogium upon genius, but at the same instant inquire what it is, being lost in admiration and in mystery ! We have already seen the wand of this great enchantress waved over the philosophic adventurer, as he vanquishes the difficulties of inquiry, and ascends the steep of science ; the spell, that holds within fixed and narrow boundaries the common mind, is broken, and the freed spirit ranges at liberty through unfrequented regions, exploring, combining ; and, in a sense, creating as she soars. Nor is it merely in one, but in every department of the intellectual world that she exercises her mighty control. She guides the glowing pencil of the painter, the finishing touches of the statuary, the phrensiad pen of the poet. She breathes her inspirations into the orator, deciphers the hieroglyphics of the scholar, pours a flood of light on the intricate mazes of the statesman, and whets the glittering sword of the patriot. Her voice is heard from the depth of ages past, and echoes from the cells of the sepulchre upon the ears of ages to come.

Is genius an original quality or element of the mind, or is it the result of mental habit and cultivation ? The case supposed, in connexion with a few facts, may lead to a probable conclusion. What is the nature of that mental power which was evinced by the person who, examining the stone that impeded his progress, assiduously tracing its history and ascertaining its quality, detected and developed a science ? Why do we invest him with the honors of genius ? The reason is manifestly this,—that he has the power of combination, invention, and discovery. It is not that he possesses it in an unusual degree, for it is commonly not possessed at all, and is therefore characteristic ; for though, to a certain extent, most minds can combine, and some in an extraordinary manner, yet they cannot invent and discover. It will in course be understood that we refer to the faculty of discovering by means of the processes of experiment and induction, not the accidental detection of what occupied no previous thought, or was the result of no previous preparation, implying skill and capacity. Before the combining and inventive faculty has been employed, it is in a very inferior sense only that it can be called discovery ; it is rather the medium of discovery, and may happen to the clown as well as the philosopher, while the latter only is capable of making an accident the stepping-stone of science.

The story of the telescope will furnish an illustration. A spectacle-maker's son, it is said, was amusing himself in his father's shop, by holding two glasses between his fingers and thumbs, till he perceived the weather-cock of the church spire opposite, much larger, and apparently much nearer than usual, and in an inverted position. This excited the astonishment of the father, who adjusted two glasses on a board, in such a manner, that could at pleasure vary their distances, and thus formed the rude imitation of a

perspective glass. The account of Borelli is, however, generally the most credited. He relates, that Jansen, a neighbouring spectacle-maker, and a very ingenious man, was experimenting upon the power and peculiarities of a lens, when he made the discovery, and very soon afterwards applied it to the construction of telescopes and the observation of celestial phenomena. Galileo heard only at Venice, that an optical instrument had been devised which seemed to bring distant objects near, and, without any further information gradually matured the instrument, by means of which he discovered the inequalities of the moon's surface, the spots of the sun and its rotation, and the satellites of Jupiter. The difference between the boy playing with a lens—which might probably have occurred, so as to communicate the first hint,—and the spectacle-maker Jansen, and the astronomer Galileo, was, obviously, that the former might be a playful and common-place boy; while the others were men of genius, who possessed the skill to comprehend the bearings and devise the applications of a matter of mere accident, or at best of mere experiment; and the distinction between the artist and the philosopher, and the thousands of other persons to whom the same information might have been given, consisted in the pursuit of the subject, in which was developed the faculty of invention and combination.

Blaise Pascal may be selected, from innumerable others of the same class, as another instance in point. It is sufficiently common for boys to amuse themselves by drawing lines and figures upon a slate, a floor, or a wall. The father of Pascal was a mathematician, but having no inclination to encourage his son in a similar pursuit, refused to enter into any considerable explanation of a question he proposed to him on the subject, and interdicted his researches in that direction. The inquisitive mind of the youth, however, was not to be restrained. In his hours of recreation, he was accustomed to draw figures in charcoal upon the floor of his apartment. At length the father accidentally entered the room, and was astonished to find his son surrounded with geometrical diagrams. Upon a minute investigation, it was found that he had advanced through the regular series of demonstration, without the least assistance, to the discovery of the thirty-second proposition in the first book of Euclid. At the age of sixteen he composed a treatise on the conic sections; at eighteen or nineteen he invented his famous arithmetical machine, by which all numerical calculations, however complex, may be made without any arithmetical skill in the person who uses it; and, at a subsequent period, he was consulted by the most eminent men of the age, respecting difficulties which they were unable to solve.

Let us now refer to the most illustrious of all discoverers, Sir Isaac Newton. The falling of the apple may, or may not, be apocryphal. An incident of this description, which millions had seen without its leading to any particular train of reflection, could not be lost upon one of such observation

and capacity. It is at least certain, that while sitting alone in his garden, reflecting on the power by which all terrestrial bodies gravitate towards the earth, it occurred to him, that, as this power is not sensibly diminished at any distance from the centre of the earth, there seemed reason to think it might extend much farther than was generally supposed ;—for instance to the moon, whose motion would be influenced by it, and the body itself retained in its orbit by this force. By pursuing this simple idea, he at length arrived at the law of universal gravitation, and laid the basis of those discoveries, which the power of genius alone could bring forth from the depths of obscurity. In him were united extraordinary sagacity, diligence, and perseverance. He was accustomed to say, that, if he had done the world any service, it was due to nothing but industry and patient thought; the object of his pursuit was constantly in his eye, and never relinquished till he had obtained it, while, over all his endowments, modesty threw an attractive charm. Sometimes genius assumes a repulsive attitude and manners; but here she at once awes by her majesty, and wins by her smile. She appears a spirit of unearthly mould, glowing with heavenly fire, and moving with celestial grace.

The two qualities of mind which have the nearest resemblance to genius, are *imagination* and *taste*. But the former, though allied both to taste and genius, ought not to be confounded with either, though it assists the faculty of discrimination, and supplies wings to the adventurousness of genius. Where it operates alone, it produces absurdities, and does not necessarily, and in its detached exertions, imply extraordinary power; it may even be a weakness of intellect. Besides, though we may have been led to the notion of the superiority of this faculty of the mind, and considered it as the principle of genius from some of its splendid emanations in the poets, there is little room for its exercise, and, in fact, little proof of its existence, in instances where the opposite qualities of patient research and slow ratiocination have penetrated the *arcana* of nature. Taste is by some regarded as more of a sister seraph. This quality, in a general point of view, may be considered as the faculty of discriminating what is beautiful in nature or in art, accompanied with a correspondent *feeling* of its excellence; a feeling which has in it, usually, something of passion and enthusiasm. Elegance in writing, magnificence in architecture, skill in painting, sublimity in nature, are objects of taste, and are concerned not only with sensations, but conceptions and trains of thought. Taste operates through the medium of the judgment, and is, in reality, the determining power, when the object presented is to be pronounced upon as fair or perfect. The standard is ideal; for, in the instances of the three most celebrated antique statues which exhibit three kinds of beauty the perfection of these figures cannot consist in any thing which is the immediate object of sense, either external, or

internal, but is some thing which, being perceived by the eye, is referred to the understanding to what we know of the characters of Hercules, Apollo, and the Gladiator, and which we believe it was the intention of the statuary to express. But, whatever may be said of taste, it may at least be distinguished from genius, in this respect;—it has no power of invention. A man of the most correct and cultivated taste may neither be able to solve a mathematical problem, impress with animation the painter's canvas, elicit the melody of music, or produce the descriptions of poetry; yet he may be capable of appreciating their respective merits. On the other hand, a man of real genius both executes and appreciates. Taste is more limited in its range than genius, and more restricted in its applications. There are even whole classes of discovery of which it cannot judge, and, in many instances, there is obviously no subsisting connexion. It is the province of genius to discover a geometrical demonstration, and to unfold the laws and systematise the *phenomena* of nature; but it is not the province of taste, neither does taste assist in the inquiry: it merely pronounces upon the merit of the investigation. It is the prerogative of genius to annihilate the prejudices of centuries, to circumnavigate and traverse, to perfect the geography of the globe, to plann the overthrow or establishment of empires; but taste was never made for a reformer, an adventurer, or a hero. Minds of the very first order have been notoriously destitute of this quality, while it has adorned those who could have no pretensions to be ranked amongst the chieftains of intellect.

It has sometimes been hinted that eccentricity of conduct may be deemed an essential concomitant genius. That some men of superior ability have been eccentric,—that is, in their general habits, or in particular instances, have exhibited a remarkable deviation of practice from the ordinary mode of society,—is indisputable; but that such irregularities constitute any features of intellectual character, if we view it in its essence, may be justly doubted. Were the subject attentively investigated, it would probably be found that this quality has been attached to comparatively few; that in those cases it has resulted from bodily rather than mental temperament, or from some defect of early education; and that there are numberless examples of the existence of this peculiarity in persons of very inferior intellectual powers.

Absence of mind has been often mistaken for an indication of extraordinary talent; but, though it may exist with genius, and sometimes accompanies it, there is no necessary connexion. In many cases, it is literally an *absence* of mind, that is, a *want* of it; in others it proceeds from the balance of the mental faculties having been lost, so that some particular capacity is in disproportionate exercise; but so far is real genius from producing this effect that we apprehend it is rather the *vis*, the controlling energy or the magic power which, like gravitation in nature, preserves the equipoise of the other faculties.

The vulgar notion of the inseparable union between genius and eccentricity, is one of the most pernicious that ever excited juvenile pride and ambition. Many a real blockhead has set up for a profound genius; and, by carrying into maturer life the antics, the childishness, and the waywardness of the nursery, has secured, by wealth or accident, a precocious fame, which has only aggravated the vexation of proved incompetence and ultimate disrepute. Every little eccentricity, instead of being admired and imitated as a mark of greatness, will in a good system of education be treated as a mental exorcism and deformity. When it is the natural appendage of a great mind, it is sometimes sufficiently amusing; but, when it is assumed by insignificance of intellect to gain attention, the effect resembles that of seeing a mountebank exalted upon stilts.

Some men of real genius have, however, we fear, piqued themselves on their eccentricities, and what is still worse, on their indolence. This circumstance, has, therefore, induced another enquiry, namely, whether the latter quality is characteristic of pre-eminent intellect? The supposition that it is so, must certainly be ranked amongst popular errors. If by indolence, indeed, is meant a mere indisposition to physical effort, a mere dislike of the drudgery of labour, the supposition may be correct; for mental vigor has a tendency, in some constitution, to produce corporeal inactivity; but men of exalted genius have usually, so far as the mind is concerned, been men of indefatigable industry; they are often at work when others imagine the mind to be inactive, or when others are asleep; and it is an absurdity to suppose that a man can be great without knowledge and practice, or that knowledge can be absolutely intuitive. He who has the most materials possesses the greatest means of invention; and it is by an habitual contemplation of the best models that we learn to excel, while the incapacity of collecting and using these materials constitute dullness. It is admitted that Homer had acquired all the learning of his time; and the sublime Pindar was, during several years, a student under those whom he afterwards surpassed. All the ancient philosophers, among whom Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, may be reckoned the greatest, devoted many years to inquiry and research. Of the last, whom his master (Plato) designated the *mind* of the Academy, it is recorded, that he collected and copied an incredible number of manuscripts, and sometimes abridged them for the purpose of storing his memory with their contents. The two great orators of antiquity particularly devoted themselves to study. Cicero was educated at a public school,—at the age of twenty-eight he went to Athens to study the Greek philosophy; in the most busy period of his life, he constructed rooms and galleries for literary intercourse at Tusculum, and sought to accumulate a library for his old age. Pray keep your books for me,—thus he writes to Atticus,—and do not despair of my being able to

make them mine which if I can compass, I shall think myself richer than Crassus, and despise the fine villas and gardens of them all. The assiduity of Demosthenes, in qualifying himself for an orator, is proverbial; and whatever may be thought of Plutarch's story of putting pebbles in his mouth, it is certain that he laboured with incessant care to obtain perfection in his art. Similar illustration might be taken from modern times were it necessary.

While neither eccentricity nor indolence ought to be reckoned among the concomitants of real genius, as allied with knowledge and fed and fostered in its influence, there is one quality which ought to be distinctly marked as frequently, if not commonly, attached to minds of the finest texture and the purest order—it is *modesty*.

While others dogmatise, they investigate; and their prevalent desire being less to display their attainments than to increase them, the consciousness of limited success is more than counterbalanced by the overwhelming conviction of a yet unpenetrated region around them. The direct effect of progress in genuine science is less to produce an impression of the extent, than of the limitation of our knowledge. What we have acquired is only an inconsiderable portion of what is yet attainable, a mere fraction of the mighty whole; and the implitude of the vast field becomes more obvious as our knowledge increases. The comparison, therefore, is always against the true philosopher in his own estimation; his knowledge is actually more, but comparatively less; the mountain becomes a mole-hill, and all his fancied accumulation shrink into the apparent diminutiveness of an atom; yet this consideration ought by no means to check his progress.

What Bacon says of knowledge may be affirmed of genius—it is *power*; but its value is to be appreciated by the purpose to which it is devoted. The influence of the individual who possesses this quality may either be highly detrimental or inconceivably beneficial to society: consequently, whatever tends to give it a right direction converts that into a blessing which might be noxious, or, at best, neutral. Such is religion, whose influence renders genius all that it is capable of becoming. By sanctifying its character, and directing its application, it imparts the finishing touch of excellence, and constitutes it at once the ornament of life, the basis of improvement, and the best inheritance of unborn generation.

Happily there have been individuals, whose crown of earthly fame has not only been entwined with the laurels of literature, and science, and genius, but has sparkled with the gems of virtue; and glorious adornment of piety,—Addison, Selden, Pascal, Euler, Bacon, Locke, Haller, Boerhaave, Barrow, Newton.

ANALOGY: Talents accompanied with moral barrenness, *i. e.*, indolence or depravity."

THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME

WRITTEN OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND.

Land of my youth—that far away
 Amid the wave's commotion,
 Now glances to the sun's last ray,
 A speck upon the ocean.
 Land of my youth where'er I roam
 What lot see I assign'd me,
 Still, still I'll love the stranger's home,
 And the girl I've left behind me.

At evening, when with richest dye,
 The god of day is setting,
 How can I look on the western sky,
 The isle of the west forgetting
 And when I view morn's glowing streak,
 Of what shall it remind me,
 But the rosy blush that o'erspreads the cheek
 Of the girl I've left behind me

Swift bounds our ship—the favouring breeze
 Blows stronger now, and stronger,
 And now the keen-eyed seaman sees
 My native hill no longer.
 Oh Erin! when life's struggle o'er
 Near man's long rest I find me,
 My parting breath shall bless thy shore,
 And the girl I've left behind me.

POLISHED steel will not shine in the dark; no more can *reason*, however refined, shine elucaciously, but as it reflects the light of Divine truth—shed from heaven.

How dangerous to defer those momentous reformations which conscience is solemnly preaching to th' heart! If they are neglected, the difficulty and indisposition are increasing every month. The mind is receding degree after degree from the warm and hopeful zone; till, at last, it will enter the *arctic* circle and become fixed in relentless and eternal ice!

'PAID the debt of nature' No: it is not paying a debt—it is rather like bringing a note to a bank to obtain solid gold in exchange for it. In this case you bring this cumbersome body, which is nothing worth and which you could not wish to retain long; you lay it down and receive for it from the eternal treasurers—liberty, victory, knowledge, rapture.

EVEN to have a bad wife is better than to be a poor, neglected, vile bachelor who is in all things both the centre and circumference of his own existence.

THE kind of speech in a man, betokens the kind of action you will get from him.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

MY DEAR LOUISE.—England is the realm of liberty! and London is its favourite dwelling-place! I have exclaimed so fifty times a day since I have become a denizen of this dear, divinely independent city. In our pretty methodical tattle village, where a hundred eyes are ever on the watch to take cognizance of one's movements, and fifty tongues to report and misconstrue, the slightest infringement of the traditional rules of propriety and stupidity, is visited instantly by expostulation and vituperation. There—Oh! mercy!—my poor unoffending black velvet hat, with its waving, soft, graceful plume of marabout feathers, formed, on its first appearance at church, subject-matter for three starts, divers frowns, and a lecture of an hour long from the curate's wife. There, the innocent interchange of smiles and bows with the neighbouring squire, subjects the parties to the grave charge of levity, on one hand, and gallantry on the other. When the gipsies were encamped in the lane near us, and I expressed a wish to have my palm inspected, the whole village was scandalized at my daring to desire to traffic in the black art, and when at length I chanced to meet one of them in the vicinity of our grounds, and could not resist the temptation of slipping half-a-crown into her hand, to know when I was to have Charles for my husband (I had not heard from him, at Paris, for more than a fortnight, and I knew she could tell well enough what was the matter, and all he was doing) my cross, ill-natured aunt Martha stood by all the time and *monitored*, and scolded, and scolded—that was worse than all—for nearly a week afterwards.

But now, in this sweet, selfish, bustling, *unprying* city, though I did go the other day to the celebrated Mr. S——, the famous astrologer, there's nobody a word the wiser, excepting Ellen, who went with me.—I should tell you I had to address a letter to him; to announce my anxiety for an interview with his worship, in a respectful and becoming manner. We left the carriage, to drive the little Denham in the neighbourhood, and, well cloaked and veiled fearlessly (no, not quite—I did feel some palpitations) approached the wizard's domicile. As mine is to be a plain unvarnished statement of facts, I cannot invest the abode of the great seer with any of those mystic appendages, which in days of yore were supposed to distinguish the dwelling of such worthies. Not even did the house wear that dark, dreary aspect, which, had it been far from the metropolis, it might have done, without being tenanted by a dealer in the occult sciences. Sooth to say, Mr S——'s habitation was a small, mean, low-roofed tenement, in a confined street, such as one knows must have resemblances in all parts of London, but which I confess I who have a fancy for all wide, open, honest-looking Streets, had never before entered. I knocked at the door, and it was opened by one who certainly, had she lived during the execution of the laws against witchcraft, would have incurred the risk of being immolated on the altar of superstition. She was a worthy

copy of such old beldames and witches as brought terror to men, and mischief to cows; she was a *crone*, in the very sense and acceptation that the mind associates with the word. She appeared to be upward of eighty years of age, with a hobbling gait, a bent back, and toothless mouth; while the countenance received additional disfigurement from a paralytic effecton which every five minutes distorted its natural expression. There was a cunning stamped upon her visage, and a quick sharpness of eye, that indicated a connexion with shrewdness, even though associated with ignorance. With a manner intended to be courteous, she invited me into a little room, which for want of a more suitable designation, we will denominate a parlour, where I was informed, that her son, the redoubted hero of my tale, the object of my journey, was already engaged in his profession, and likely to remain so for at least two hours. I had, however, previously been shewn my letter, which I owned to, out of a packet that was lying on the chimney-piece, containing the arrangements of other visitors for the same day. This was done to secure me justice of priority of introduction over merely casual visitors.

The little room became, in short time, completely crowded; and assuredly when I observed such a congregated mass of the cretinous, I could hardly refrain from a smile. I hesitated to remain in an apartment thus filled with strangers, but on the information that my only alternative was retirement, I reluctantly kept my seat.

It was a curious task, to contemplate the varying countenances of the motley group, and speculate, from the physiognomical index, on the motives which had induced their visit. There were only three, out of the number assembled, who seemed to treat the matter simply as a source of amusement, as a mere frolic. The expression of countenance in the others varied in degree, from slight interest, to the most intense anxiety. One young woman apparently of the rank of a second rate dress-maker (by the bye, I was astonished at the respectable appearance of my companions in folly), more especially attracted my notice: there was an air of utter hopelessness and dejection in her look, an abandonment to grief, which seemed to tell us that the mind, after long struggling with adversity, had at length unresistingly surrendered to the domination of despair. There was a low, quiet, subdued tone of voice, which seemed as though it had never risen into the loud gay tone of joyousness—a placid, almost pathetic repose of manner which is peculiarly touching, when we believe in the dreary calm of feelings blighted by the withering storm of grief. I entered into conversation with her; and as though aware that love was the basis of more than half of woman's suffering, and as though anxious to exonerate herself from the imputations of being merely love sick, she assured me that it was loss of property and family afflictions, such as were rarely encountered, that had led her steps thither. "I wish

to know," said she, "whether there be any hope for me in this world, for if not, I must die!" The tone of calm earnestness in which she repeated the words I can never forget, nor even convey an idea of.

During the period of our probation, we were edified by the old woman I have before alluded to, with anecdotes of her son's miraculous powers of divination, and a violent trade against the rival professors of the art. "Aha!" said she, "my son has got as great a name, in his way, as Sir Ashley Cooper; he has been studying ever since he was nine years old—he is not like your low, ignorant men, as knows nothing of the stars—he knows 'em all by their own proper names, and often gets up in the middle of the night to look at them through his glass. There's Jupiter and Satan (as her pronunciation render'd it;) Oh! ma'am, you've never seen *Satan* as I've seen him! What a fellow he is! What a scorpion! no wonder he does such hurt to people's fortunes.

I asked her whether her son would not find it to his advantage to charge his business with a partner.—"No, no," she replied, "the great Mr. Herschel used to send him dates to make nativities from, 'cause he knew well enough that my son knew more about it than Herschel did—but he would not let him be partners with him for all that! Some gentlemen, indeed, of rank and fashion, who wants to know something of the art, he does now and then give lessons to."

The regular gratuity for consultations was two shillings and nine-pence. The old beldam, however, threw out divers hints that she was accustomed to receive a trifle to drink the visitors' health—an extra species of extortion that we pertinaciously resisted. As I had heard that Mr. S— had more than once been sentenced "to durance vile" for receiving a fee for his labours, I inquired if any apprehension existed of a present irruption from the police.—"Lord love you, no? if the house was surrounded with officers, they could not touch him—he pays so much a-year to the king to let him follow his profession peaceably!"

Before I could obtain an explanation of this assertion, I was summoned to the chamber of the oracle; and I will acknowledge that, while ascending the dark narrow stair alone—for the magician prohibits the presence of witnesses—I at times half regretted that my taste or the wonderful had tempted me so far to proceed; however I did, and entered a room, the appointments of which were of rather a superier grade to the one I had just quitted. A short-thick-set man, about fifty, announced himself. The small-pox, that enemy to personal beauty, had effected considerable ravages in his face, which combined with features strictly coming under the appellation of vulgar, with small, cunning grey eyes, offered little to prepossess me in his favour. He scrutinized me intently, and inquired if I had ever been a visitor before. On my answering in the negative, he said—"Ah! I thought not, for though near eighty thousand people have been here to learn their futurity from me, I can always remember their faces." Well, madam when were you born? what year, month,

"day, hour?" I informed him (but don't think I'm going to tell you); and he proceeded to turn over sundry old, torn, dirty books. After poring over these for a few minutes, he drew several quaint figures on a scrap of paper, and with a rapidity of voice and manner, and in idiom peculiar to himself, began:—"Born under Venus and Mars—might have been better—might have been worse—you plague your lovers, your lovers plague you—What's this?—nearly drowned in your sixth year—can't be drowned! must die a natural death—can't kill yourself—nobody kill you—not to travel—planets adverse—seem to have many enemies—never mind, triumph over all in the end—not cried half your tears yet—so—lost a great deal of money—better than having none to lose—never think to get that back again, its clean gone? better if you wasn't so ready to make friends, you ladies are such great fools (beg your pardon) for they tell all their own secrets, and then wonder how they're known. Lord, you have borrowed something to wear (this was true, for I had got my cousin's cloak on) well borrowed things are better than stolen, and your own better than either—so, you've been deeply disappointed, Miss; it's all down in the book, so I can't help telling you. Well, you had no great loss though you thought so; you'll do better than him—you'll not marry your present sweet-heart, neither the tall gentleman, with the fair hair, oval face, and a mole under his eye; y ou'll never say "obey" to him though you've had many kind sayings with him too: you've never seen him as is to be your husband! (Oh, what death to my fond hopes of my dear Lancer!) he's not in this country, so how can you? but the ship's coming home, and the captain that owns it, too; so, whenever you shall see a tall, handsome, fresh-looking gentleman, with a darker complexion than your own, has got his arm in a sling, with a blue uniform, and a gold cockade in his hat, and he offers you a present the first time of seeing, expect he'll soon offer the ring—Well, I've nothing else to tell you; so I wish you good morning."

With this abrupt termination, I was dismissed. In some trifles, he was marvellously correct, while in others, he was so opposed to truth and probability, that I fear if I do see a naval officer, such as he described, I dare not, in anticipation of the offer, proceed to Mrs. Bell's forthwith, and order my wedding dresses.—However, I shall be well content to submit my fortune to the influence of Mars, hoping that he may conduct me to the altar with one of the bravest of his sons!

BROTHERLY LOVE.—It was a pretty saying of a little boy, who, seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling, was the answer. "No," replied the child, "that cannot be, they are brothers."

EATEN UP.—"How are things looking in your neighbourhood?" "Very bad."
"What is it—wire worm, blight or what?"—"We are eaten up with game."

THE LAMENT.

I've heard indeed of happy those
 Whom funeral winds hush'd to repose;
 Of stowers that fell when piteous Heaven
 Was forced to take what it had given:
 But none for me will care to weep!
 The fields will don their usual green,
 The mountains keep their changeless mein,
 And every tree will toss his plumes
 As brave as erst—the day that dooms
 Me to my everlasting sleep!

Above my earth the flowers will blow
 As gay or gay^{er} still than now,
 And o'er my turf as merrily
 Will roam the sun-streak'd giddy bee,
 Nor wing in silence past my grave!
 The bird that loves the morning-rise,
 Whose light soul lifts him to the skies,
 Will beat the hollow heaven as loud—
 While I lie moistening my shroud
 With all the inward tears I have!

No friend—no mistress dear—will come
 To strew a death-flower on my tomb!
 But robin's self from of my breast
 Will pick the dry leaves for his nest,
 That careless winds had carried there.
 All—but the stream, compell'd to mourn
 Aye since he left his parent urn—
 Will sport and smile about my bed,
 As joyful as I were not dead:—
 Neglect more hard than death to bear!

Alive, I would be loved of one—
 I would be wept when I am gone;
 Methinks a tear from Beauty's eye
 Would make me even wish to die—
 To know what I have never known
 But on this bloomless cheek, a ray
 Of kindness ne'er was thrown away;
 And as I live most broken-hearted,
 So shall I die—all, all deserted,
 Without one sigh—except my own. M. J.

EXAMPLE.—Good example is an unspeakable benefit to mankind, and has a secret power and influence upon those with whom we converse, to form them into the same disposition and manners; it is a living rule, that teaches men without trouble, and lets them see their faults without open reproof and upbraiding. Besides that, it adds great weight to a man's counsel when we see that he advises nothing but what he does, nor exacts any thing from others from which he himself desires to be excused. As, on the contrary, nothing is more cold or insignificant from a bad man, one that does not obey his own precepts, nor follow the advice which he is so forward to give to others.

POETRY.

Oh, it is long since we have met !
 And longer it will be,
 Ere I will cross the waters wilds,
 And all for love of thee.

It is not that I hope to find
 A fairer face than thine—
 However fair in other eyes,
 None will seem fair in mine.

It is not that I hope to find
 Another love for me—
 It is to say farewell to love
 To say farewell to thee.

I will go forth in the wide world,
 And in the tumult there,
 I may drown, though I may not cure,
 My spirit's secret care.

Now for the battle and the storm—
 And when this may not be,
 Then for the red-wine cup that crowns
 The midnight revelry.

And if in future years a cloud
 Shade my now brightening name,
 'Tis the strife of a wounded hear.—
 And on thee be the blame!

For thou hast turn'd to bitterness
 Thoughts that in love had birth;
 There is no truth in that or thee—
 There is no truth on earth!

I am too proud to sigh or kneel
 At any woman's shrine.—
 But 'tis beneath the lofty hill
 That sweeps the lava mine.

I have past through a weary life—
 Found it harsh, base, untrue.
 But linger'd yet one angel hope—
 The hope that dwelt with you.

And I have lived to find that hope,
 Like other hopes, was vain;
 And love and hope henceforth are things
 I cannot feel again.

Oh, it is long since last we met !
 And longer it will be—
 For never will I cross the waves
 Again for love of thee!

A CUNNING FOX.—In order to relieve himself of the fleas which annoy him at certain seasons, the Norwegian fox collects a bunch of straw, and, holding it in his mouth, gradually backs himself into the water, slowly waiting, step by step, deeper and deeper still, in order to allow time for the fleas to retire from the unpleasant approach of the water to the warm and dry parts of his body, till, at length, having passed the neck, and being assembled together on his head, the crafty animal sinks that part also, leaving only his nose and the bunch in his mouth dry. As soon as he has discovered that his numerous minute enemies have retreated into his trap prepared for them, he suddenly drops the straw, and scampers off well washed, and exulting in the success of his stratagem.

A FEMALE GENERAL.—The lovely family of the Emperor Nicholas was brought up from the cradle by English nurses and governesses, under the superintendence of an old Scotchwoman, who was under nurse to the present Emperor in his infancy. This individual holds the rank of a general officer, for everything in Russia is measured by a military scale, and has been decorated with the Order of St. Andrew, ennobled and enriched. Some five-and-twenty years ago she came a servant girl to Russia in a Scotch trader's family, who turned her agent in St. Petersburg. A lucky chance procured her the situation of under nursery-maid in the Emperor Paul's family, where, she was placed about the person of the present Emperor, to teach him to speak English. His attachment to her was so great, that when he married he raised her to the head of his nursery establishment, where she has honorably gone through all the military gradations of rank to her present one of general. I suppose she will die a field-marshal.

LAUGHING.—It may be asked, what's in a laugh any more than in a name? but let me tell the reader there is more character displayed in the mode and manner of a laugh than in all the speeches that ever were spoken, or all the looks that ever were looked. I never yet knew a great or a candid man (and I have known many of both) from the Duke of Wellington to Dugald Stewart who had not a hearty, outspoken, cheerful laugh. But there is a sort of low chuckling, mocking, *insouciant* cachinnation, which whenever you hear it, be it from whom you may, you may be perfectly sure that that man is utterly impervious to everything like a sense of moral right or wrong. It is not hard, or harsh, or firm, or stern, or strong principled. No; it is that he is utterly careless about every thing, that he is of the *blaze* school of philosophy—for I know nothing else to call it—whose foundation is the extinction of all feeling, and whose motto is indifference. They are all of them, almost to a man, what are called devilish good-humoured fellows, and most of them have a certain quantity of wit; for their blood is but soap and water, and it requires no great skill to blow bubbles with it.

A M O M E N T.

FROM CHARLES SWAIN'S "ENGLISH MELODIES."

'Tis the breath of a moment—which no one regardeth—
 That holdeth the key to each secret of life;
 'Tis "a moment" that, oft our long watching rewardeth,
 And calms the dark waters of sorrow and strife:
 Its breath may seem nothing,—and yet 'tis extending
 A power the sublimest our being can know,
 A moment may yield us a bliss without ending—
 A moment consign us to darkness and woe!

Its circle may flash with a beauty that ages
 May er' wh' as immortal, and hallow its birth;
 A moment may question the wisdom of sages,
 And change the whole system and science of earth.
 A moment—the soul of the painter can feel it—
 It thrills thro' his frame with a spirit like fire;
 A moment—oh! once let the *gifted* reveal it,
 And heaven is short of the light 'twould aspire.

Go, ask of the hero when victory soundeth
 What glory a moment of time may command;
 Ask the home-seeking sailor while fast his heart boundeth,
 How sweet is the moment he views his own land;
 Ask the lover, when whisper to whisper replieth
 In accents that tremble lest lips be o'erheard;
 And oh! they will tell you each moment that dieth
 Hath crowded eternity oft in a word!

A CAUTION TO LADIES.—"Will you never learn, my dear, the difference between real and exchangeable value?" The question was put to a husband who had been lucky enough to be tied to a political economist in petticoats. "Oh, yes, my dear, I think I begin to see it." "Indeed!" responded the lady. "Yes," replied the husband. "For instance, my dear, I know your deep learning, and all your other virtues. That's your *real* value. But I know also that none of my married friends would swap wives with me. That's your *exchangeable* value."

MARRIAGE PORTIONS.—It was one of the laws of Lycurgus that no portions should be given with young women in marriage. When this great lawgiver was called upon to justify this enactment, he observed.—"That, in the choice of a wife, merit only should be considered, and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches, or neglected for their poverty."

ROUSSEAU says—"The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address; of complacency. Her commands are caresses, her meanees are tears."

A Book was printed during the time of Cromwell with the following title:—"Eggs of Charity, laid by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled with the water of Divine Love. Take ye and eat."

EVADING TOLL.—A country girl riding past a turnpike gate without paying the usual fee, the tollman hailed her and demanded it. She asked him by what authority he demanded toll of her. He answered, "The sign would convince her that the law required threepence for a man and horse." "Well," replied the girl, "this is a woman and mare, therefore you have no claim!" and she rode off, leaving him the laughing-stock of the bystanders.

Too TRUE.—An African preacher, speaking from 'What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' mentioned, among other things, that they lost their souls by being too charitable! Seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure at this saying, he very emphatically repeated it, and then proceeded to explain his meaning. 'Many people,' said he, attend meeting, hear the sermon, and when it is over, they proceed to divide it among the congregation—this part was for that man, and that for that woman; such denunciations for such persons, these threats for you sinners—and so,' continued the shrewd African, 'they give away the whole sermon, and keep none for themselves.'

WHAT kind of mother would an Old Maid make? Mother of Vinegar!

"Do you follow the Hydropathic system?" "Not exactly; but I am sure our milkman does."

INVOLUNTARY PUNNING —A Scottish parson was betrayed into more pans than he meant to make, when he prayed for the Council and Parlaiment, that they might hang together in these trying times. A countryman standing by, cried out: yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; it's the prayer of all good people." "But my friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does, but I pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord." "No matter what cord," the fellow sang out again, "so its only a strong one." Dr Franklin originated that idea, when he said after the signing of the Declaration Independence, to his Colleagues: "Now we must all hang together or else we shall all hang separately."

SOME one anxious to ascertain whether Kean was or was not a classical scholar, wrote to him for benefit tickets in Latin. "And how did he construe it?" asked R., who heard the story. "Into an insult," was the reply.

An old lady in Concord lighted her candel, and went out to a neighbour's house, whither she staid several hours, and on returning found her room was dark. She immediately raised a report that her house had been broken into, for her candle was gone. One of Bishop Bloomfield's latest bon-mots was uttered during his last illness. He enquired what had been the subject of his two Archdeacon's charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons, and the other on churchyards. "O, I see; said the bishop, "composition and decomposition!"

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—In Alexander's reign, the Jesuits had made themselves all-powerful in some parts of Poland. A rich landowner, and possessor of 6,000 peasants at Pultza, the Jesuit head-quarters, was so wrought on by the artful assiduities of the society, that he bequeathed his whole fortune to it at his death, with this stipulation—that the Jesuits should bring up his only son, and afterwards give him whatever portion of the inheritance they should choose. When the young man had reached the age of twenty, the Jesuits had bestowed on him 300 peasants. He protested vehemently against their usurpation, and began a suit against the society but his father's will seemed clear and explicit, and after having consumed all his little fortune, he found his little claims disowned by every tribunal in the empire, including even the general assembly of the senate. In this seemingly hopeless extremity he applied to a certain attorney in St. Petersburg, famous for his fertility of mind in matters of cunning and chicanery. After having perused the will and the documents connected with the suit, the lawyer said to his client, "Your business is done: if you promise me ten thousand rubles I will undertake to procure an imperial ukase reinstating you in possession of all your father's property. The young man readily agreed to the bargain, and eight days afterwards he was master of his patrimony. The decision which led to this singular result rested solely on the interpretation of the phrase, "they shall give him whatever they choose," which plainly meant, as the lawyer maintained, that the young man was entitled to such portion as the Jesuits choose—i.e. to that which they chose and retained for themselves. The emperor admitted this curious explanation; the son became master of 5,700 peasants; and the Jesuits were obliged to content themselves with the 300 they had bestowed on their ward in the first instance.

BEAUTY.

I saw a dew-drop, cool and clear,
Dance on a myrtle-spray;
Fair colours deck'd the lucid tear,
Like those which gleam and disappear
When showers and sunbeams play—
Sol cast athwart a glance severe,
And scorched the pearl away.
High on a slender polish'd stem
A fragrant lily grew:
On the pure petals many a gem
Glitter'd—a native diadem
Of healthy morning dew—
A blast of lingering winter came
And snapp'd the stem in two.
Fairer than morning's early tear,
Or lily's snowy bloom,
Is beauty in its vernal year—
Gay, brilliant, fascinating, clear,
And thoughtless in its doom.
Death breathes a sudden poison near,
And sweeps it to the tomb.



